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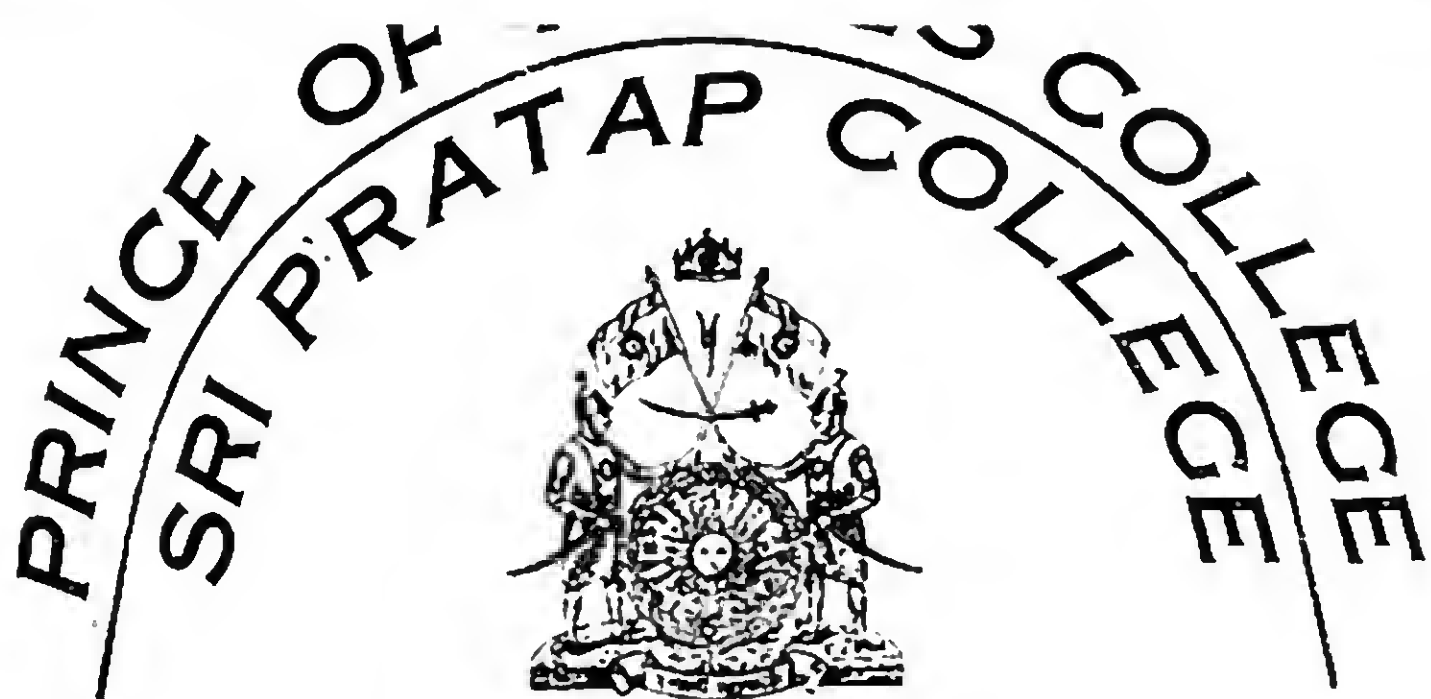
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**KING EDWARD VII. AS A
SPORTSMAN**

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KING EDWARD VII. AS A SPORTSMAN

BY

ALFRED E. T. WATSON

With an Introduction and a Chapter on "Yachting" by Captain
the Hon. Sir Seymour Fortescue, C.M.G., K.C.V.O.
Contributions by the Marquess of Ripon, G.C.V.O.
Lord Walsingham, Lord Ribblesdale, and Others

*WITH 1 PHOTOGRAVURE PLATE, 10 PLATES IN COLOUR,
12 REMBRANDT-GRAVURE PLATES, AND
79 HALF-TONE ILLUSTRATIONS*

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
NEW YORK, BOMBAY, AND CALCUTTA

1911

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Preface

the Introduction, which gives such a vivid sketch of His Majesty, and to write the chapter on "Yachting," he having sailed in many of the races described. Lord Ribblesdale, a former Master of the Royal Buck-Hounds, was to have contributed the chapter on "The King in the Hunting Field," but, prevented by a serious accident, most kindly gave me the matter he had collected and has supervised the compilation. The Marquess of Ripon, G.C.V.O., a frequent guest at Sandringham, has laid me under a deep obligation by giving his reminiscences of sport at the King's country house, and, at my special request, writing some invaluable pages on the subject of shooting in general. Lord Walsingham was persuaded to add to this chapter his sympathetic recollections of visits to Sandringham. To Lord Marcus Beresford I am particularly indebted, for he has looked carefully through the chapters on "Racing" and on "Steeplechasing." Lord Marcus always had entire control of the King's stud, and is the one person acquainted with every detail of its history. Mr. G. W. Lushington, who trained the steeplechasers, spared no pains to furnish me with all the information he could supply; Mr. John Porter and Mr. Richard Marsh have been untiring in their efforts to help me with details of the horses.

The chapter on "The King as Guest" could only have been written with the friendly assistance of those who had enjoyed the honour of acting as His Majesty's hosts. Sincere thanks are due to Lord and Lady Savile, Lords Derby, Burnham, Farquhar, Tankerville,

Preface

Sir Frederick Johnstone and Lady Wilton, Messrs. Arthur Sassoon and Sigismund Neumann. From the tribute of thanks I must not omit Captain Sir Walter Campbell, K.C.V.O., Deputy Ranger of Windsor Park, and Lady Campbell, the Hon. Henry Stonor, C.V.O., Colonel Sir Augustus Fitzgeorge, K.C.V.O., who attended the then Prince of Wales to India in 1876, and has been through the proofs of the chapter which describes the tour, Lord Onslow, who has supplied me with some amusing anecdotes, the Hon. John Fortescue, Librarian of Windsor Castle, Mr. George Cresswell, M.V.O., Sir William ffolkes, M.V.O., Sir Somerville Gurney, M.V.O., Captain Blair Oliphant of Blairgowrie Castle, in the Balmoral district, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, Lady Bessborough, who lent some interesting photographs for reproduction, Mr. Beck, M.V.O., His Majesty's Agent, and Mr. Jackson, the head keeper at Sandringham. In the preparation of the pictures Mr. J. E. Chandler has done excellent service as art-editor.

King Edward's sporting career was so far-reaching that I am afraid a year's hard work has not sufficed to gather in a full record. It is hoped, however, that some idea will be furnished of how thoroughly His Majesty merited the title under which the book is issued.

ALFRED E. T. WATSON.

11 ALBERT COURT,
KENSINGTON GORE, S.W.,
April 1911.

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INTRODUCTION

BY CAPTAIN THE HON. SIR SEYMOUR FORTESCUE,
K.C.V.O.

I HAVE been asked by my friend, Mr. Alfred Watson, to write a brief introduction to this book, which is being produced under his auspices. My only qualifications for this task consist in the fact that during the last seventeen years it was constantly my privilege and duty, as Equerry-in-Waiting, to attend His Majesty when he shared in the various sports indulged in by many of our countrymen.

As long ago as the autumn of 1879, years before entering King Edward's personal service, I remember being one of the field hunting with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, under the Mastership of the late Mr. Fenwick Bissett, when the then Prince of Wales, for the first and only time in his life, took part in the chase of the wild red-deer on Exmoor, and, after a fine forest run, saw the stag brought to bay and killed in Badgeworthy Water. In later days it has been my duty and good fortune to be in attendance on him during many a race on board his famous yacht *Britannia* ; at nearly all the best shoots of England and Scotland, whether in stubble or covert, on moor or on



Introduction

forest ; and lastly, to be frequently with him at Newmarket and all the other important race meetings.

If ever a man deserved the name of “sportsman,” in the best sense of that much abused term, King Edward did. In my humble opinion, the perfect “sportsman” is the man whose principal pleasure it is to see that the other participators in the sport of the day are enjoying themselves, the man who can win a great race without undue elation and who can lose without being depressed, who can be cheerful when the birds “go wrong,” shows no impatience when his yacht, after leading handsomely, gets into the doldrums and is vanquished by the fluky victory of a rival boat, and, perhaps the most difficult part of all, can be ready with a charming smile and a word of congratulation to the owner whose horse has just beaten his own by a short head in an important race.

All these qualifications King Edward possessed in a superlative degree, and moreover, if I may so express myself, he took the right view of sport. Instead of being a slave to it and making a business of it, to him it was always a relaxation, and often a much needed one. The work of the Sovereign of this Empire never ceases. Wherever he goes, he is followed by telegrams and despatch-boxes ; and anything that can divert his mind for a few hours from the never-ceasing cares of State is of real profit and use to him. Perhaps, therefore, he valued sport more for what it gave him than for the actual thing itself. He enjoyed seeing all

Introduction

classes fused together in the hunting-field. He loved his yacht, not only because she could win races, but because she was his home for the time being (he sometimes lived for weeks together on board the *Britannia* in spring time on the Riviera), and because he delighted in the freedom of the sea, the salt breeze, and the beauty of the scene around him.

The same may be said of his racing. Like any other man, he could take intense pleasure in seeing a close finish and the victory of his own colours, but he also liked to stroll about the enclosure and bird-cage at Newmarket, to look at the horses, and to talk to his friends : and, above all, he enjoyed the excuse for being in the open air. Moreover he, most of all men, could not but be sensible of the intense joy that it gave his subjects to see a horse of his win the Derby. Those who were amongst the tens of thousands present at Epsom when he won his first Derby (as Prince of Wales) with Persimmon, and his first, and, alas ! his last, as King with Minoru, will not readily forget the wild scene of enthusiasm and genuine loyalty that was displayed by the huge crowd on those two occasions. Nor will they forget how an Epsom crowd shouted and cheered on another occasion, namely, when the King sent for the Chevalier Ginistrelli, after Signorinetta had won the Oaks, and placed that most sporting of foreigners between himself and the Queen to bow from the Royal Box his acknowledgment of the ovation that greeted him on the occasion of his

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mare's dual victory—for she had previously won the Derby. The King's life was made up of graceful acts, but few, I think, were more graceful than this.

So also when shooting. He could feel a boy's pleasure when the grouse came well to his butt, when he felt that he was shooting his best, and, in fact, when everything was going right ; but he was equally happy and contented when, as must often happen in Scotland, the grouse were few and did not come his way—happy in his enjoyment of the “moor,” and perfectly contented to hear of the success of the man two butts off who had been having all the best of the luck. Delighting as he did in the beauties of Nature, probably the sport that he liked best of all was grouse-shooting in various parts of Scotland, and deer-driving at Balmoral, where Nature has arranged such a magnificent setting for the sportsman ; but, as a matter of fact, no shooting came amiss to him, and he took the keenest pleasure in that sport in all its branches.

As an amusing specimen of a somewhat peculiar “branch” of the sport in question, I remember well King Edward accepting an invitation from the Abbot of Tepl to a partridge-drive on the Tepl estates, which surround the famous old Monastery of that name. For those who have never “made a cure” at Marienbad, I must explain that the Religious Order in question owns not only the Springs and Baths of Marienbad, but also a vast tract of agricultural land, which is farmed by the monks and their tenants. The Abbot

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himself is a great dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church ; he has a seat in the Austrian House of Lords, and his principal duty is to administer the vast properties belonging to the Monastery, which has existed without intermission from the thirteenth century to our own time.

Bohemia in general, and the Böhmischer Wald, above which Marienbad is situated, in particular, is famous for its partridges ; but driving them was a new form of sport as far as the monks themselves were concerned. It had been their practice from time immemorial to have them shot by any obliging man who happened to own a gun, for the purpose of supplying their table. However, for so distinguished a guest as King Edward an exception had to be made, so the Abbot, with the assistance of a travelling Englishman, arranged a partridge-drive on the most approved pattern. The performance began with a Gargantuan luncheon in the refectory of the Monastery, at which repast the whole of the King's party, which included several ladies, was present. So long was the bill of fare, and, it may be added, so excellent were its items, that it was well past two in the afternoon before the guns were posted. On arriving at the butts, which had been beautifully constructed for the occasion, it was evident that the services of the whole population of the neighbourhood for miles round had been called into requisition. Those employed as drivers and flankers were under the immediate command of some

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of the more venerable members of the fraternity ; those who came as spectators, unfortunately for the bag, wandered about at their own sweet will. The Abbot himself, in a very short shooting-coat over his white cassock, a most rakish wide-awake hat on his head, and an enormous cigar in his mouth, took up a commanding position in the King's butt, various horns sounded, and the fun began. Partridges there were in plenty ; but unfortunately the monks had felt inspired to fly two gigantic kites with the laudable desire of concentrating the birds and driving them over the King's butt. The desired result of concentration was undoubtedly obtained, but the general effect of the kites was to cause the birds to run down the furrows instead of flying over the guns, and this, combined with the intense caution and self-restraint that had to be exercised by the shooters, in order to avoid hitting either a flanker or one of the numerous spectators before alluded to, resulted in a quite remarkably small bag. However, it was all excellent fun, and no one was more amused at the incongruity of the whole *chasse* than the King himself.

Shortly afterwards King Edward had a very different experience in the same neighbourhood when partridge-driving with Count Trautmansdorff. In a short day's shooting the party bagged 500 brace of partridge, the King himself accounting for 100 brace to his own gun. Though it hardly comes under the province of sport, perhaps I may be permitted to mention that the

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following winter Count Trautmansdorff was one of the guests at Sandringham during the best shooting week there, and also that not very long afterwards the Abbot of Tepl was invited to Windsor, and found himself being taken round the Castle and shown its treasures by the King himself.

Again, the "sportsman" should be endowed with nerve, courage, and contempt of pain ; and these really great qualities King Edward possessed to the full. Those who were with him when big-game shooting in India were sincerely and legitimately impressed by the coolness he displayed, when still a novice, at the sport which they had been pursuing for years ; and as an instance of his contempt of pain, the writer well remembers an occasion on board the *Britannia* when the Prince of Wales, as he was then, was standing in his accustomed place on the companion ladder with his chin resting on the binocular glasses which he held in his hands. By some mishap, the slack of the mainsail was dropped on to his head with such force that the glasses were literally flattened out, and his chin and neck were badly cut. A weak man would have been knocked out by such a blow, but the Prince hardly winced, and only commented forcibly on the clumsiness of the performance.

Another pastime that the King greatly fostered and encouraged was the royal and ancient game of golf. Although he never took to it himself, he fully recognised its merits, and did so in the most practical way. Golf

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courses were laid out at all the Royal residences, and were freely utilised not only by members of the Royal Family but by His Majesty's guests, the ladies and gentlemen of the suite, and the Royal servants. The writer has the most agreeable memories of the golf at Windsor, Sandringham, and Balmoral—memories doubtless shared by many of those who were fortunate enough to have been the guests of the King. Apart from the game itself, there were few courses in the kingdom that could vie in beauty with the three just mentioned. The view on a summer's evening over Windsor Great Park from the Golf Links, which are situated on the eastern slopes of the Castle, is one of the most beautiful that can be imagined. At Sandringham the course is laid round the park, with its wealth of bracken and Scotch fir ; and at Balmoral, where the river Dee forms an "out of bounds" boundary and the "links" is surrounded by the pine woods and purple hills of Deeside, the whole forms so perfect a picture of Highland scenery that even the least appreciative of visitors is induced to pause from time to time in his game to marvel at the charm of the country around him.

Moreover, Continental golf was much indebted to the King's initiative and generosity. The little golf course at Homburg sprang into life under his auspices. The Marienbad golf course owed its very existence, not to mention its entire success, to his generous patronage ; and the beautiful prizes he was in the habit

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of giving for golf competitions, both at Marienbad and Biarritz, during his annual visits to those places, as may be readily imagined, stimulated and increased the golfing population of them both to an unheard of extent—all the more so as the fortunate prize-winners were sure of receiving the rewards of their skill from his own hand. However, there is no rose without its thorn, and what the unhappy gentleman went through whose sad fate it was to handicap the numerous ladies who competed for the King's prizes is better left to the imagination. Even the winners usually contended that they had been unfairly treated, and as for the numerous losers—but it is perhaps more discreet not to allude in any way to their very freely-expressed dissatisfaction.

Another aspect of sport which specially appealed to the King was its social and sociable side. As Lord Rosebery said of him, he was “eminently human”; and sport gave him the opportunity of moving freely among his fellow-men in a way which, apart from the excuse that sport afforded, would have been difficult for a reigning monarch.

Ascot Races, for instance, furnished an occasion for entertaining magnificently at Windsor a number of distinguished foreigners as well as the representatives of many of the great families of England. Pheasant-shooting and partridge-driving at Sandringham meant, again, large shooting-parties, in which, perhaps, the element of old personal friends was predominant;

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and at Balmoral King Edward entertained a succession of man-parties, which always included the Minister in attendance, and generally a certain number of both active and retired naval and military officers. Those who have had the privilege of being there as guests will not easily forget the share of sport that was so generously extended to them by their Royal host. Stalking, deer-driving, grouse-driving, fishing, and golf were all in the order of the day, and for the older men, whose sporting days were over, there was that cheeriest of functions, the luncheon on the hill, in the interval of the deer-drives. Perhaps nowhere in the domain of sport did King Edward feel more thoroughly in his element than he did when, seated in the heather and surrounded by his guests, he could breathe the keen Scotch air that he always loved, and enjoy to the full the matchless scenery of the slopes of Lochnagar.

KING EDWARD VII. AS A SPORTSMAN

CHAPTER I

KINGS OF ENGLAND AS SPORTSMEN

WITH rare exceptions the Kings of England have been sportsmen. From the earliest days of which any record exists, the "divinity" which "doth hedge a king" has been largely supported by the personal valour and prowess of the monarch; but if not occupied in war, when the season permitted the Sovereign was almost invariably accustomed to hunt, an exercise which formerly brought into play horsemanship and marksmanship, for the quarry was usually the stag; sometimes he was shot with arrows from a crossbow, sometimes run down by hounds to receive his *coup de grâce* from the King's weapon—as now, when riding after the wild boar in the neighbourhood of Potsdam, the Kaiser, taking from the hand of the Ober Piqueur a spear, pierces the creature's heart.

As regards racing—the word without a prefix is always understood to mean the racing of horses—in

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following this, which has acquired the title of "The National Sport," the King, in honouring the Turf with his patronage, is observing immemorial tradition. It may be assumed that in days of yore the monarch generally came to be possessed of the best horses. We know, indeed, that it frequently was 'so, and that their speed was tested on what then did duty as a racecourse. Nothing is more certain than that racing must have existed from the time when horses were first ridden ; for when two men were mounted and cantering side by side, we may be sure that the horses themselves would suggest the idea and increase their pace.

Seeking authorities for the belief that Kings of England were as a rule devoted to sport, the only difficulty, without being tediously diffuse, is to select authenticated instances. One finds in Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes of the English People* the statement that before Alfred the Great was twelve years of age he "was a most expert and active hunter, and excelled in all the branches of that most noble art, to which he applied with incessant labour and amazing success." The words "that most noble art" will be noted as showing in what estimation sport was held. Edward the Confessor, the same author declares, "would join in no other secular amusement" ; but, on the evidence of William of Malmesbury, it was his greatest delight "to follow a pack of swift hounds in pursuit of game, and to cheer them with his voice." Whether the death of William Rufus was a murder or an accident, historians have failed to prove ; at any

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rate it is certain that the King was hunting in the New Forest when the fatal arrow struck him. The severity of the Game Laws which his father, William the Conqueror, had enacted, and which William II. certainly did not mitigate, is proof of the importance which was attached to hunting. So devoted was Edward III. to the chase that when invading France he had with him in his army sixty couple of staghounds and as many harriers. The theme is too large to be treated in detail, but not only have the Kings of England hunted—many of the Queens have done so likewise. Coming to the spacious days of Elizabeth, a letter is extant, written to Sir Robert Sidney when the Queen was in her seventy-seventh year, recording that “Her Majesty is well and excellently disposed to hunting, for every second day she is on horseback and continues the sport long.”

It is very certain that Queen Elizabeth “went racing,” as monarchs had been accustomed to do from the time when chronicles were first penned. That history should be somewhat vague on this subject is inevitable, as in mediæval days there was nothing in the nature of “meetings” to be recorded. Matches were made, or on occasions several horses ran together on such ground as might be convenient. But these were events which happened casually, and it is almost strange that any accounts of such races should have come down to us. In Mr. Theodore A. Cook’s *History of the British Turf*, a work the compilation of which gives evidence of careful research, a poem in old French is quoted, commemorating a

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race in 1377 between horses belonging to the Prince of Wales and Robert Fitzalan, fourteenth Earl of Arundel. Lord Arundel's horse won, and presently came into the possession of the Prince, for a sum said to be the equivalent of £20,000. This, however, seems hard to believe : it is only of late years that such amounts have been given for horses, but it may be observed that King Edward sold one of his, Diamond Jubilee, for more than half as much again, and Persimmon was valued at a still higher price.

Advancing to the days of Henry VIII., there is reason to suppose that racing was becoming what might be described as a regulated sport. The Privy Purse expenses show that various sums were regularly paid out to those who brought their horses to compete on various courses against animals belonging to the King ; which was certainly a truly Royal method of encouraging the Turf. Not only did Queen Elizabeth go racing as already remarked ; great dignitaries of the Church lent their assistance. We are told how Archbishop Parker received the Queen in his palace at Croydon for the May Race Meeting, held, so far as can be ascertained, on the ground subsequently, or possibly then, called Woodside, a popular resort for racing purposes up to nearly the end of the nineteenth century. It must surely be assumed that the Archbishop accompanied his Royal guest. Her Majesty certainly went to Salisbury and saw the third Earl of Cumberland win "a gold bell valued at £50 and better."

In looking back through racing annals, the Stuarts

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loom large. King James I. was a supporter of the Turf, and in Mr. Cook's history just mentioned comment is made on the large number of State papers which in the reign of Charles II. were dated from Newmarket. There can be no sort of doubt that Charles II. went racing with extraordinary zest, and, moreover, that his loyal subjects enthusiastically joined in the sport. Pepys is so familiar an author that his references need not be quoted. Some readers must regret that the immortal diarist did not himself take an interest in the sport—that, in fact, he knew nothing about it—for he might have told us so much which would have enabled us to realise just what went on. Evelyn, a sedate personage, disapproved of the Turf, but he speaks in 1671 of the thousands of spectators who watched a match run on the heath between Woodcock, belonging to the monarch, and Flatfoot, the property of Mr. Eliot of the Bedchamber. How the special course over which so many races are now run came by the name it still bears of the "Rowley Mile" cannot be precisely traced; there is a legend that the King, who was known as Old Rowley, himself rode over it. He must, in any case, have realised the extraordinary suitability of this fine stretch of turf for racing purposes, and perhaps it was his admiration for it which originated the name.

Few sovereigns have been more strenuously devoted to the labours of their high office and less indulgent in pleasure than William III., but His Majesty was a regular frequenter of Newmarket. When in 1698 the Count of Tallard came on his

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mission to England, Macaulay describes how the Ambassador "was invited to accompany William to Newmarket, where the largest and most splendid Spring Meeting ever known was about to assemble. The attraction must have been supposed to have been great, for the risks of the journey were not trifling. . . . The state of those roads, though contemporaries described it as dangerous beyond all example, did not deter men of rank and fashion from making the joyous pilgrimage to Newmarket. Half the Dukes in the kingdom were there. Most of the chief Ministers of State swelled the crowd ; nor was the Opposition unrepresented. Montague stole two or three days from the Treasury, and Orford from the Admiralty. Godolphin was there looking after his horses and his bets, and probably went away a richer man than he came."

The Turf thrrove during the reign of Queen Anne, and George IV. when Prince of Wales took a most active part in the racing of his day. Her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria was a frequent visitor to Ascot, and was present at Epsom in 1840 when Little Wonder won the Derby, so bringing us down to King Edward, whose Turf career will be presently discussed in detail.

Practised in all the arts of the modern country gentleman, it seems probable that King Edward was the first of the Kings of England to fish as fishing is now understood ; for though never a devotee of the rod—in later years, indeed, caring nothing about fishing—His Majesty, during his residences in the

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Highlands a number of years ago, is said to have occasionally tried for trout. Perhaps in the category of sport there is nothing more exciting than the capture of a big salmon. Testimony to this effect is borne by men who have successfully distinguished themselves in other directions, who have won steeplechases and have been familiar with the thrilling moments of a fast run with hounds. It is to be noted that an immortal angler termed fishing "the contemplative man's recreation," a phrase the truth of which has embedded it in the language. It would be hard, however, to find a description less applicable to the effort and energy which are required of the man who is fast into a thirty-pound salmon. There is here assuredly none of the languor which the word "contemplative" implies. Fishing, indeed, doubtless used to mean a placid occupation as far as possible removed from what the word brings forcibly to the mind of those whose experiences have been gained on the Tweed or the Tay.

CHAPTER II

SANDRINGHAM

WHEN H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was looking for a country estate, it is probably safe to assume that one reason why the county of Norfolk was selected arose from the fact that it is famous for game. Another essential was that the new country home should not be too near to Windsor, and after long consideration in the year 1861 the Prince selected Sandringham, a choice which, far from ever repenting, experience proved to have been eminently judicious, for the Royal master of the domain could not have been better suited.

I have diligently examined ancient histories of Norfolk with a view to obtaining all available information about Sandringham from the days of its earliest recorded history ; but search has not revealed a great deal which I did not put into an article written for the *Badminton Magazine* in the year 1906, when, by His Majesty's gracious permission, I paid my first visit, and I am constrained therefore to draw upon that description, with certain additions since gleaned.

Not very much seems to be known of the early history of Sandringham—Sand-Dersingham, as it is called in Domesday Book. A freeman named Tost enjoyed the place under “Herold [*sic*], afterwards King

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of England," it is recorded. But he was ejected at the Conquest, and the land in the neighbourhood bestowed upon Richard Fitz Corbon, a Norman knight, whose name by degrees came to be spelt Curzon—that is to say, the name of his descendants is thus written. Another knight who "came over with the Conqueror," evidently determined not to come in vain, was one Peter de Valoins, who settled down in the neighbourhood of Sandringham. To him belonged, according to the old historian, "two carucates in demean, thirty villains, six borderers with seven servi, a carucate and a half and eighteen acres of meadow, a mill, a fishery, a salt work, &c., with 146 sheep." A carucate, it may be explained for the benefit of those unacquainted with the term, was as much land as could be tilled with one plough with its team of eight oxen in a year. This has been estimated at 180 acres : sixty for fallow, sixty for spring corn, and sixty for winter corn. Peter de Valoins is presently described as having "seized twelve acres belonging to a freeman, valued at twelve pence," and, determined to obtain compensation for such exploits as he may have accomplished, he then proceeded to seize also on the lands which twenty-one freemen held in the days of King Harold, the Conqueror granting these to the energetic knight. He appears to have helped himself to a portion of what is now the Sandringham estate, if not indeed to the whole of it—he had some score of lordships altogether in Norfolk and doubtless others elsewhere—for Sand-Dersingham before the survey was a very small place. "It con-

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sisted of five borderers, who held then a carucate, but at the survey there were neither borderers nor a carucate." Peter de Valoins saw to that. Sand-Dersingham salt pit, one of his little acquisitions, was valued at 20s.

We read in this old history of "Babbingle" and "Wulfreton"—now modernised into Babingley and Wolferton, the latter the name of the station nearest to Sandringham—and presently of a curious incident connected with the neighbourhood. Sir John de Pakenham, steward to the Bishop of Ely, "claimed a monstrous fish taken on the land of one of the Bishop's wards whose ancestors claimed wreck at sea." The King himself—that was Henry III. in the thirty-ninth year of his reign—"made answer in the Exchequer Court and ordered him to produce the charter by which he claimed, which being done, it was then asked if the fish was taken on the land or in the sea, and it was answered, in the sea, and not far from land, and taken alive, six boats being overturned in the sea before it could be caught. Then the King replied, that since it was acknowledged that the fish was taken alive in the sea it could not be wreck. He would further consider of it, and the cause was adjourned to the Parliament." "We mention this," a commentator goes on to remark, "as it contains some things worthy of our observation." First, that the King himself sat in the Exchequer at this time, asked questions, gave answers and judgment; secondly, that no person could claim wreck but by charter; and thirdly, that the cause was adjourned

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to "the Parliament," a word which particularly attracts the old writer's attention as he is not aware of any previous occurrence of it.

The monstrous fish was doubtless a whale, and if so there is a ready explanation of the anxiety exhibited by the Bishop and his steward. On the Norfolk coast near here, in December 1326, a great whale was cast ashore, the wind blowing strong at north-west. The creature was 57 feet long, and had, according to the chronicler, "forty-six teeth in his lower chap, like the tusks of an elephant, with a breadth of tail from one tip to another of thirteen and a half feet. The profit made of it was £217. 6. 7 and the charge of cutting it up and managing it came to £100 more." This is not perhaps very clear, but if so the fault is with the chronicler quoted. The thirty-ninth of Henry III. brings one to 1255—that is, seventy-one years before the monstrous fish was cast ashore; and as money was proportionately more valuable at the earlier date, the fish must have been worth a fortune, though how the creature was disposed of one cannot readily guess.

In the twentieth year of Edward III.'s reign Roger de Sandringham was seated here, and the land came not long afterwards into the family of the Cobbes, by marriage with the daughter and heiress of Rivet.

The history of the estate is difficult to trace until the beginning of the seventeenth century, since which time records render it tolerably clear. Besides the old volumes on which I have drawn, I am indebted to Mrs. Herbert Jones's careful *History of Sandringham*,

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published some years ago. The property had been in the possession of Sir William Cobbe, Knight, for some time prior to 1607, when he died, and it appears to have been his grandson, Colonel William Cobbe, who suffered for his devotion to King Charles I. It was customary, after the execution of the monarch, for the Parliament to take possession of two-thirds of the estates of those found guilty—or in the case of particularly tempting properties accused—of recusancy ; but it appears that Colonel Cobbe, having done particularly admirable service to the Royalist cause, was deprived of the whole of his property. On November 7, 1650, he appealed against the sentence. His petition “Sheweth ; that the petitioner’s estate is sequestered, albeit not any delinquency hath bin or can be proved against him, neither is he convicted of Recusancy, notwithstanding the commissioners for the sayd county [Norfolk] have sequestered him as a Recusant. He humbly praieth a discharge of the sayd sequestration on being a Recusant, tho’ unconvinced, and that the commissioners would allow him a third of his estate with his mansion house.—Signed WILLIAM COBBE.”

Four days later he wrote : “The petitioner’s estate is sequestered, albeit no proof is or can be made against him for delinquency, neither is he convicted of Recusancy ; however he humbly confesseth his Recusancy, and humbly praieth the allowance of a third of his estate with the mansion house.—November 11, 1650.”

The sequestration was discharged, and the Cobbes continued in possession, William’s son Geoffrey in-

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heriting Sandringham in 1665, and selling it about twenty years later. In his time we read of the land being let "quit and free of passage, tallage, payage, lastage, stalage, portage, pesage, and terrage," terms which at the present day are generally incomprehensible. The estate passed into the possession of the Hostes, a very old Flemish family, who occupied it altogether for some century and a half; and it was the grandson of the first Hoste of Sandringham, Sir William, as he became, who made so great a name in naval history. When he was only seventeen years old Lord Nelson, under whose command he first went to sea in 1793, expressed a confident belief that the lad would do honour to Norfolk and to England; and he distinguished himself at the battle of the Nile, receiving as reward the command of a brig in which he was ordered to Gibraltar to announce the victory. By what he regarded as the cruellest misfortune he missed the battle of Trafalgar. "Not to have been in it," he wrote, "is enough to make one mad. I am low indeed, and nothing but a good action with a French or Spanish frigate will set me up again." He became captain of the *Amphion*, and in March 1811, when in command of a squadron of four frigates in the Gulf of Venice, he most effectually made up for lost time—supposing, indeed, that he ever had lost any, though absence from Trafalgar seems to have been a lasting source of grief and irritation. In 1811 he encountered the French and Venetian squadron, eight ships against his four, and thrice the number of his men. As he was about to open fire he telegraphed the signal,

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“Remember Nelson,” and in six hours the action was won.

The estate passed to the Henley family, one of whom had married the heiress and took the name of Hoste-Henley. He seems to have practically rebuilt the house, and that somewhat clumsily—at least the architect omitted a staircase, which was afterwards constructed in the hall. At his death in 1734 the estate was sold and passed into the possession of the family of Motteux, a name, needless to say, familiar in literary history. Pierre Antoine Motteux—anglicised into Peter Antony—was the son of a Rouen merchant who came to England after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and set up in the City of London as a tea merchant. He was known indeed in the city as “the Chinaman,” in consequence of his dealings with that country. But though he must have attended strictly to his business, he found time for writing, and made a considerable reputation by his translations of Rabelais and Cervantes. He also wrote original plays, which, though stigmatised as coarse and dull, received poetic commendation from no less a man than Dryden. He was obviously a great talker, and in that capacity is more than once mentioned by Pope. In the *Dunciad*, the lines occur—

“At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himself unfinished left his tale”;

and in the *Satire of Donne*—

“Talkers I’ve learn’d to bear; Motteux I knew,
Henley himself I’ve heard, and Budgel too.”

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It is perhaps natural that Motteux, being a tea merchant and also a versifier, should have been inspired to praise the beverage he vended, and in 1712 his poem on the subject was issued. As an example of the style affected at the period, Motteux's delightfully quaint effort may be quoted:—

“I saw the gods and goddesses above
Profusely feasting with Imperial Jove.
The banquet done, swift round the nectar flew,
All Heaven was warm'd, and Bacchus boisterous grew.
Fair Hebe then the grateful Tea prepares,
Which to the feasting goddesses she bears.
The heavenly guests advance with eager haste,
They gaze, they smell, they drink, and bless the taste.
Refresh'd and charmed, while thus employ'd they sit,
More bright their looks, and more divine their wit.
'None,' says the god, 'shall with that tree compare,
Health, vigour, pleasure, bloom for ever there,
Sense for the learned, and beauty for the fair ;
Hence, then, ye plants that challenged once our praise,
The oak, the vine, the olive, and the bays ;
No more let roses Flora's brow adorn,
Nor Ceres boast her golden ears of corn,
The Queen of Love her myrtles shall despise,
Tea claims at once the beauteous and the wise.
There, chemists, there your grand elixir see,
The panacea you should boast is tea ;
There, sons of art, your wishes doubled find,
Tea cures at once the body and the mind ;
Chaste, yet not cold ; and sprightly, yet not wild ;
Tho' gentle, strong, and tho' compulsive, mild ;
Fond Nature's paradox, that cools and warms,
Cheers without sleep, and though a med'cine, charms.'
‘Immortals hear,’ said Jove, ‘and cease to jar ;
Tea must succeed to wine, as peace to war ;
Not by the great let men be set at odds,
But share in tea the nectar of the gods !’ ”

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It seems impossible that any one could have resisted making haste to Mr. Motteux's establishment and procuring a large supply.

Motteux appears to have met with an extraordinary death on his fifty-eighth birthday. The story went that while celebrating the occasion the roysterers who were with him hung him up for fun. Just then a procession passed down the street ; they rushed off to the windows to look at it, and when they returned to release the subject of their practical joke, found to their dismay that he was dead. Mrs. Bracegirdle played in at least one of his works, called *Beauty in Distress*, a tragedy which is said to have proved successful. An epilogue was written to it by Dryden.

It was the grandson of Peter Antony, John by name, who bought Sandringham and adjoining property, merely as an investment, and planted many trees there. According to Mrs. Herbert Jones, whose compendium has saved me the labour of searching many volumes from the contents of which she has ingeniously drawn, the late Mr. Hayward records "a dispute which took place at Holland House between Lady Holland and Mr. Motteux when the revelation of an interesting political secret was checked by a warm discussion as to whether prunes should or should not be an ingredient in cock-a-leekie soup, Mr. Motteux maintaining that they were necessary."

He himself does not seem to have lived at Sandringham. He died in July 1843, leaving his Norfolk estate to the Honourable Spencer Cowper, the third

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son of Lady Palmerston's first marriage. It is said that this gentleman, at the period when he inherited, was being greatly worried by lawyers, and to escape this as much as possible hit on the simple expedient of not opening letters which had about them any suggestion of coming from an attorney. One of these communications was carefully neglected for a considerable period. At length, however, Mr. Cowper thought he had better see what it contained, and found in it the agreeable information that the Sandringham estate had been bequeathed to him.

The district seems to have altered—at least I have never come across the river Nar, “by some called the Setch, Sandringham, and Lynn flu, which springs out of the bowels of the Launditch Hundred and throws its contents into the Ouse at Lynn.” This is the description as given in an old history of Norfolk, in ten volumes, published in 1781. The verbal sketch of the place is quaintly characteristic of the didactic writers of the period, who strove hard to get a little moral teaching into their pages. “This hundred,” the author says, speaking of Sandringham, “is delightfully situated on the verge of the Lynn Channel, forming with the west of Lincolnshire the appearance of an amphitheatre round the Wash or bay called Metaris Æstuarium. Churches, seats, woods, hills, and other pleasing objects succeed each other in the ratio of landscape; and when contrasted with the shipping, passing in opposite courses and at various distances from the eye, must impress the beholder with an exalted idea of the Divine Wisdom in the

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formation of Nature, and of the instruction and power given us to improve.”

The church of Babingley is supposed to have been the first church which was built in this county. Unfortunately the date is not given. The writer quoted goes on to say that “the woods of Babingley and Woolferton adjoining to it are very valuable, and abound in game.” This, as before mentioned, was published in 1781, and it is much to be regretted that the author does not tell us something in detail of the game he thus incidentally mentions.

From Mr. Spencer Cowper the Prince of Wales purchased Sandringham in the year 1861 for the sum of £220,000. Apparently the estate at that period extended over some 7000 acres, and since then, as the Royal owner was able to acquire adjoining property, it has grown to 11,000 acres. Anmer has been the chief acquisition. The first mention I can find of Anmer is that Sir Walter de Calthorpe lived at Anmer Hall in 1284; but I need not attempt to give a detailed description of this part of what has now become Sandringham.

No information is available as to the game which was reared or obtained prior to the time when His Royal Highness entered into possession, but it may be remarked that Sandringham or the neighbourhood seems to have been almost, if not quite, the last place in which the Great Bustard was found. These great birds appear to have frequented the district. Mrs. Herbert Jones’s history traces back mention of the bustard for some five

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hundred years. As early as 1371, the forty-fourth of Edward III., there is a record in the Lynn Chamberlain's Accounts of "thirty nine shillings and eight pence paid for wine, bustards, herons, and oats presented to John Nevil, Admiral." A hundred and fifty years later (1527), it is written in the Hunstanton Hall privy purse accounts that a bustard was "kylled with ye crosbowe on Wedynsday." It is a long cry from this to February 1838, when a bustard, which had been killed at Dersingham, was sold at Cambridge, whether as a curiosity or merely to furnish an unusual dish at a meal is not stated. The opinion is expressed that this Dersingham bird was "one of seven that had been observed at Hillington not many miles away." Bustards still afford good sport in Spain, but I have no idea whether there would be any hope for them if reintroduced into this country. Most people would probably reply with an emphatic negative, and there is too much reason to fear that they would be right. Too many men have a mania for slaughtering every strange visitant they come across. Still bustards used to thrive, so that food and climate evidently were not unsuitable for them. There is abundance of solitude, or at least of country that is very little disturbed, on the Royal estate, and it is extremely improbable that any malicious person would interfere with the birds—at any rate over a wide range of land around Sandringham. The difficulty is that the birds would be apt to stray.

The author of the volume just mentioned shows a keen love and wide knowledge of wild flowers which

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seem to grow in profusion round about His Majesty's domain. Her description is too interesting to be left unquoted :—

“On the churchyard wall at Sandringham wave the soft grey tufts of the crested hairgrass, and the little wall-speedwell shows its turquoise eye ; the porch at Babingley is encrusted with the sticky, clinging leaves of the hairy rockcress ; the yellow archangel (*Galeobdolon luteum*) shines softly under the hedges ; the blue-bell covers with a mundane sky the floor of Wolferton Wood, where the air is sweet with lily-of-the-valley, and the dim shade lighted by its bells ; the rosy campion and velvet foxglove speckle the fields ; the horned poppy looks out to sea, and by its side the sand is laced over by the tendrils of the faintly-tinted seaside convolvulus ; the marsh-marigold burns in the glassy pool ; the backbean covers the marsh with a fringe and piled web of pink and white ; grand masses of gorse and broom flower together in bold and fragrant glory on the broken ground where the white main road cuts the heath ; the erica, which wraps its warm, bright tint over the hills in August, is scarcely less beautiful in March, when the flying clouds toss their shadows about the thick, deep network and turn it to the richest sable. At Dersingham the pink petals of the cranberry promise a harvest of piquant fruit ; and in the plantations, which shelter and embellish the roads as they come gradually near to the house at Sandringham, the bird-cherry and wild crab peep out from behind the firs, and cross the silver stems of the birch-trees.”

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The country is so well adapted for partridges that no doubt a not inconsiderable number had been shot before the Prince began to develop the resources of the land in this direction. As for pheasants, they are to a considerable extent what the owner of a property chooses to make them. Hares always seem to have been fairly numerous, and from the way in which rabbits thrive one may easily judge that they have always been plentiful. I never remember to have seen so many rabbits as are to be observed on the grass which borders the roads leading to the House. They take comparatively little notice of the carriage which passes close to them, experience having shown that men on wheels are not dangerous. If one walked along the road they would doubtless be less unconcerned. The coast is the haunt of innumerable wild fowl, and one plantation has long been known as Woodcock Wood from the migrants which visit it.

At different times King Edward has made efforts to introduce various birds hitherto strange to the district. Quail were tried, and they nested and hatched, much to His Majesty's gratification. The King himself never shot one, but there is the record of some having been shot. They all strayed however, and His Majesty would not try again. American turkeys likewise failed, the opinion of experts being that the climate was too damp, and there was not a supply of proper food for them. Some died and others rambled, all soon disappearing. What may be called the legitimate game of the country has thriven altogether admirably under the management of Jackson,

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the head keeper, who went to Sandringham in 1871, and has still the honour of retaining his position under His Majesty King George.

The idea of making records was always in the highest degree distasteful to King Edward, as it is to his present Majesty, and I am not permitted to give extracts from the Game Books, which I have been graciously allowed to examine, of the number of pheasants killed. That King Edward was always anxious to provide his guests with ample sport need scarcely be said, and under the immediate supervision of His Majesty the game on the estate was carefully cultivated with the best results ; for in all these matters King Edward took the keenest interest, and nothing was ever done until he had considered its desirability. I may perhaps be allowed to say generally that during the last forty years the yield of the estate in the matter of game has almost quadrupled ; and an idea of what this means may be gathered when it is said that at the beginning of the 'seventies some 7000 head were killed annually.

Norfolk is essentially the country for partridges, and they have done remarkably well since the introduction of the system of what is called "remises." The idea is to make sanctuaries for the birds. There are four on the estate, each of from 12 to 20 acres in extent, part planted with buckwheat and mustard, part with gorse carefully plucked ; and besides their serviceability for nesting and feeding, the remedies are of great service when the birds are being driven. The scheme seems to have originated in Hungary, whither Jackson accom-

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panied His Majesty some years ago to shoot on the property of the late Baron Hirsch.

There were four weeks' shooting at Sandringham every year, the principal two having been those which included the King's and Queen's birthdays, the 9th November and 1st December. The number of guns was almost invariably from eight to ten, and the sport began at 10.15 by the Sandringham clock, the time in reality having been 9.45 ; for it is the custom at Sandringham to keep the clocks half-an-hour fast, a practice His Majesty is understood to have followed from the example of Lord Leicester. The excellent system of drawing for places was adopted for the partridge-driving, guns moving up one after each drive. When pheasant shooting, the King placed the guns, he and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales taking the outside, so that the guests would be likely to have the best of the sport. Wild pheasants do excellently well on the Sandringham estate. We have seen that in a former century, when "preserving" was little, if at all, known, the district was described as "abounding in game," and possibly King Edward, had he pursued his own inclinations, would not have bred many pheasants. But it had become the practice, and though, as has been said, His Majesty abhorred the idea of records, and would on no account have thought of making his estate "famous" by this means, his guests were his first consideration. There is no denying that most men who shoot like to make the barrels of their guns hot on occasions ; they experience satisfaction in picking their birds from a flush when beaters are

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reaching the end of a covert ; and to gratify this taste pheasants were provided. There are years when partridges fail, and if there were not pheasants sport would be poor—at least on portions of the estate, for the wild fowl are a special feature.

Though I am not allowed to give detailed extracts from the Game Books, I may, perhaps, be permitted to say that the best partridge season was 1904, when one day over 1300 were shot. His Majesty was happily present. On another day, when sport was exceptionally good, the King, who, dearly as he loved his gun, never allowed it to interfere with his duties, had the bad luck to be away in London, and was informed of the success by a telegram from the Prince of Wales. "I wish I had been with you," was the reply sent on receipt of the message. In 1909-10 at Sandringham, as at most other places, partridges were extremely scarce. Only 411 were killed during the whole season, and after a good day with the pheasants the King graciously said to his keeper, "Thank you, Jackson. If it had not been for the pheasants, I should have had nothing for my guests."

A day's partridge shooting differed little in essentials from days elsewhere. Often the draw for places had been arranged by one of the Equerries on the previous evening. His Majesty and the Royal Family were accustomed to breakfast together, and the King appeared when the party had assembled at 10.15—Sandringham time. Motors were in waiting, and the shooters made their way to their respective stands,

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all, of course, having been prepared, beaters ready, and so forth. Sometimes there would be as many as sixteen drives during the day. Her Majesty the Queen and the ladies usually came out to lunch, and in fine weather frequently accompanied the guns afterwards. The King's presence was felt everywhere. "His hand was on us all," is the expression which was employed when a day was described to me. The name of the late Prince Francis of Teck frequently occurs in the Game Books, and I asked His Highness whether in any particulars shooting at Sandringham differed from shooting elsewhere. He replied that, before all else on these occasions, the King was a perfect representative of the country gentleman, and, in the experience of Prince Francis, more considerate to his dependants than most hosts. The last time Prince Francis shot, the weather was bitter ; the keeper and attendants respectfully greeted His Majesty with bared heads, and before he began to give instructions, he commanded them to put on their hats for fear they should take cold.

As a shot King Edward was somewhat variable, at times distinctly good, though never approaching the very front rank, in which King George, Lord Ripon, Lord Walsingham, the Hon. Henry Stonor, and a few others stand by themselves. King Edward was especially successful with high pheasants ; but there were times when, his mind being occupied with important matters, he paid comparatively little attention to the sport which was in progress, and let slip many chances, not endeavouring to take them. There

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was a discussion some years ago as to what good shooting meant, and Lord Walsingham stated the opinion that, taking into account game of all sorts—driven partridges, snipe, wild fowl, &c.—a steady average of 30 per cent. kills to cartridges must be described as good. King Edward certainly came into this category.

The keenness of King George's sporting instincts is shown by several entries in the books, one of which I may give :—

“The Prince of Wales and Lord Crichton shooting at Frankfort Park. Began at 6 A.M. A very dark morning. 1 rabbit, 1 woodcock, 43 duck, 3 teal.”

And I must not omit another :—

“Dec. 6, 1907.—Princes Edward and Albert fired their first shots out of a small single muzzle-loader, being the same gun with which His Majesty King Edward, the late Duke of Clarence, and the Prince of Wales fired their first shots.”

Some of the best beats for pheasants are within a stone's throw of the house, and are known as Commodore and Dersingham Woods. Wolferton Wood is perhaps better still ; there are some remarkably fine old forest trees here, and the wood has yielded exceptionally good sport for some years. Anmer, which, as has been remarked, His Majesty added to the estate a few years since, is distinguished by a number of small coverts which provide particularly pretty shooting, for here as a rule the birds come very high. At Frankfort there are special attractions ; an interesting head of mixed game may usually be obtained. There are

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pheasants, of course ; in Norfolk there is always a chance of partridges ; and in addition there is a fine warren. Wild duck may always be expected, and the marshy ground with its tussocky grass makes a tempting habitation for snipe and woodcock. In December 1873 Lord Walsingham got 26 snipe in a comparatively short time.

What is specially called the Woodcock Beat lies partly in the park, and some excellent bags have been made—excellent, it should of course be understood, for England : comparisons must not be instituted with Lord Ardilaun's Irish woodcock paradise. On November 20, 1874, 42 woodcock were shot here. Three years later, on the 9th of the month, 27 were added to the bag ; and Wolferton Wood, exactly three weeks later, oddly enough yielded precisely the same number. In one year I find that 118 woodcock were killed at Sandringham ; it is not unusual to come across mention of days when 30 or thereabouts have been shot. There is record of 31 on November 26, 1878 ; on the 13th of this month in 1885 the total reached 47 ; that for the year 144. On January 27, 1893, 36 cock were obtained, his present Majesty King George having accounted for 16, including a left and right.

There are three good pools for wild duck on the Woodcock Beat. The Whinfield Beat, a particular favourite with His Majesty King George, has no superior on the estate in its attraction for sportsmen ; for, in addition to the coverts, there is much marshy ground and various creeks near the Wash which give infinite variety of wild fowl. An entry in the Game

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Book, under date November 10, 1902, notes that H.I.M. the German Emperor and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (now H.M. King George) shot for a couple of hours on these marshes ; and it may be suspected that the King took no less pleasure in such sport as this than in a hot corner where pheasants were coming thickly. The bag during this brief expedition consisted of 5 pheasants, 5 rabbits, 3 snipe, 31 duck, 10 teal, 1 pigeon, and 1 various—in all 56 head. The identity of the “various” is not given, and in coming upon such an entry one always wonders what it can have been.

The partridge beats are Flitcham, Appleton, Anmer, Shernbourne, and Dersingham Fields. On several occasions over 700 partridges have been killed, but, as before stated, no attempt is ever made to make a bag for the sake of the figures. A good day's sport for His Majesty's friends, without the faintest idea of sensational totals, is all that was desired. Among monarchs whose names appear in the books, in addition to that of the German Emperor, is His Majesty King Alphonso, who was one of the guns on November 7, 1907, when 725 partridges constituted portion of the bag, the King of Spain entering vigorously into the spirit of the sport. Later on the King of Norway was a guest, and his methods evoked the admiration of Jackson, the excellent head keeper whose devoted services to his Royal master have been such an important factor in securing the good results for which Sandringham has been notable. Jackson, indeed, remarking on the skill which the King of

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Norway was rapidly developing in the matter of partridge-driving, could not refrain from declaring it to be "a sad pity that His Majesty should have been called away" for such comparatively unimportant business as governing his kingdom ; but that perhaps is not an unnatural view for a head keeper to take.

An invitation to shoot in Norfolk suggests that the quarry will be partridges, pheasants, such woodcock as kindly fates may vouchsafe, with a proportion of hares and a larger or smaller number of rabbits. Much of the Sandringham shooting, however, and that which for many sportsmen possesses at least an equal charm, consists of wild fowl, and, after paying more than one visit to the estate in the care of kindly guides who were anxious to show all that was to be seen, I should be inclined to say that almost the cream of the shooting is that which has to do with the ducks.

One writes thus hesitatingly. When pheasants are coming over, multitudinous and high, so that the sportsman may pick his shots, it is difficult to imagine anything more delightful than a true specimen of the rocketeer—a term which is much misused. There will be those, again, who fervently proclaim that nothing is equal to driven partridges when there are plenty of them and they fly in a way which gives the shooter a really sporting chance. Then, of course, there is always the woodcock, whose appearance usually creates so profound an emotion as he flits by in his own peculiar fashion, often barely distinguishable through the branches. At times there is

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something ghostly about the cock, and it is a triumph to overcome the apparition. But nothing in the way of shooting has more enchantment about it than a rise of duck as they spring from their reedy bed and sweep off in company with heads outstretched, their long necks and round bodies looking like those of no other bird. One of the great fascinations is that they want shooting. A very indifferent hand with the gun, if he condescend to easy shots, may kill a not inconsiderable number of pheasants after a good flush at the end of a covert. Driven partridges are almost invariably far more difficult, but when there are many of them the man is a bad shot—an almost hopelessly bad one—if he has not some down to be gathered at the end of a drive. Ducks fly fast, high, and deceptively. They will carry on for an extraordinarily long way, if indeed they ever come down, when hit in the body where their armour of feathers protects them; and the keen sportsman who shoots straight will take special pride in the fact if he finds that he is not uselessly burning many cartridges when duck-shooting.

Of late years, thanks to the action of gentlemen who were naturalists as well as sportsmen, and who felt pained to see the ruthless destruction of wild birds, Protection Societies have sprung up in various directions. One of these was formed in the year 1900 at Wolferton. The County Council, which professes to rule the district of the Norfolk coast on and near which the Royal property lies, passed a bye-law which was altogether excellent as far as it went. No eggs were to be taken from high-water mark to the

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first enclosure on land without special license, and so forth. I have said "as far as it went," for, having passed the bye-law, the County Council appears to have thought that it had done its duty. Laws, however, are of little use unless they are enforced, and it was not considered any one's duty to see that the admirable regulation was in any way observed.

Perception of this led to the formation of the Wolferton Wild Birds' Protection Society, which was originated by an enthusiast, Mr. George Cresswell, C.V.O., who commanded the 5th Battalion of the Norfolk Regiment, which was frequently on duty, forming guards of honour, when His Majesty and Royal guests arrived at Sandringham. Mr. Cresswell consulted Mr. Le Strange, who may perhaps be described as the principal landowner in the district after His Majesty, and who is in possession of twelve or thirteen miles of the foreshore. Mr. Le Strange, and other owners whose property abutted, welcomed the formation of the Society, and approached Sir Dighton Probyn, whose energetic management of His Majesty's property has been attended with such altogether excellent results. Sir Dighton laid the matter before the King, who sent for Mr. Cresswell—he having undertaken the secretaryship—and stated his express wish that the birds should be preserved. As will be gathered from other parts of this volume, King Edward was much more than nominal lord of his estate. He took the keenest interest in everything connected with it, and on the next occasion of receiving Mr. Cresswell he again impressed upon him his wishes with regard to

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the preservation of the birds, graciously accepting the position of patron—His Royal Highness the then Prince of Wales, now King George, also willingly becoming the Vice Patron, with Mr. Le Strange as President.

This meant everything. To have so much more than the King's sanction assured, of course, the complete success of the little society, and the reports which have been issued from year to year show the good which has been effected by it. A watcher was engaged, and under Mr. Cresswell's constant supervision he has been on duty during the nesting season every year. Properly managed the expenses are small, there being little to pay beyond the wages of the man, who lives in a small hut which has been erected for him. Mr. Cresswell states with pride that a couple of years ago, within a radius of fifty yards on the moor, there were nests of grouse, pheasant, snipe, red shank, brown duck, shiel duck, and green plover.

Grouse are, of course, a peculiarly interesting feature, for the reason that the neighbourhood of Sandringham is the extreme southerly point on the east coast on which it is believed that these birds have ever bred. I regret that I cannot personally vouch for having seen any. Mr. Cresswell was good enough to accompany me one day in August 1910, in the hope that we might come across some of the birds. It was a vague chance, and we had no great expectation of success; the nearest we got to a grouse was the discovery of a feather. The hope may, perhaps, be humbly expressed that King George will

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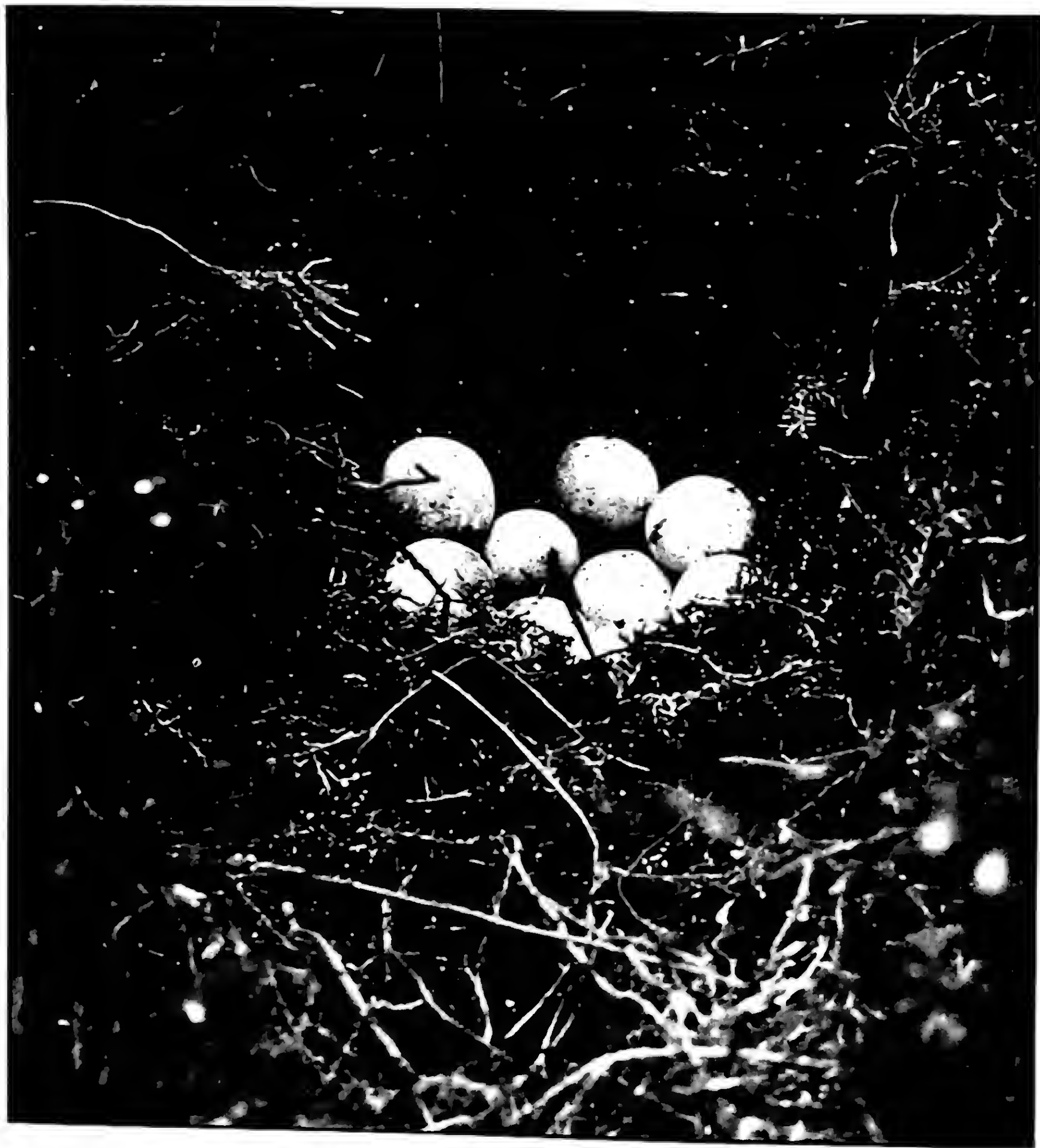
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GROUSE NEST, WOLFERTON HEATH

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encourage the breeding of these birds. In May 1905 a rifle range was opened on that portion of the estate which the grouse frequent, His Majesty graciously consenting to perform the opening ceremony. Some time before this Mr. Cresswell had caused the photograph of a nest, here reproduced, to be taken, and on this occasion King Edward referred to the picture, and was pleased to acknowledge his great gratification at the fact that there seemed such good hope of breeding the birds. Mr. Cresswell ventured to suggest that the chances would be improved if some eggs were obtained from Balmoral, and at the time His Majesty acquiesced, Lord Granard, who was in waiting, and who spoke with authority on the subject, agreeing that this would be a judicious course ; unfortunately nothing was done.

Grouse in Norfolk will strike many people as a peculiar idea, but those who have been privileged to walk over the portion of the Sandringham estate to which I am referring, will realise that the birds ought to have an excellent chance. There would never be much prospect of raising a big head ; the comparatively flat coast differs widely from the Scottish and northern English moors with their considerable elevation ; but grouse might fly over heather, with a little pine here and there, for close on two miles and a half, and as they are what may be described as very "local" birds, this should surely suffice. We looked in what we regarded as the most likely spots during my visit, and for a

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moment thought that our hopes were to be gratified. A bird sprang up from the heather, and we turned, for a moment expecting to see the object of our quest ; but it was a stray pheasant.

Wild pheasants may fairly be described as numerous, and it is extraordinary that at times they make their nests in the sea wrack, just at the edge of the tide, in one of the last places most people would anticipate finding them. Shooting on the marshes, therefore, is extraordinarily varied. As for the results achieved by the Wolferton Wild Birds' Protection Society, the chief increase has perhaps been in the number of terns. It is interesting in the extreme to note their habits. After nesting for years in the same place, in 1905 the colony moved about a mile to the north of their last year's nesting-place, the lesser tern, however, declining to change their quarters. It is delightful to watch these creatures, with their dove-coloured feathers, orange bills, and black topknots. The lesser tern and the common variety closely resemble each other in appearance, though their notes are different, that of the lesser tern being much more abrupt and sharp. Plover of various kinds are increasingly numerous. The naturalist finds an infinite variety of subjects to study on the King's estate. One of the curious things is the manner in which the ringed dotterel arranges her eggs, not lengthwise, but with the big ends upwards, her object, one may presume, being to economise space, so that the little creatures may cover all the contents of their nests. Some of them line these nests

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with broken shells till they look like scraps of tessellated pavement, thus, no doubt, securing warmth. Four is the usual number of eggs ; one nest was found last year with seven eggs in it, but it was deserted ; probably two birds had laid together and could not solve the problem of sitting.

On what may be called the moor, where the grouse live, there is in one place a general fall in the ground, and an imaginative artist, sketching the scene, put a little lake in the middle of it. King Edward saw the picture, and was delighted with the notion, so much so that it is more than possible he would have had the suggestion carried out had his life been spared ; for one of the blessings the estate has conferred upon the neighbourhood is the amount of employment it furnishes for innumerable dwellers in the villages which surround it.

There would be an enormous supply of plovers' eggs if the nests were robbed, but the birds are left unmolested. At the same time the green plover does not increase in anything like the same proportion as the terns. These latter make their nests side by side and live together in amity, whereas the plovers are continually quarrelling and fighting during the breeding season. Possibly, too, the hooded crows who have not gone before the eggs are laid do their share towards diminishing the number of plovers, though Mr. Cresswell is nevertheless a great believer in the desirability of maintaining the balance of nature. From one point of view it may be considered an excellent thing to diminish the numbers of stoats and weasels,

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nevertheless to do so is to give the rats a better chance ; and they are apt to commit greater havoc than the more formidable vermin. Mr. Cresswell entertains the idea, which is accepted in various quarters, that rooks have grown more mischievous than they used to be, and indeed that they are growing worse. A possible explanation may be that of late years cold, wet seasons have diminished the usual supply of slugs and insects, and these birds, deprived of this food, seek their meals elsewhere. There seem also, according to some experts, to be a certain number of particularly villainous rooks in every colony who get their better-conducted brethren a bad name.

There was an old decoy at Dersingham, which had been in use, it may be said, from time immemorial. It was abandoned in the year 1850, and it will be universally agreed that the most sporting method of dealing with duck is to shoot them. On our way to the quarter which the ducks frequent we put up several herons, and watched their peculiar flight, noting particularly their strange habit of starting with their necks fully stretched out and gradually pulling them in till their beaks lie on their breasts. The screens which the shooters occupy are walls of rushes placed some four feet apart, a thick board in between forming a species of bridge. Here and there the rushes, which are bound together in little circular bunches, are detachable, so that the shooter can remove a bunch, and is thus enabled to watch, for the screens rise above his head on either side. We had scarcely taken our places, unarmed of course, when a huge company of

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duck sprang up, many teal and shovellers being among them. Swinging round, they came over, offering a variety of fascinating chances which made one long for a gun ; and when the first company had gone, others presently succeeded them, getting up farther away, but coming over in extraordinarily tempting fashion. The shovellers are said to have increased while the gadwell have decreased. Of this no one is able to form a plausible explanation.

There are plenty of hares on the marshes, and an attempt has been made to check their wanderings by wiring the fences which are placed on the turf bridges that cross the broads—a “broad” in this part of Norfolk, it should be explained, being a name given to a tolerably wide stream, differing altogether from the open expanse of water which the name usually suggests. The hares decline altogether to be checked ; finding their passages barred, and being unable to get through the wire, the idea apparently occurs to them that there is something particularly tempting on the other side, of which they are being deprived. They consequently swim across to search for it. There is abundance of water, mostly inhabited by coarse fish. Mr. Cresswell some time since was able to lease in the neighbourhood a little river which contained trout. An otter with her three cubs visited the stream, and he was well aware that their presence would in all probability clear away the trout. He was warned, indeed, by a watcher that havoc was being committed among the fish ; but his theory of the balance of nature prevented him from

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taking any steps to destroy the creature, and the trout disappeared.

A little anecdote may be given as an instance of the King's happy methods. At a shoot at Sandringham late in the season, the instruction had gone forth that only cocks were to be killed. One of the party was Sir Somerville Gurney, of North Runcton Hall, a frequent guest, for His Majesty constantly invited those who were fortunate enough to be his neighbours to share his sport. Sir Somerville had not understood that hens were to be spared, and one of them coming well over him, he promptly brought it down. It happened that his stand was next to the King, and the bird fell between them. For the Royal host to have said, "We are only shooting cocks now," would perhaps have seemed somewhat in the nature of a reproof; at any rate the kindly King preferred another way of making known the order of the day. Pointing to the hen he smiled, and called out, "Ah, Gurney, what a man you are for the ladies!" When the coverts are shot for the last time it is, of course, always a probability that hens are to be left untouched, and His Majesty's remark was just enough to raise the question in Sir Somerville's mind. He suspected how things were, noticed that no hens were being shot by the other guns, and it need not be said how genially his expression of regret was accepted when he found himself near to the King after the beat.

Lord Walsingham, one of the great shots of his generation, has most kindly complied with my request



KING EDWARD VII. TALKING TO THE PRINCE OF WALES AFTER COMMODORE WOOD DRIVE

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Sandringham

for some reminiscences of visits to Sandringham. He says :—

“To write a few pages of recollections of the sporting parties at Sandringham would involve the exercise of such powers of condensation as are the attributes of a skilled and practised penman, rather than of a mere sportsman who sees in an instant more than he could describe in an hour. Very many incidents might be recalled that serve to illustrate the unceasing charm of that home life which afforded intervals of recreation to a Prince whose time was almost incessantly taken up with the calls of duty. When Sandringham was first purchased from Mr. Spencer Cowper, the estate had comparatively little except the sandy soil to recommend it from a sporting point of view ; the coverts were scanty, the cultivation poor—involving much necessary outlay for artificial feeding—the stock of game very limited, and the woods ill-adapted for that system of beating which has now been recognised as mainly important to provide rocketing pheasants, and impart a true sporting character to a day’s shooting.

“Greatly through the example and advice of the late Earl of Leicester, one of the truest sportsmen who ever lived, the Prince of Wales at once began planting on an extensive scale ; and before many years had passed a system of driving was designed in each day’s covert shooting, which, on the principle of forcing the birds as far as possible from their own ground to a spot where they must return over guns exposed in the open, insured, in each case, such sporting shots

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as required not mere ordinary accuracy of aim, but an increased measure of skill. This was far more difficult to accomplish in Wolferton Wood than on the Dersingham and Commodore beats. As the young plantations grew up they became attractive haunts for woodcocks—I saw once a white-winged variety which, on that occasion, escaped all the guns—and the King was always fond of that wilder ground, which included patches of covert, with open heath and marshy flats. The beat usually started with a silent approach to surround some water where wild fowl had been encouraged to congregate. With the able co-operation of Jackson, the head keeper, all this had been well thought out beforehand, and the results were worthy of the careful preparations.

“On the Brick Kiln beat, which was famous for woodcocks, I well remember an incident which marked our Royal host as not only a master of hospitality, but a most unselfish and true sportsman. One of the guns, who had been placed on a rough path inside the covert, followed it until it emerged at the side about half-way down. There he found himself alongside of the Prince, who was in line with the beaters outside, and who at once insisted upon giving up his place, and walking on the extreme right of the line on an open heath, where there were comparatively few chances of letting off his gun. This was on a Saturday. At the end of the day notes were compared, and we claimed to have killed, so far as I can remember, forty-four woodcocks, but forty-one only had been brought in. I volunteered to

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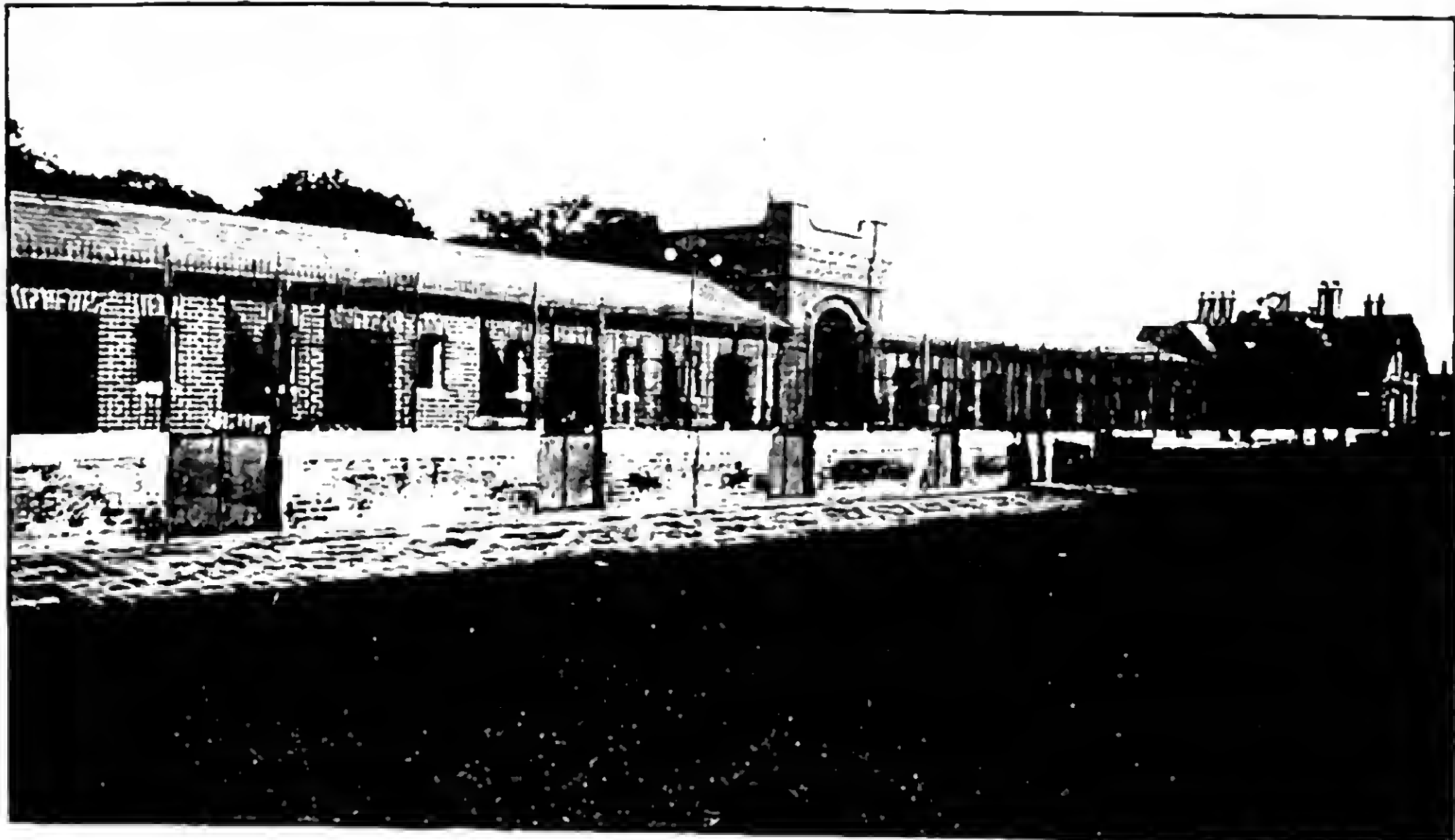
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THE KENNELS, SANDRINGHAM

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THE ENTRANCE TO SANDRINGHAM STUD

Sandringham

take six men early on Sunday morning to search where I thought the other three birds might not have been picked up. To this the Prince consented, adding, 'But you had better not take a gun!' which, of course, was not intended. To his great satisfaction, we found the lost birds about where I expected, two of these only winged.

"Sunday was the day on which the kennels, the kitchen garden, the farm, and the stables were always visited, and in all these the keen interest and practical knowledge displayed by the Prince was a remarkable proof of the versatility and accuracy of his memory. The old decoy beyond Wolferton Station, in the middle of some excellent ground for snipe and teal in winter, was a sure find for a few wild ducks, and the Prince at one time enjoyed as much as any one a wild walk across the open marsh, although very few shots could be had.

"I well remember a good hour's sport there, by special permission, one frosty morning, on my way to catch an early train after the annual tenants' ball—a permission graciously granted, with a cheery laugh at the keenness with which I changed my pumps for shooting boots and walked off in the dark. That cheery laugh was always one of our host's greatest charms, and was never long absent from the daily and hourly enjoyments of his house parties at Sandringham.

"Black game were at one time introduced there, but, as in other parts of Norfolk, they quite failed to become established—the soil was probably too

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

dry for them—and grouse also partially failed for the same reason, although I believe they bred for some years in succession. Partridge-driving was, perhaps, His Royal Highness' favourite sport, and was admirably managed under his personal instructions to Jackson. The guns drew their numbers in the morning, and after each drive moved on one place to the right, so that each had a fair and even chance of central or outside places, the Prince himself following the same regulation. A score was kept by each gun, and at the end of the day these seldom exceeded the return, or, if a few birds were missing, they were generally found by the keepers on the following morning. There was some keen competition on these occasions, but if any one killed a bird which should have been left for his host, no one regarded the incident half so good-naturedly as the Prince himself. I always thought him a comparatively better shot at driven partridges than at pheasants, although, of course, the percentage of kills was less than with the easier game. He was somewhat *journalier* in his shooting, but naturally shot better when keenly interested than when his thoughts appeared to be distracted by other, and doubtless more weighty, matters.

“In addition to the rebuilding of the house, with important additions, including the great ball-room subsequently added, a very perfect game larder was built on the plan and pattern of that at Holkham. This was absolutely necessary to insure the proper storage and distribution of the various kinds of game

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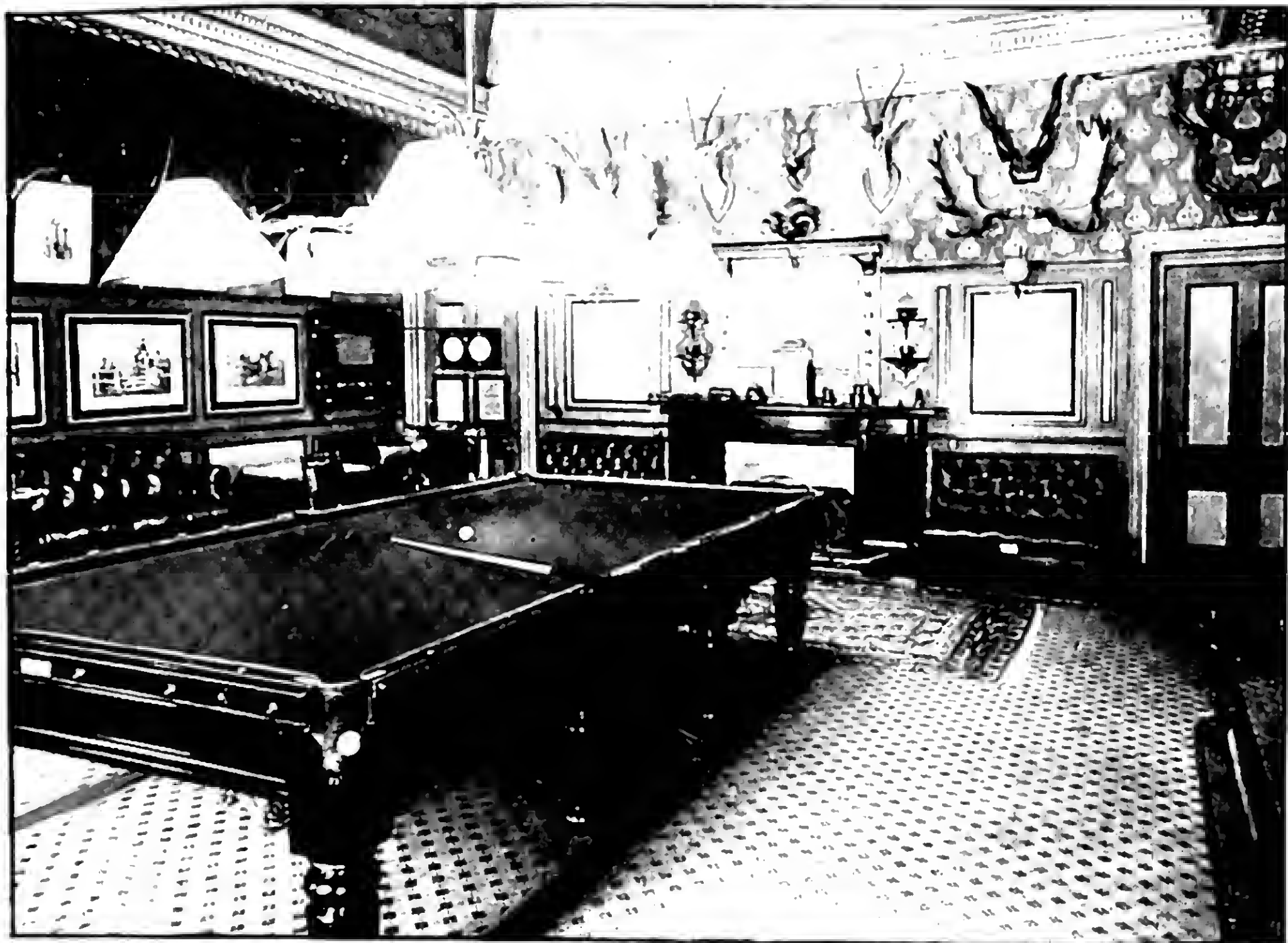
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BILLIARD ROOM, SANDRINGHAM



GUN ROOM, SANDRINGHAM

Sandringham

shot during a week of sport ; large as it was, its capacity was often tried to the utmost. The billiard-room contained a fine series of heads and skulls of African and other big game, including the pick of Gordon Cumming's collection, and when bowling was in fashion the Prince took an active part there, as at the Marlborough Club, in this strenuous exercise. On one occasion, if not oftener, he joined in a cricket match. One can only look back upon those days now with an overwhelming sense of loss. The high regard and true affection in which our late King was held by all who had the honour to enjoy his hospitality at Sandringham was no mere conventional loyalty, but a deep-rooted feeling inspired by his character as a man, as a sportsman, and above all as a friend, ever himself loyal to those who shared his tastes and loved his nature. These may at least rejoice that he is succeeded by as good and true a sportsman as himself."

Sir William Folke, a regular visitor, kindly writes to me about the invariably enjoyable routine of a Sandringham shoot, dwelling on the fact that sport was always the one consideration, and, as I have elsewhere remarked, the making of big bags was never the object, though bags were big. Guests who were neighbours were always asked to the house, instructed to be there at half-past nine or ten, however near to their residences the meet might chance to be, and the King's great anxiety was that all those who were fortunate enough to be present should have an equal share of the sport. His Majesty saw to everybody, looked after everybody, and knew how all his friends were shooting. The

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

woods were always shot in precisely the same way. In view of the success, which was so consistently good, this practice had much to commend it, though it was sometimes thought that to make a new corner would not have been a bad thing. Sir William also dwells upon the pleasures of the luncheon, at which Her Majesty Queen Alexandra and the household guests always appeared. During the King's birthday week, the 9th of November, the shoot always included partridge-driving—Wolferton Wood and Woodcock Wood—and here on one occasion his present Majesty, King George, killed two cocks, right and left—a feat, needless to say, opportunity for which can rarely arise, and then it is long odds against its accomplishment. The Queen's birthday week, the 1st of December, was signalised by shoots at Wolferton Wood, and more partridge-driving.

A frequent visitor to Sandringham was the present Marquess of Ripon, who as Lord de Grey earned an unsurpassed reputation with the gun. He has even been described as “in a class by himself,” a distinction which he at least would deprecate, bearing in mind the achievements of Lord Walsingham, the Hon. Henry Stonor, King George himself, and a very few others. But Lord Ripon assuredly ranks as an almost phenomenal shot; and he has most kindly complied with my request that he would contribute a few pages to this volume, which would, I knew, be specially welcome, as he is naturalist as well as sportsman. I begged him, furthermore, whilst he was occupied with the subject, to add that comment and advice on shoot-

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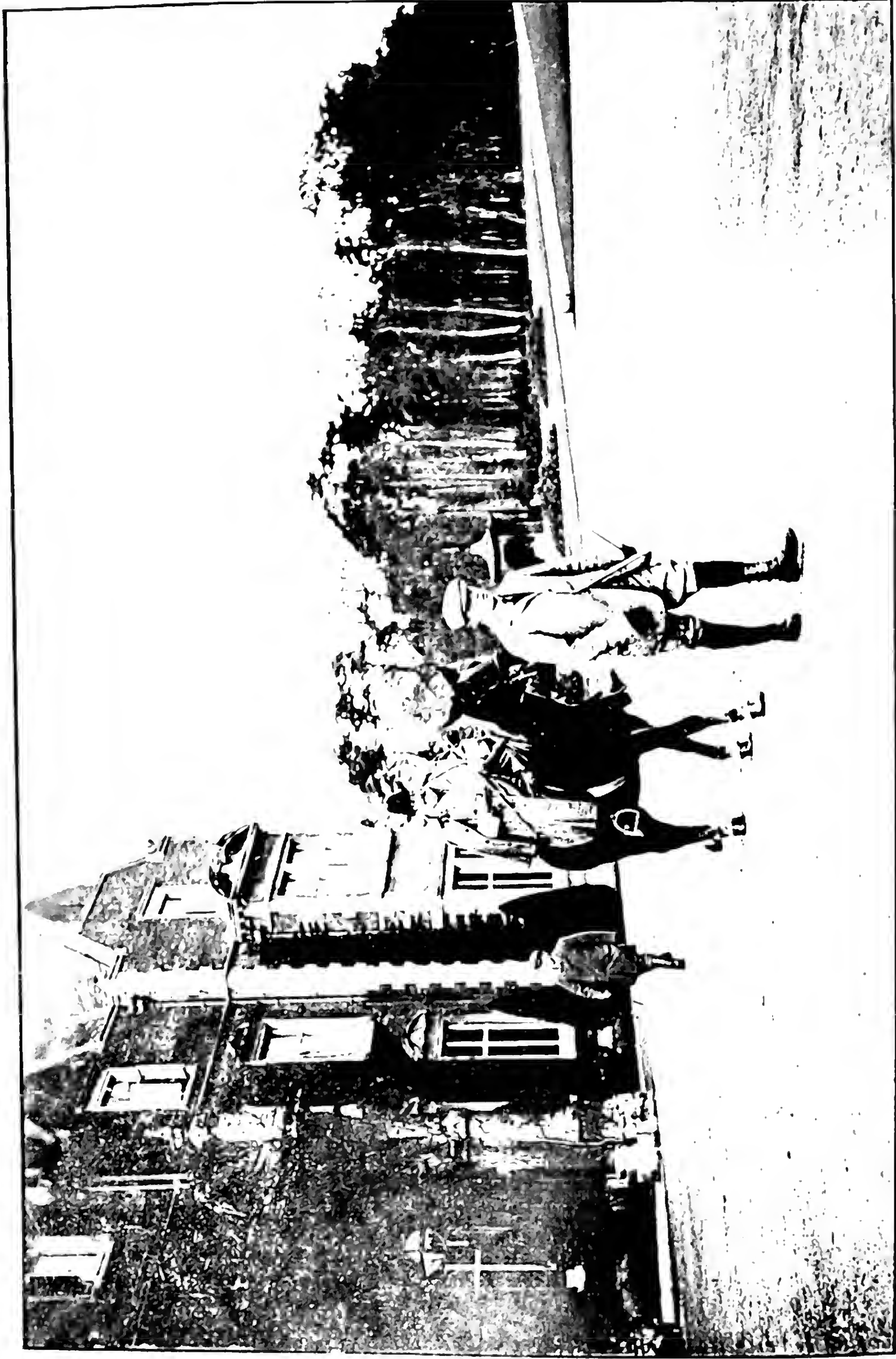
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LEAVING SANDRINGHAM FOR A SHOOT

Sandringham

ing in general which I felt that readers with any taste for field sports would study with appreciation and care. A debt of gratitude is owing to him for what follows :—

“There can be no question that King Edward VII. was in the fullest sense of the word a sportsman. He combined the true Englishman's love of country life, open air, and exercise, with a keen interest in various kinds of sport, and in none more than shooting. To describe the shooting of past years at Sandringham is a melancholy task, bringing back, as it does now, so many sad memories ; and as I write that well-known and respected figure is ever before me, in the familiar Inverness cape, riding on his shooting pony from one covert to another, the gracious and courteous host to whose kind hospitality I and many others owe such a deep debt of gratitude.

Busy, as he had necessarily been, from youth upwards, and especially hard worked as he was during the last ten years of his life, King Edward was nevertheless invariably punctual, and on shooting days was always ready and anxious to start early and to remain out as long as the light lasted.

He loved the high partridge and the rocketing pheasant, and he delighted in seeing the birds brought well over the guns. When he considered the game neatly shot he was unstinting of his praise, and he made it thoroughly understood that every guest at Sandringham was to have his fair share of the shooting. The head keeper, Mr. Jackson, was particularly happy

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

in carrying out his wishes in this respect, and was as knowledgeable in the placing of the guns as he was in the rearing of game and in his manner of showing it.

The shooting at Sandringham is of a very high order. The soil is particularly suited to game, being light and sandy, the kind of soil on which both partridges and pheasants flourish. Here as elsewhere there must always be good and bad partridge years ; there is no circumventing the fates when they are against the birds. But during the last thirty years the average of the bags at Sandringham has increased to a remarkable extent, this being largely owing, no doubt, to the 'remises' planted by his late Majesty ; for in an open country 'remises' are most useful, both for the breeding of birds and for sheltering them in bad weather. At one 'remise,' known as Captain's Close, over 300 partridges have been killed without the guns moving from their places, as well as a large number of pheasants.

On the other hand, the number of woodcocks, though still plentiful at times, has considerably diminished. Some thirty years ago forty woodcocks were killed in a day in Woodcock Wood.

King Edward was an ideal host. His was not the manner of polished civility which is so often merely a cloak for indifference. His extreme courtesy was the outcome not only of good breeding and good taste, but of genuine kindness of heart. He always preferred talking to people on their own subjects, and his knowledge of, and memory for, their tastes and hobbies was altogether marvellous. When he took

Sandringham

his guests round his places—gardens, stud, or farm—his delight lay not in the display of his wonderful possessions, but in the fact of being able to show each person the things which individually interested and pleased him most. While the racing man felt that he was not called upon to profess a knowledge of gardens or Sèvres china, the garden lover and art collector knew it was not incumbent on them to expatiate upon the merits of racehorses or shorthorns.

I think there exists none of the late King's *entourage* who cannot recall endless instances of his forethought and consideration, and it was the regal simplicity and dignified charm of his hospitality which so deeply impressed the foreigners who came to stay at his brilliant Court.

I have tried to recall some incidents connected with shooting parties where I had the privilege of meeting King Edward, but, never having kept a diary, I can remember none of a sufficiently impersonal nature to publish which would be likely to interest the reader, except perhaps the following rather strange experience at Bradgate, the late Lord Stamford's country place, where I was shooting with his late Majesty, then Prince of Wales.

The masters of the works at Leicester, not many miles from the Bradgate estate, gave their men a half-holiday, and they came out literally in their thousands to see the sport. After luncheon the head keeper approached Lord Stamford and remarked: 'I fear, my lord, that it will be impossible to have more than one drive this afternoon.' 'Why,' Lord Stamford

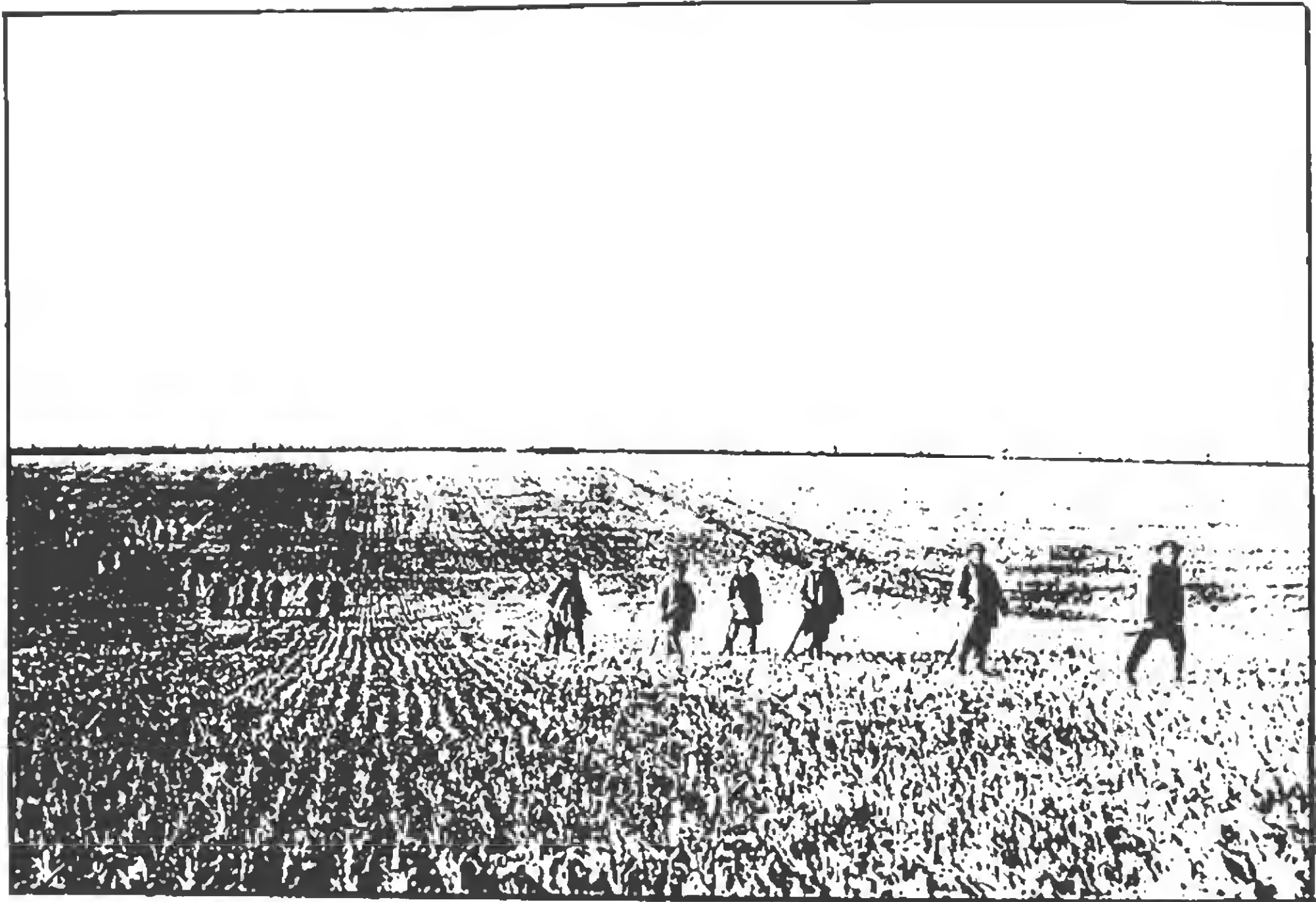
King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

inquired, 'we have two more coverts to shoot?' 'Yes, my lord,' the keeper answered, 'but there are some four thousand people between us and the next covert.'

One large fifty-acre field was absolutely crammed with spectators. Lord Stamford asked me and another gun if we minded going into the crowd and guarding that side of the covert. Of course we did so, and the scene which ensued was extraordinary. As we shot the pheasants coming over, they fell among the crowd, who seized them and tore them to pieces in their eagerness to secure them. It was somewhat foggy, and several people climbed up into the trees to obtain a better view. My friend, not noticing this, was very near shooting one of the aerial spectators, and it was merely a matter of luck that he did not do so. His surprise was extreme when, firing what he never doubted to be a perfectly safe shot well up in the air, he heard a voice from above crying out, 'Hi! hi! that was too near!' It had never, of course, occurred to him that the trees were populated.

The most wonderful partridge shooting King Edward ever took part in was on the estates of the late Baron Hirsch in Austria, where many thousands of partridges were killed in one week, and where, notwithstanding the phenomenal quantity, the quality was of the best, for the birds flew well; affording most sporting shots.

I have been requested to add to this article some remarks on shooting in general; in fact, for many years past I have been asked at intervals to publish



BEATERS AT SHERNBOURNE



SHOOTING PARTY CROSSING MANGOLDS. KING EDWARD VII. MOUNTED

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Sandringham

my views on shooting, which I have hitherto declined to do. On this occasion, in reply to my objection that shooting in general is not pertinent to the subject of his late Majesty's career as a sportsman, I am assured that the expression of my ideas would be welcome to many readers, and I have therefore complied, in the hopes that this assurance may prove correct.

During the life-time of King Edward shooting went through many phases ; breech-loaders replaced muzzle-loaders, and driving game instead of walking it up with dogs became the general practice. Pointers and setters have, except in Scotland, almost disappeared, and the once familiar cry of 'Down charge, Ponto !' is now seldom if ever heard. Scotland is at last waking up to the fact that driving largely increases the stock of grouse ; and owners of moors are beginning to drive regularly almost at the commencement of the season ; the great advantage of driving being that the old birds as a rule come over first and are most liable to be killed, whereas the young birds escape, and a young, healthy, and vigorous stock is left for breeding purposes. In the days of 'dogging' the case was reversed. The young birds were shot, while the old birds got away.

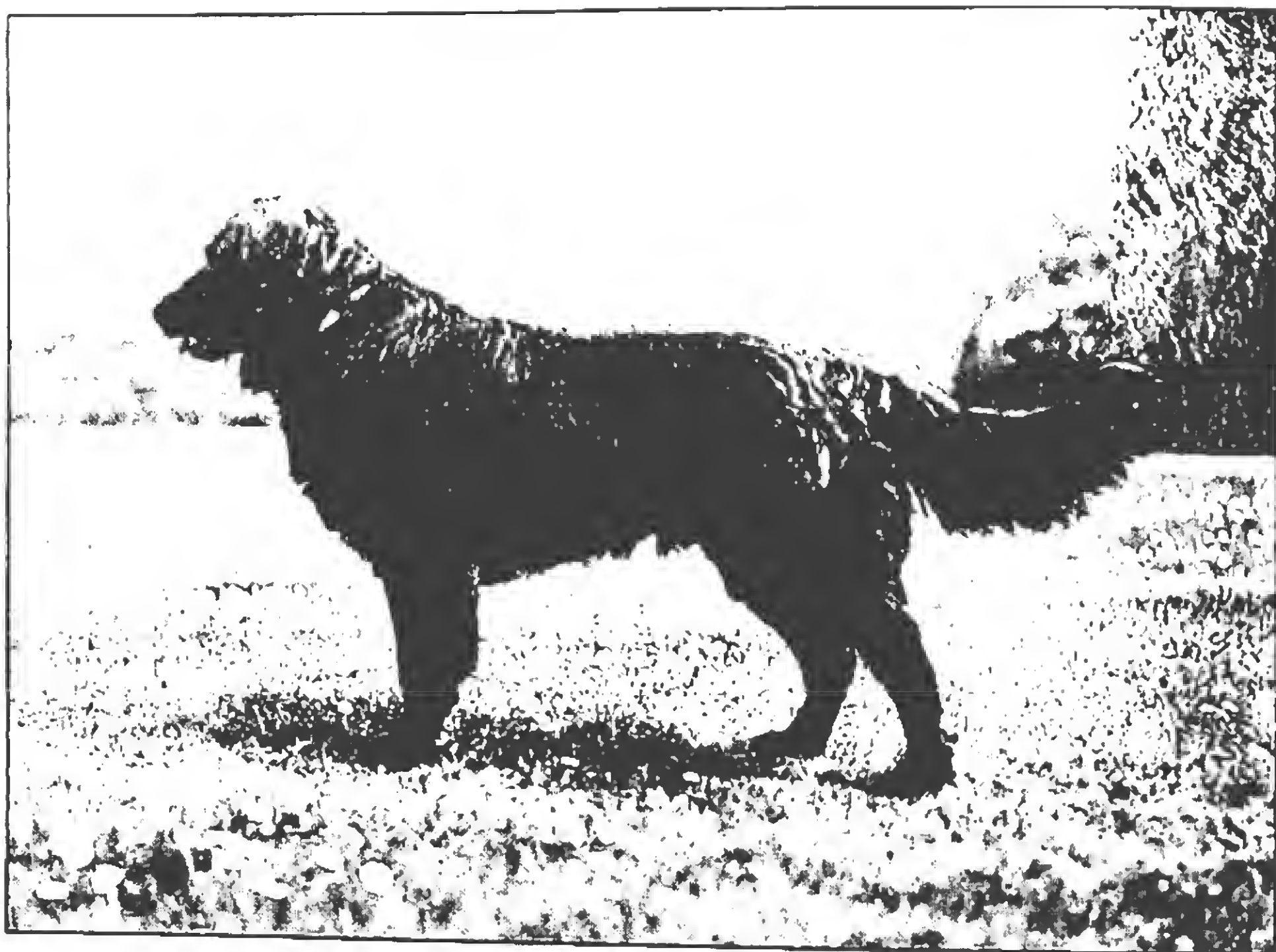
The increase in the quantity of grouse since driving came into fashion is enormous. In Yorkshire, under the old system of 'walking up,' on moors where twenty brace a gun was considered a good day's sport, it is now by no means infrequent for a single gun to secure from sixty to a hundred brace.

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

Partridges have also multiplied by driving, though not to the same extent as grouse.

Of course the old muzzle-loader cannot compare with the modern breech-loader, and it was wonderful, taking into consideration all he had to do, how quickly a man loaded his master's gun in old days. For he had first to remove the powder from a flask, secondly, to ram a thick wad down the barrel, thirdly, to measure the shot from a pouch, fourthly, to ram another thin wad down, and fifthly and finally, to put the caps on the nipples. A good loader often carried wads in his mouth to save time. Muzzle-loaders shot evenly and well, but it would be as superfluous to enumerate the advantages of the breech-loader over its predecessor as to deny the inferiority of the old to the modern powder, with its practical absence of smoke, its gentle recoil, and its silent discharge.

With these improvements came an increase of luxury in the conditions of shooting, and sometimes when I am sitting in a tent taking part in a lengthy luncheon of many courses, served by a host of retainers, my memory carries me back to a time many years ago when we worked harder for our sport, and when, seated under a hedge, our midday meal consisted of a sandwich, cut by ourselves at the breakfast table in the morning, which we washed down by a pull from a flask ; and I am inclined to think those were better and healthier days. Certainly the young men were keener sportsmen. I remember being hardly able to sleep on the Monday night before a



DIVER, THE KING'S FAVOURITE RETRIEVER



THE RABBIT WARREN AT SANDRINGHAM

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Sandringham

big shoot, and I am sure my feelings were shared by many others of my own age. Now in the youth of the present generation I remark a growing tendency to arrive a day later than they are invited, to be called to London by a pressing engagement the day before the shooting ends, and sometimes even to 'chuck,' as they euphoniously express it, a visit altogether.

But *autre temps autre mœurs*, and doubtless this increasing restlessness is the outcome of rapider means of locomotion, faster trains, above all motor cars, and an accompanying desire to cram a greater variety of amusement into one week than we dreamt of obtaining in a fortnight.

Perhaps one pleasing result of the diminished keenness is the corresponding decline in professional jealousy, which led people to ebullitions of temper which are unknown in the shooting world of to-day, and which the following example will serve to illustrate.

Two gentlemen, both, alas ! dead, were invited by me to shoot grouse at Studley. I was most anxious to see them compete in each other's company, for they were both very fine shots. Mr. B. fancied himself quite as good, if not better than, Mr. A., whilst I considered the latter the better of the two. I did not shoot myself, but during the first drive lay down in the heather behind A.'s box. There was a sharp side-wind blowing along the line of butts, and A., who was up-wind of B., dropped a considerable number of birds on to B.'s ground and the outskirts of it. The moment the drive was over A. went to pick up his

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

birds up-wind, and I, who had remained hidden in the heather, saw B. come straight into A.'s ground, collect as many birds as he could carry, and return to his own ground, where he proceeded to drop them, leaving them to be picked up later. This happened several times during the day, but at the end of the afternoon, notwithstanding the depredations of B., A. beat him by something like eighty birds. Of course I never told either of them what I had seen.

Once I was shooting with a gallant Colonel, who was much annoyed with me because I had in one drive repeatedly 'wiped his eye.' While we were walking from one drive to another, an easy partridge flew by, which I promptly missed with both barrels, whereupon the Colonel fell upon his knees exclaiming, 'Lord, I thank thee from the bottom of my heart!' On another occasion when grouse driving, between two of the drives I was much astonished to see a shooter bombarding the butt next to him with dead birds. As I approached I heard him shouting as he cast the birds at his neighbour, 'Take the d——d lot! I don't care! Take the lot, d——n you!' He was under the impression that his neighbour had picked up some of his birds—and he very likely had!

It is certainly a blessing that we are spared, nowadays, such childish exhibitions of temper; but qualities good or bad vary with each succeeding generation.

Shooting during the last thirty years has improved all round to a remarkable extent. Owing to the immense increase of game, the sport has become much

Sandringham

more universal, each individual getting many more opportunities of shooting, with the result that a really bad shot nowadays is almost a rarity.

To be a first-rate shot necessitates the combination of two distinctly opposite conditions : a highly strung nervous temperament which keeps you ever on the alert, and a cool head which enables you in moments of excitement to fire without recklessness or undue haste. This combination is naturally rare. That 'practice makes perfect' is in the case of shooting only true to a modified extent, for a man must be born with a certain inherent aptitude to become a really first-rate shot.

The great thing for a beginner is not to lose heart, and to those who realise that proficiency in any art means hard work and perseverance, I offer the following suggestions, which are the result of long experience.

One of the first points to be considered is that of standing so as to be prepared for every variety of shot. If the bird is flying to your right, your left leg should be forward ; if to the left, your right leg. This is most important, and I have improved the shooting of several of my friends quite twenty-five per cent. by showing them how to stand.

Quickness in letting off the second or even the third gun is no doubt to a great extent a matter of practice. Never look at your gun or your loader, for while your hands should be ever ready to receive the gun from him, your eyes should be concentrated on the birds. A quick shooter will fire his two guns

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

and four barrels almost as if they were on one stock.

It is also most necessary to acquire and cultivate judgment of distance. Some men never know if a bird is forty or sixty yards off, others are apt to consider the object out of shot when it is not more than fifty yards from the muzzle of the gun.

When birds are coming over in great numbers, always select one to shoot at, and do not vacillate, whatever happens. Many men who are good shots at single birds miss when they are obliged to choose one out of a lot to fire at, simply from inability to make up their minds in time. It is a question of quick selection and judgment, the latter quality being also all-important in the case of the *angle* at which the bird should be shot. Nearly every shooter has his favourite angle—that is to say, given plenty of time, he shoots at his bird when it reaches the angle he prefers ; but this tendency can be carried too far and should not be encouraged, for a man often gets into the habit of waiting for those birds which present themselves according to his fancy, and neglecting the shots he finds difficult, which are obviously those he should practise most.

One of the most puzzling shots is the dropping bird which does not move its wings, for unconsciously the movement of the wings assists the shooter in judging the pace at which the bird is flying, and when it is soaring the pace is very difficult to estimate. Lord Walsingham holds that the best way of hitting a bird of this kind is to snap at it as one would at a rabbit, and

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I am of his opinion. It is easier to judge the speed of a bird's flight after it has passed ; but the shooter should always fire at it first as it approaches him, otherwise he loses time, and will never head the list at a big shoot.

When a bird flies high and steadily, the easiest angle is the perpendicular one, that is to say, straight over the shooter's head ; but here again, if he waits for this angle he loses the chance of getting a second shot without turning round.

Aiming at the bird's head, and tipping the gun forward at the moment of firing, is sometimes advocated, but I, personally, do not approve of this method. When the bird has passed, the aim must be taken below, and very much below, where it is flying high. This is by no means easy, and the natural tendency is to shoot over, that is to say, *behind* the bird.

The curling bird, which flies in a half circle, should be aimed at very quickly on the inside curve of its flight, and the gun fired almost as it reaches the shoulder.

The cross shot, the most useful of all for driving purposes, should be taken well in front, rather above the bird, with a strong *swing*.

Now *Swing* is one of the secrets of good shooting. The gun should be moved as far as can be judged at the same pace as that at which the bird or beast is travelling. The swing should continue after the charge has left the barrel, just as a golf club or a billiard cue should continue to follow the course which the ball takes after it has been struck. Both eyes

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

should be kept open, the left hand well forward along the barrel, but not so forward as to risk straining the muscles of the back or arms; always taking care not to drop the muzzle at the moment of pulling the trigger; the legs in the position described on a previous page.

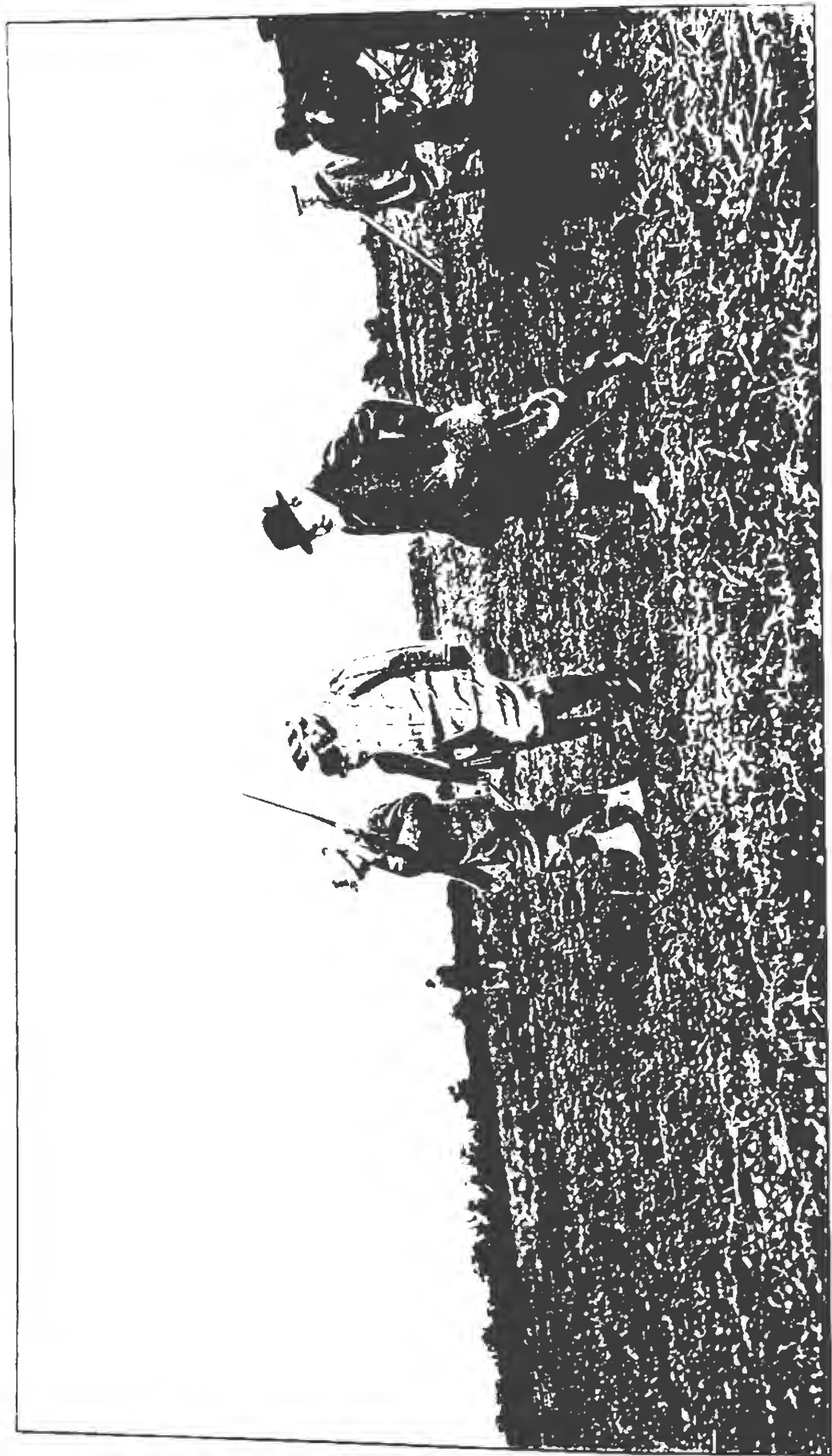
When you are placed in a butt or behind a wall, it is very necessary that either should be so arranged as to hide you as much as possible, whilst allowing you plenty of freedom of action.

In the case of a circular butt, it is wise to pull down a good deal of the back part so as to facilitate your shooting at birds which have passed flying low.

In partridge driving, when standing up to a hedge or wall, it is all-important that these should be of the right height. They generally require heightening or lowering. Twigs or boughs should be bound down or raised in the hedges, and stones should be removed from, or replaced on, the walls, so as to insure a comfortable screen for shooting.

I also lay great stress on the importance of keeping quiet during a drive, as birds are wonderfully quick at detecting any movement or sound. People often say to me, 'The birds seem to avoid me and fly over you.' The reason is that I have kept quiet till the moment of firing, while my neighbours have been laughing, talking, jumping about, and really acting as flankers to me. This advice may appear to be of a most elementary nature, but it is remarkable how often the simple precaution it advocates is disregarded.

I will conclude these few remarks on the *tech-*



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Windsor

this it is stated to have been 120 miles in circumference, extending into the counties of Bucks and Surrey; but it gradually shrunk, and a little more than a century since had decreased to six and a half miles.

Early records show that the Saxons were keen sportsmen. The Normans were extraordinarily ardent, and that Englishmen of to-day should have the taste so strongly developed is only a matter of heredity. In the time of the first Norman kings it is recorded that "whole villages were depopulated to render receptacles for the beasts of the chase more capacious." Writing in the twelfth century, John of Salisbury severely condemns the devotion to sport which characterised the nobles of the period. Some ecclesiastical magnates were certainly no less enthusiastic than the laity; but this bishop, a severe churchman and statesman, was no lover of sport, and had no sort of sympathy with the pleasures of those who enjoyed themselves in ways which he did not understand or approve. "In our time," the bishop writes, "hunting and hawking are esteemed the most honourable employments and most excellent virtues by our nobility; and they think it the height of worldly felicity to spend the whole of their lives in these diversions; accordingly they prepare for them with more solicitude, expense, and parade than they do for war, and pursue the wild beasts with greater fury than they do the enemies of their country."

His strictures, it has been remarked, would have

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been more telling if, when it came to the question of pursuing the enemies of their country, these old sportsmen had been less vigorous in pursuit. The Englishmen at that time certainly gave a pretty good account of themselves when called on to fight, and the bishop failed to take into account to what an extent the energetic practice of field sports, especially as they were practised then, fitted men for the sterner business of the field of battle.

Recurring to the old volumes which afford an insight into the manner in which sport was followed by Royalty in days of yore, it is to be noted that, in the time of Henry IV., one duty of the sheriff of a county was "to furnish stabling for the King's horses and carts to take away the deer"; another was to erect temporary buildings for the Royal family and the hounds when hunting parties were organised within the district over which the sheriff had jurisdiction—the buildings, it is specially stated, having to be covered with green boughs "for the double purpose of shading the company and the hounds from the heat of the sun, and to protect them from any inconvenience in case of foul weather." From this it may be gathered that hunting was carried on when leaves were green and the sun was hot. In the counties of Devon and Somerset, at the present time, stags are pursued from early in August throughout the following month, and it seems that the same must have been the custom in Windsor Forest. Details confirming this are indeed given by the ancient chroniclers. It appears that the fox might be hunted



SHOOTING PARTY AT WINDSOR ABOUT FORTY YEARS AGO

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Windsor

from the Nativity to the Annunciation of Our Lady, roebuck from Easter to Michaelmas, the roe from Michaelmas to Candlemas, the hare from Michaelmas to Midsummer—which seems remorselessly to include the breeding season—the boar from the Nativity to the Purification, and the wolf “when it was lawful to chase the fox.”

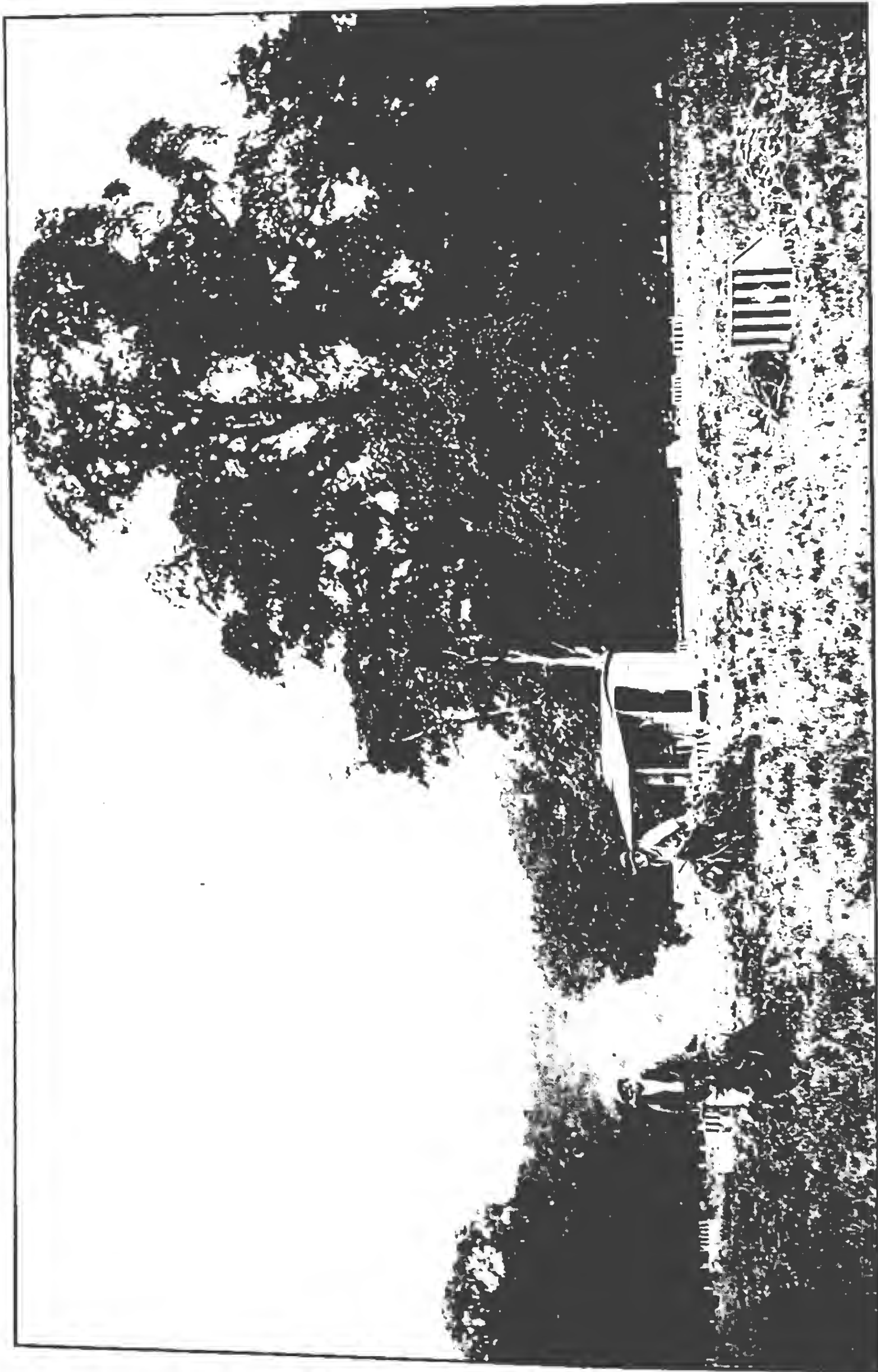
It is difficult to ascertain whether there were any wolves in Windsor Forest during the reign of the Conqueror. They were certainly numerous in the North of England, and I find that in the tenth year of William, Robert of Umframville held the lordship of Ribblesdale, in the county of Northumberland, in return for the services of “defending that part of the country from enemies and wolves.” Some 350 years later, in the eleventh of Henry VI., Sir Robert Plumpton held a bovate of land in the county of Nottingham, called Wolf Hunt Land, “by service of winding a horn and chasing or frightening the wolves in the forest of Shirewood.” It is curious to wander through Windsor Park and Forest now, and think of the old sportsmen who galloped over the turf and through the glades, and made the countryside echo with their bugle horns centuries ago. Twyci, grand huntsman to Edward III., is recognised as one of the earliest authors to write about the chase, and he divides the beasts into three classes. It is surprising to find that the buck does not come first, but so it is. His first class consists of four—the hare, the hart, the wolf, and wild boar; the second class of five—the buck, the doe, the fox, the marten,

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

and roe ; and the third class, which nevertheless "affords greate dysporte," of three—the grey or badger, wild cat, and otter.

By degrees the Forest Laws, which had been severe in the extreme in the days of the first Norman kings, were mitigated, the Forest Charter in the days of the third Edward decreeing that no man should forfeit his life or his limbs for killing the King's deer. The descendants of those deer, for the taking of which reckless archers once lost their lives, still roam in Windsor Great Park, and have grown to be little, or not at all, scared by motor cars.

Some of the old records of sport at Windsor are too quaint to be omitted. There was fishing of a very odd kind in the reign of Henry III. In the thirtieth year of that monarch a writ was issued from Windsor to the Sheriffs of London, which strikes one now as a very surprising document ; for in it they are commanded to provide a muzzle, an iron chain, and a cord for the King's white bear, to use the same bear to catch fish in the waters of the Thames. Pelicans have of course been employed to do duty as fishermen, something being fastened round their necks so that they cannot swallow, but have to disgorge the fish they catch ; which must really be one of the most disappointing sensations a hungry bird can ever have been called upon to experience. The bear may have been hungry too, and it seems so likely he would have lost his temper in these exasperating circumstances that both the muzzle and the chain were doubtless requisite.



RUSH POND PHEASANTRY IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK

SRINAGAR (Kashmir)

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Windsor

In a most hideous and dreadful manner ;
You have heard of such a spirit ; and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the Hunter for a truth."

An authority whom I consulted, the late Mr. Joseph Knight, editor of *Notes and Queries*, replied to me as follows : "Curiously enough no legend of Herne the Hunter exists, nor can any allusion to him be traced in any writer except Shakespeare. It is written as 'Horne the Hunter' in 'The Pleasant Comedie of Sir John Falstaffe and The Merrie Wives of Windsor,' and there Mistress Page says :—

" ' Here my device.

Oft have you heard, since Horne the Hunter dyed,
That women, to affright their little children,
Say that he walkes in shape of a great stagge.'

In an unprinted manuscript in the British Museum (XVI. of the time of Henry VIII.), it appears that Rycharde Horne, yeoman, was the name of one of the hunters who were examined and confessed to hunting in His Majesty's forest. Nothing else is known except what is in Shakespeare." It is therefore impossible to throw any light on the legend of Herne.

Coming to the reign of Charles II., there is a record of a wonderful run from Windsor to Lord Petre's place in Essex, no less a distance than 70 miles ; but details are omitted. The second Charles, when he resided at Windsor, "appointed races to be made in Datchet Mead." I also come across some stories of

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

William III., who hunted and shot in Windsor Forest. Occasionally, when much displeased, he belaboured his attendants with his cane ; and there is an anecdote of " a humble Frenchman " who had the care of His Majesty's guns and dogs, and was in attendance at all shooting parties. He once went out with fowling-piece and powder, but omitted to take any shot. It was his duty to load for the King, and he did so diligently, so far as the absence of the really great essential to a good bag admitted ; but it is not in the least surprising to learn that on this day the King killed nothing. Whether he had his cane with him the narrative omits to say. But whenever the King fired and the bird flew off uninjured, the humble Frenchman raised his hands and exclaimed with ever-increasing wonder : " I did never, no never did I see His Majesty miss before ! " The happy invention of cartridges with shot in them prevents the modern loader from undergoing similar distressing experiences, and affords the personage for whom he is loading a better chance of occasionally hitting a bird.

Queen Anne established the kennels upon the site that they so long occupied at Ascot, and Swift speaks of her as " hunting in burning July weather in a calash," which was a sort of gig. Hunting in July, and especially in a gig, will strike the modern sportsman as an extraordinary business ; but they did odd things in the eighteenth century, for George I. went out pheasant-shooting, in August 1724, killing two and a half brace of those birds and one and a half brace

Windsor

of partridges. Young pheasants in August must, one imagines, have been small. Seven years earlier there is another account of a day at Windsor enjoyed by the first George. This was in September 1717, when he hunted first, and then "walked about three miles with fowling-piece in hand, killing several brace of partridges flying." There is a picture at Windsor of George I. and some fifteen other sportsmen hunting, their names being given; and these names, it may be noted, are all German except two. The huntsman is called Ned Finsch, which is probably not the way in which his name was spelt. George III. rode to hounds, and rode, moreover, something like 19 stone. Such a weight is not conducive to speed. A novel method of procedure was, however, adopted to enable His Majesty to see as much as possible of the fun. A yeoman prickler rode at either side of the pack and stopped the hounds when they had gone too far ahead, in order to let the King get up and take a breather.

No detailed records remain of shooting in Windsor Park in the days of Prince Consort. The sport at that period does not seem to have been conducted with much vigour. It occupied two or three hours in the morning, but was never continued after lunch. There were pheasants, however, particularly at Flemish Farm and Virginia Water; and in those days there was also a considerable number of rabbits. A tree is planted at Flemish Farm to mark the place from which His Royal Highness the Prince Consort fired his last shot. During the reign of Queen Victoria the late King

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

Edward used to shoot on occasions. It was during his reign that sport at Windsor, always under his careful supervision, reached so high a point of excellence. Many country gentlemen find it an arduous business to manage one extensive estate, and it is marvellous to contemplate the amount of work which King Edward was continually accomplishing. That he neglected none of the duties of the realm is a matter of common knowledge. Nevertheless he controlled affairs at Sandringham and Windsor, as also at Balmoral, with much closer attention than many landowners who have nothing else to do devote to their single estate.

Shooting at Windsor, at any rate in November, was in a way a somewhat more formal business than at Sandringham. The sport was almost invariably limited to five guns, and it was here that His Majesty received his Royal guests, though many of them also were included in the less stately and more homely Sandringham parties. Every year during his reign King Edward entertained a brother monarch at Windsor in November, and shooting in the Park was one of the pleasures provided. In 1903 the King of Italy was the guest, and keenly enjoyed what it must be assumed was to him a novel sport. In 1904 the late King of Portugal came over. Among the many accomplishments of this amiable monarch, who was so barbarously murdered by the Socialists of his kingdom, was that of exceptional skill with gun, rifle, and pistol, and he greatly distinguished himself, as was to be expected. In 1905 the King of Greece visited

Windsor

In the year 1904 a new pheasantry was started under the immediate direction of Sir Walter Campbell, Deputy Ranger of Windsor Park, His Majesty, as was always the case, himself watching the progress of the work. The old deer paddocks at Swinley were utilised, the abandonment of the Royal Buck-Hounds having left them vacant, for it was here that the deer used to be kept. An ideal breeding ground gradually came into existence, and that the birds should have thriven was a matter of course. Here are convenient patches of undergrowth in which the hens can make their nests, and an abundant supply of water, the little streams being of course kept so shallow that the chicks cannot be drowned in them. At Windsor, as at Sandringham, anything in the nature of record-making was regarded with contempt ; but His Majesty was anxious to provide abundant sport for his guests, and the few hundred head of game killed annually when he succeeded to the throne increased so greatly that in the last shooting season (1909-1910) it totalled 8884 for the nine days during which the Royal parties were out.

The bulk of the bags as a matter of course consisted of pheasants, though there was also a large number of duck, 892 having been killed during this last season. In 1908 the ducks were disappointing, in consequence of the unsatisfactory nature of the ice, which was not strong enough to bear the men who had to put the birds up, and was too strong for a boat to pass through ; for, as readers are probably aware, the method of shooting is to make the duck fly when they are inclined to

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

settle, and as they circle round higher and higher, till often altogether out of shot, those that are in reach of the guns afford excellent sport. King Edward made notably fine practice at these, high rights and lefts being frequently brought off. There are some grebe on Cumberland Lake at the back of Cumberland Lodge, as also widgeon, shovellers, &c.

Partridges do not thrive at Windsor, and it could not be expected that they would do so, seeing the extent to which the Park is constantly being disturbed. In the 8884 head of game killed in 1909-1910 there were only seven partridges, the lowest item of all being rabbits. No more than two couple appear in the list. In the year 1904 no fewer than 4285 rabbits were shot; indeed the little creatures swarmed so much that they had become a nuisance, for they injured the trees, destroyed the shrubs, and their holes were a source of danger to those who rode about the Park. The question of killing them off arose. His Majesty discussed with Sir Walter Campbell the possibility of confining the rabbits within certain limits, but on consideration it was perceived that this was scarcely practicable, and the order for their extermination was given. In 1906, 2064 figured in the bag, next year there were only 49, and in the last season, 1909-1910, as already noted, simply four; a remarkable instance of what may be done by diligent keeping, for it need hardly be said how persistently rabbits breed and usually manage to take care of themselves. His Majesty was much pleased at the manner in which his instructions had been carried out, and, ever ready to give token of his

Windsor

satisfaction, made Sir Walter Campbell a present of a beautiful model in silver of a rabbit sitting up, remarking that "there would at any rate be one rabbit left in the Park"; for Sir Walter occupies Holly Grove, the charming house reserved for the Deputy Ranger. This was one of the King's characteristically kind and happy thoughts. Considerable search must certainly have been made to discover this handsome ornament, an antique specimen.

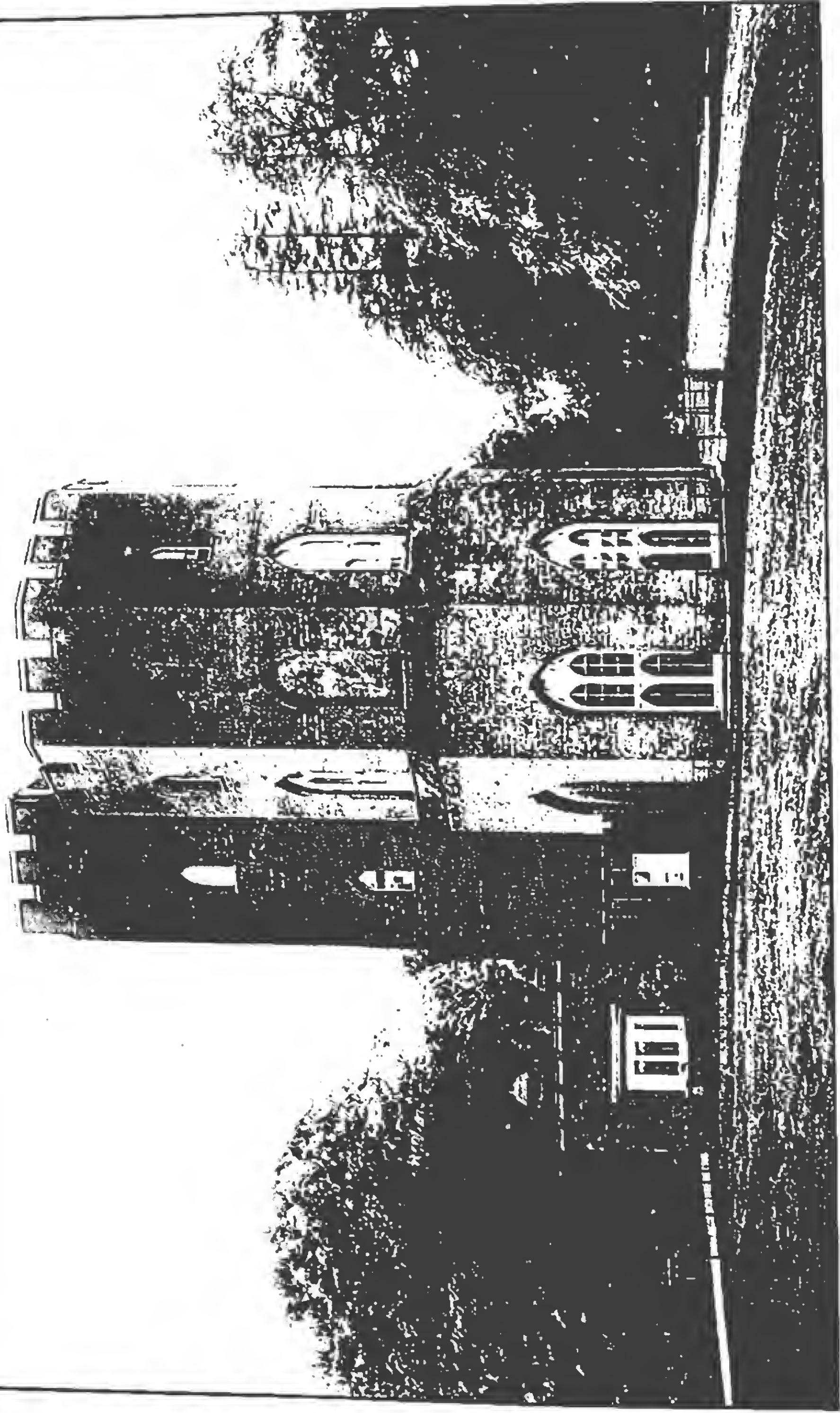
It was over a rabbit hole that the King tripped and fell while shooting in the Park in the season of 1905. His leg was severely injured, so much so that it was a matter of extreme surprise when he appeared at dinner at the Castle on the same evening. A party had been commanded, however, and, in spite of the pain caused by movement, His Majesty would not disappoint his guests. He was unable to walk for a considerable period, and how he was to shoot, for he felt reluctant to abandon his sport, became a problem. It was solved by utilising a low pony carriage. The King was drawn to the stand he would have occupied, the pony taken out of the shafts, and His Majesty shot from the vehicle. Some beautiful Clumber spaniels used to be employed for the shooting at Windsor, dogs who would certainly have won high commendation either on the show bench or in field trials.

The general routine of shooting at Windsor in November was as follows:—On the first day, Tuesday, Flemish Farm and Cranbourne Forest were generally shot, lunch being taken at Cranbourne Tower, sent from the Royal kitchen. On the second day, as a

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

rule, Cumberland Lodge and the Plain Fields were shot before lunch, Bears' Rails afterwards ; but this was on Thursday—the Royal guest did not shoot on Wednesday, which was set apart for a visit to the City of London and luncheon with the Lord Mayor. On the third day, Friday, the beats were Manor Hill and the Fishing Temple by Virginia Water, where the King was always attended by Sir David Welch, K.C.V.O., who commanded the Royal yachts *Fairy* and *Alberta* from the years 1848 to 1878. There was generally a fourth day's shooting later in the year, in December, when Western Walk was taken, the King coming down from London specially for the occasion, and on this day other than Royal guests were generally honoured with a command. In January the coverts were gone over again, four days being devoted to the sport. If the shooting were near the residence of His Royal Highness Prince Christian, His Majesty was accustomed to lunch there. It may be added that during Royal visits banquets took place at Windsor Castle on Tuesday and Thursday, and there were generally plays on Wednesday and Friday ; London managers who were fortunate enough to be presenting attractive pieces being commanded to Windsor. I am privileged to give, on pages 77, 78, 79, some of the cards, which show the sport obtained in various seasons.

Probably no one saw more of His Majesty when shooting than the Hon. Henry Stonor, who has been for so many years attached to the Court. There can be no greater authority than this gentleman, himself one of the very best shots of his generation ; and he



CRANBOURNE TOWER, WHERE THE SHOOTING PARTY LUNCHEON

SRINAGAR (Kashmir)

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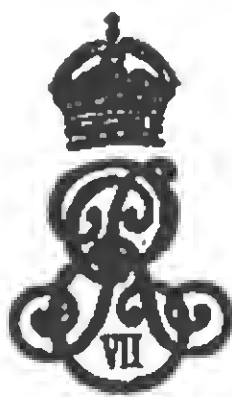
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WINDSOR



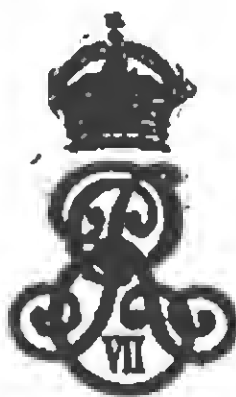
GREAT PARK.

1904 DATE.	NO. OF GUNS.	BEAT.	PHEASANTS.	PART- RIDGES.	ROE DEER.	RABBITS.	WOOD- COCK.	WILD DUCK.	TEAL.	WID- GEON.	VARIOUS.	DAILY TOTALS.
Nov 16 th	5	Hornish Harrow - Spooks Corner	662	8		450	1				1	1125
18 th	5	Western Walk	405			643					1	1109
19 th	5	Beary Rails The Station Beat	208			1158	1					1364
WEEKLY TOTALS			1305	8		2284	2				2	3601

PARTY:
Nov 16th

His Majesty the King of Portugal
 H.R.H. the Prince of Wales
 H.R.H. Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein
 H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught.
 The Duke of Argyll

WINDSOR



GREAT PARK.

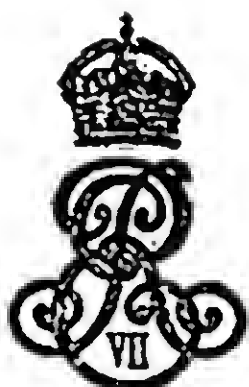
Season 1905 - 6

DATE.	NO. OF GUNS.	BEAT.	PHEASANTS.	PART- RIDGES.	ROE DEER.	RABBITS.	WOOD- COCK.	WILD DUCK.	TEAL.	WID- GEON.	VARIOUS.	DAILY TOTALS.
Nov 5	5	Three days	1184	1		920	2				4	2114
Jan 1 st	4	Four days	1349	1		1399	1				1	2481
		The Keepers	531			2	10					543
Grand WEEK TOTALS			3091	2		2321	13				5	5438

PARTY:

His Majesty the King
 H.R.H. Prince Nicholas of Greece
 H.R.H. Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein
 H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught
 H.R.H. Prince Alexander of Serbia

WINDSOR



GREAT PARK.

Season 1906-7

DATE.	NO. OF GUNS.	BEAT.	PHEASANTS.	PART-RIDGES.	ROE DEER.	RABBITS.	WOOD-COCK.	WILD DUCK.	TEAL.	WID-GEON.	VARIOUS.	DAILY TOTALS.
Nov	5	Two days	856			436	2				1	1595
Dec	5	One day	1428	5		9					1	1443
Jan.	5	Four days	2938	3		385	4				3	3333
	4	H.R.H. the Prince of Wales	446	2		59					8	495
		The Keepers	280				4				.	284
Grand WEEK TOTALS			5948	10		1169	10				13	7150

PARTY.

His Majesty the King
 His Majesty the King of Norway
 H.R.H. the Prince of Wales
 H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught
 H.R.H. Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg

WINDSOR



GREAT PARK.

Season 1907-8

DATE.	NO OF GUNS.	BEAT.	PHEASANTS.	PART-RIDGES.	ROE DEER.	RABBITS.	WOOD-COCK.	WILD DUCK.	TEAL.	WID-GEON.	VARIOUS.	DAILY TOTALS.
Nov	5	Three days	3311	4		12	-	-	-	-	7	3334
Dec	5	One day	641	-	-	15	-	-	-	-	-	686
Jan.		Four days	2988	10	1	22	5	-	-	-	12	3038
		H.H. Prince Albert. Keepers	129	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	129
Feb		The Keepers	180	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	180
Grand WEEK TOTALS			7249	14	-	49	5	-	-	1	19	7364

PARTY:

His Majesty the King
 His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor
 H.R.H. the Prince of Wales
 H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught
 H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught

WINDSOR



GREAT PARK.

Season 1908-9

DATE.	NO. OF GUNS.	BEAT.	PHEASANTS.	PART-RIDGES.	ROE DEER.	RABBITS.	WOOD-COCK.	WILD DUCK.	TEAL.	WID-GEON.	VARIOUS.	DAILY TOTALS.
<i>Nov</i>	<i>5</i>	<i>Three days</i>	<i>2630</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>5</i>	<i>2646</i>
<i>Janth</i>	<i>5</i>	<i>Four days</i>	<i>2454</i>		<i>1</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>2445</i>
<i>30</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>H.R.H. the Prince of Wales</i>	<i>581</i>	<i>12</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>604</i>
<i>Feb^{ry} 1</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>H.R.H. the Prince of Wales</i>	<i>465</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>20</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>494</i>
<i>Grand TOTALS</i>			<i>6433</i>	<i>20</i>	<i>5</i>	<i>12</i>	<i>8</i>	<i>21</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>18</i>	<i>6519</i>

PARTY.

His Majesty the King
His Majesty the King of Sweden
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales
H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught
H.R.H. Prince Alexander of Teck

WINDSOR



GREAT PARK.

Season 1909-10

DATE.	NO. OF GUNS.	BEAT.	PHEASANTS.	PART-RIDGES.	ROE DEER.	RABBITS.	WOOD-COCK.	WILD DUCK.	TEAL.	WID-GEON.	VARIOUS.	<i>Weekly</i> DAILY TOTALS.
<i>Nov</i>	<i>5</i>	<i>Three days</i>	<i>2565</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>2563</i>
<i>Dec.</i>	<i>5</i>	<i>One day</i>	<i>1145</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>224</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>1381</i>
<i>Janth</i>	<i>5</i>	<i>Four days</i>	<i>3534</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>466</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>13</i>	<i>4025</i>
<i>Feb^{ry}</i>	<i>5</i>	<i>H.R.H. the Prince of Wales</i>	<i>411</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>198</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>5</i>	<i>915</i>
		<i>The Keepers</i>	<i>54</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>6</i>	<i>8</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>43</i>
<i>Grand TOTALS</i>			<i>8002</i>	<i>9</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>10</i>	<i>15</i>	<i>891</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>28</i>	<i>8954</i>

PARTY

His Majesty the King
His Majesty the King of Portugal
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales
H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught
H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

bears testimony to the fact that, though somewhat uncertain, the King "on his day" was distinctly good. A cause for this uncertainty has already been suggested: other matters were occupying His Majesty's thoughts, and he did not devote the requisite attention to the sport in hand. He killed birds well coming towards him, but nevertheless, for some unknown reason, would usually turn round and shoot after them, being in these cases less successful. Mr. Stonor considers that His Majesty was best at driven partridges; at these, indeed, he was notably effective, but on more than one occasion he brought off exceptionally neat shots at pheasants. One afternoon at Windsor a very high pheasant came out of the wood just as the guns were moving. Mr. Stonor and Sir Charles Cust happened to be walking together at the moment; it was at the January shoot, when others than Royalties had the honour of commands, and when the well-grown pheasants fly fast. This particular bird was so high up that its escape seemed well-nigh assured. The King, however, raised his gun, and observing the action, as also realising the extreme difficulty of the shot, Sir Charles exclaimed to his companion, "I'll lay you 30 to 1 on the bird!" Mr. Stonor has ever since regretted that he did not take the bet, for the King fired and the bird fell dead.

The King was particularly proud of the herds of deer in Windsor Park, where, under the magnificent trees, the creatures seemed so much at home; and indeed the Park has been their home, it may be said, from time

Windsor

immemorial. There are at the present period about 110 red-deer, close on, if not quite, 1000 fallow, and about 100 roe—the latter mischievous little animals who do considerable harm to the plantations ; but they were, and doubtless will be, preserved as a matter of sentiment. Sport with the deer is, of course, out of the question, and those which are killed annually fall to the rifle of the head-keeper. The King gave away a certain quantity of venison, and there is a number of warrant-holders who have a right to a deer every season. These warrants are issued from the Office of Works, and are claimed by various public and private functionaries—the Lord Chamberlain, the Paymaster-General, the Lord Mayor, the Dean of Windsor, the Provost of Eton, the Directors of the Bank of England, and many others. The deer are not quite presentations, the recipients paying twenty-six shillings for a buck and thirteen shillings for a doe ; so much less than the animal's value, however, that the warrant is in the nature of a gift. About sixty fallow buck and fifty does are thus disposed of every year.

With regard to these Windsor deer, I am indebted to the Hon. John Fortescue, M.V.O., Librarian at Windsor Castle, for an interesting reference to them at a most troublous period of English history, and it appears that the descendants of the herds which have frequented the Great Park since before the days of the Conqueror are now ranging the wilds of New Zealand. There is something of romance about this, and I gladly quote the article which Mr. Fortescue has been so very good as to send me.

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

Readers are probably aware that Mr. Fortescue is a leading authority on the subject, and perhaps there is no more delightful book concerning the animal than his "Story of a Red-Deer." Although much of the article bears indirectly upon Windsor, it is so full of information that I have refrained from shortening it, the more so as the deer, of which Mr. Fortescue writes so charmingly, have this direct association with the Royal domain :—

“*August 22nd (1649).*—I sent out my keepers into Windsor to harbour a stag to be hunted to-morrow morning, but I persuaded Colonel Ludlow that it would be hard to show him any sport, the best stags being all destroyed ; but he was very earnest to have some sport, and I thought not fit to deny him.

‘*August 23rd.*—My keepers did harbour a stag. Colonel Ludlow and other gentlemen met me by day-break. It was a young stag, but very lusty and in good case. The first ring which the stag led the gallants was above twenty miles.’

So wrote Bulstrode Whitelocke in the year 1649, six months after the execution of King Charles the First. In February 1645 Royal Windsor had seen the making of the famous army which was to crush the Royalists and bring the King to the block ; and in June, Windsor, no longer royal, was, with certain other palaces, reserved from the sale of the kingly possessions for the use of the State. A month later Mr. Whitelocke was housed in the manor lodge of the park ‘to retire himself from business,’ for he was

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an extremely busy person, and in those days busier than ever. He was a Member of Parliament, of the Council of State, and a Commissioner, labour enough for one man, as he observes with pathetic self-consciousness ; and, as if this were not enough, he had taken over the charge of the famous and precious collection of books and medals at St. James's. A dull, solid lawyer, with a taste for literature and art, is not exactly the type of man which one would have selected to install in the manor lodge of Windsor Park, and it is reasonable to conjecture that he was not too well pleased when Colonel Ludlow came down and insisted on a day's stag-hunting. Ludlow again, the sour, stubborn republican, is hardly the man whom one would have chosen to disturb the repose of his colleague by a demand for sport ; but it is evident, since Whitelocke did not see fit to deny him, that his keenness bore down all hesitation and all objections.

So Whitelocke's keepers went out to harbour a stag, and Whitelocke himself probably thanked heaven that he need not rise with them before dawn, and go out through the dripping, dewy grass to look for the slot of a great hart and find none. And that morning the harboured deer must, unless we are mistaken, have led Ludlow and his friends a dance from which their horses did not recover for a fortnight nor their hounds for a month. It was a young stag, says Whitelocke, sagely, but very lusty and in good case. The honest man was no sportsman, or he would have known that the masters of venery,

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even to the opening of the present century, confined themselves to the chase of old deer, for the simple reason that they are more easily caught than the young. Harts of a lively red colour, says an old French authority, should not greatly delight the heart of the hunter ; and the explanation is that a lively red betokens such a deer as Ludlow hunted in vain two hundred and fifty years ago. In these days, when the breeding and training of hounds for speed have been carried to perfection, such deer may be raced to death in a couple of hours.

Surely, it will be said, it is a far cry from the Windsor deer of Whitelocke's day to the red-deer in New Zealand. It is, and yet it is not. Whitelocke apologised for the prospect of a poor day's sport on the ground that all the best stags had been destroyed ; and indeed it would seem that the English poacher enjoyed a regular carnival during the Great Rebellion. The love which the Normans had taught the English kings for the tall red-deer had clothed the poor animals with an unfortunate and a precarious sanctity. For their sake the military efficiency of England had twice been seriously impaired—first, when King Edward the First forbade to his lieges in the forest the use of the cloth-yard shaft ; and next, when King Henry the Eighth discountenanced the newly-invented hand-guns in favour of the old-fashioned bow. When, therefore, the confusion of the Civil War opened the door to lawlessness, the onslaught on the deer seems to have been universal. There is in the State Papers

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a pathetic appeal from King Charles the Second to the gentlemen living round his forests to allow his sadly-thinned herds to recover themselves, so as to afford him some little sport. Windsor, from whatever cause, seems especially to have suffered in this respect. The English soldier has always required good feeding, and it is quite possible that there were cunning poachers in the ranks of the new Model Army who kept it well provided with venison. Be that as it may, the herd of deer was so far reduced that the King was fain to restock the forest by importing deer from Germany.

Thus then the German deer first, so far as we know, found his way to England ; and if any one is surprised to find the stags at Windsor larger and finer than any that he has seen in Scotland or on Exmoor, this is the explanation. The German deer is a much grander animal to the eye than the English ; and if any Englishman or Scotchman boasts himself of a fine collection of native antlers, he has only to visit such a rival collection as that of the Kings of Saxony at Moritzburg to find himself humbled even to the dust.

Now rather more than fifty years ago the English entered into possession of a new, strange, and beautiful country, a kind of insular Italy, consisting of a great central mountain range, broken indeed in the centre by about twenty miles of salt water, but with that exception continuous, with a broad margin, as usual, to the east and a narrow margin to the west. Vast tracts of magnificent forest covered, and still cover, much both of the mountainous and lower land ; and yet

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when the white man first visited it he found therein no four-footed thing, but only birds, many of which had lost the habit of flight, and some even the possession of wings, through long immunity from creeping enemies. The first visitors that the white men left behind them were rats and swine ; the former of course soon spread all over the country, while the latter, reverting to their primitive wildness, are still plentiful in many forest districts, and bear tusks such as many an Indian sportsman would covet for a trophy. Sheep, oxen, horses, dogs, and cats have also seized the opportunity to escape into the bush and run wild ; but a far nobler colonist for the New Zealand forest was found in the red-deer.

The ancestors of the New Zealand deer were a present from the late Prince Consort, and were themselves descended from the Germans imported by King Charles the Second. In 1861 two stags and four hinds were caught in Windsor Park and shipped off to the Antipodes. One stag and two hinds took passage in the ship *Triton*, and after a voyage of one hundred and twenty-seven days, in the course of which one hind died at sea, the two survivors were landed at Wellington on June 6, 1862. Of the remaining three, which were designed for the province of Canterbury in the South Island, but a single hind reached her destination alive ; so she was presently reshipped to join the pair at Wellington.

It is pathetic to think of the bewilderment to which these poor animals must have been subjected in that first year, 1862. Caught up in the middle of

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the English winter they found themselves in a few weeks in the tropics. The stag would naturally expect his new head to be growing instead of an old one to be stuck immovably on his forehead, and the hinds must have thought that they had made a serious miscalculation as to the establishment of a nursery. Then, the tropics passed, came the long dreary run through the Southern Ocean. The stag had probably shed what horns were left to him, and now found himself at mid-winter defenceless, while the hinds congratulated themselves that there was no occasion for a nursery after all. Finally, when landed at Wellington within a fortnight of English midsummer day, they discovered that in the Southern hemisphere they were within the same distance of the shortest day, and probably had the fact brought home to them by the bitter blast of what in those parts is known by the elegant name of a 'southerly buster.'

Their first months ashore were anything but enviable. They were kept for a considerable time in a stable of the principal street, and no doubt exposed to frequent and irritating visits. Then the novelty of their appearance wore off, and the bills for forage began to grow heavy. New Zealand was at that time divided into provinces under provincial governments. The Colony was not yet rich, the Maoris were not yet conquered, and every additional expense was a burden. So there the three poor animals remained, pent up in a stable with the hot north wind roaring round them, while public and politicians grumbled loudly at the cost of their keep, and asked

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who was to blame for their untimely arrival in the Colony.

At last, to the general relief, a patriotic member of Assembly offered to carry them off at his own expense to his station up the country. The Government gladly agreed. The deer by this time, inured to all surprises, were replaced in the box wherein they had travelled from England, packed on a waggon, and off they went. Far away at the head of the grand inland lake which is called Wellington Harbour, and of the valley that runs down to it, stands a noble range of forest-clad mountains six thousand feet in height; and beyond them again is a plain such as Claude would have loved to paint, watered by rivers whereof the like are not to be seen in England. Thither the deer were slowly tugged, over the ranges which a mountain railway now climbs at a gradient of one in fifteen, and down into the valley, to the patriotic politician's home-stead. There at last, after yet some weeks of detention, they were liberated in the spring of 1863. They at once crossed the greatest river in the valley and took refuge on some limestone ranges which are now well sown with English grasses, and so recall to them their former home.

It was not a great stock wherewith to found a herd in a new and heavily-wooded country, and it is probable that some little time was necessary for the deer to accommodate themselves to changes of climate and season. On Exmoor, which would be nearer akin in climate to New Zealand than Scotland, stags shed their horns between the middle of April and the

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middle of May, and fray the velvet of the newly-grown head in the last week of August and the first fortnight or thereabouts of September. In Devonshire the rutting season begins in the first week of October, and the calves are dropped in the middle weeks of June. In New Zealand July corresponds to January. The deer shed their horns in September, which corresponds to March, and have clean heads at the end of January. The rutting season opens about the 20th of March, and the calves are dropped towards the end of November. Thus it should seem that in every point, except the actual time of birth, the deer of New Zealand are a month ahead of their fellows in Devon or Somerset.

But their precocity in other respects is still more astonishing. In Devon the second head of a young male deer rarely carries more than at most four branches, and generally brow antlers alone. In New Zealand there is an authentic case of a young stag, not yet three years old, with ten full points. It is true that the animal was caught up as a calf and fed by hand until his second head was grown ; but something more than mere feeding by hand is necessary to produce in two years what would be considered, even in punctilious France, to be a fair growth for five. In truth the red-deer of New Zealand bids fair to become a gigantic animal. There is now before us a photograph with measurements of four heads of New Zealand stags ; and we confess, though we have seen something of antlers in our time, that we are fairly amazed by their size. To give but one item,

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the heaviest of them measures close on ten inches round the beam between the bay and trey antlers, that is to say, about a third of the way up the horn from the skull. The rest of the heads, though less massive than this, are magnificent in beam and spread and length of tine, and moreover, so far as we can judge, are not the largest which the deer would have grown had they been left alive for a year or two longer.

For this superb growth of horn there are plenty of reasons to account. In the first place, the original breed of the deer was, as has been said, German, and therefore larger than the English. Next, the animals have an immense range of forest wherein to roam at large, plenty of good food, and freedom at their will both from the hand of man and from the hardships of winter. Again, it is significant that the finest heads always come from the limestone country, which is so favourable to the formation of bone. Lastly, there seems to be something magical about New Zealand which makes every imported creature grow and thrive, at any rate for a time, with amazing vigour. The English brook-trout, which in a similar stream in England would weigh from four ounces to a pound, average in New Zealand from one pound to five or even eight ; while in the larger rivers and lakes they increase without an effort to ten, fifteen, and even to five-and-thirty pounds. Moreover, now that they have taken to the salmonic habit of going down annually to the sea, they bid fair to convert themselves in due time into salmon,



KEEPERS WITH BORZOIS AND DEERHOUND AT WINDSOR

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and then there is no saying to what monstrous proportions they may attain.

But to return to our deer ; grand though the trophies are that have already been secured, it by no means follows that they are the grandest in the New Zealand forest. For the stock sprung from the ancestors of Windsor is now increasing apace, and is spreading farther and farther over the North Island. This of course does not imply that they are in any place unduly thick on the ground. Any one familiar with the habits of deer is aware of the secret of the red-deer's wanderings. Some young stag grows weary during the love-season of being ousted from all opportunities of courtship by his more powerful seniors, so, denying himself the luxury of a harem, he elopes with a single hind as young as himself, and takes her away into a far country where they may enjoy connubial felicity undisturbed. Young couples in this way wander away from Exmoor to Dartmoor, to the Blackmoor Vale, and even to the New Forest ; and in New Zealand they have probably stolen afield to districts where their presence is unsuspected, and will remain unsuspected until betrayed by the increase of their numbers.

Nor has the hand of man been idle. That most meritorious institution, the Wellington Acclimatization Society, which indefatigably stocks the innumerable rivers and streams of the province with half a million trout every year, has taken the red-deer into its more particular charge, and is establishing new colonies, according to its resources, in every likely

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spot. As the original herd grows, enthusiasts watch for the calves, steal them away, rear them, and turn them out when of discreet age into the land of some friendly squatter, who will keep a careful eye on them until they are able to take care of themselves. The process is the easier, inasmuch as the hinds appear to leave the higher for the lower lands when the time for calving comes. When we ourselves, some years ago, enjoyed the benefit of the Acclimatization Society's labours, there was not a great deal said about the deer. They were known to be on the increase; they were frequently seen by those who lived near them, and they were occasionally shot. Those who knew them best would report that they had seen what they called a 'mob' of them at various times, and would give a rough description of them. But latterly the New Zealanders have taken to watching the deer carefully and studying their habits and seasons, curiously and lovingly, after the manner of Gaston de Foix and his disciple Jacques du Fouilloux. Already some interesting facts have crept into the Annual Reports of the Society, and it is to be hoped that all who have the opportunity may continue to collect and to set down such facts as come under their notice. The number of sportsmen who take out licences to shoot deer grows as steadily as the numbers of the deer themselves; and they too should be able to record matters of interest, not only in the little studied province of acclimatization, but on the wider field of natural history.

J. W. F."

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The Armoury of Windsor Castle is doubtless the most glorious collection in the world. It is fully described in a large and handsome, beautifully illustrated, volume compiled by the keeper, Mr. Guy Francis Laking, M.V.O. "To what realms of imagination are we not transported," he asks, "in musing on these treasures of armour and arms that Windsor Castle possessed in mediæval and early Tudor times? What helm, shield, or sword has not the armoury contained, whose historic or sentimental associations picture for us those deeds of chivalry in which they figured! May not the '*très belle harnois de teste*,' worn by King Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt, have rested in peace side by side with the '*armure blanche*' of the martyred Maid of Orleans, sent, we are vaguely told, to the next Henry for his acceptance?" The present collection may be said to have been started by King George IV., a nucleus existing, for George III. had a collection of ancient weapons at Augusta Lodge, Windsor Park. The Prince Consort diligently continued the work, obtained many invaluable specimens, and, on the accession of King Edward VII., His Majesty having always taken the keenest interest in the display, further additions were made, and the unrivalled exhibition was put in order.

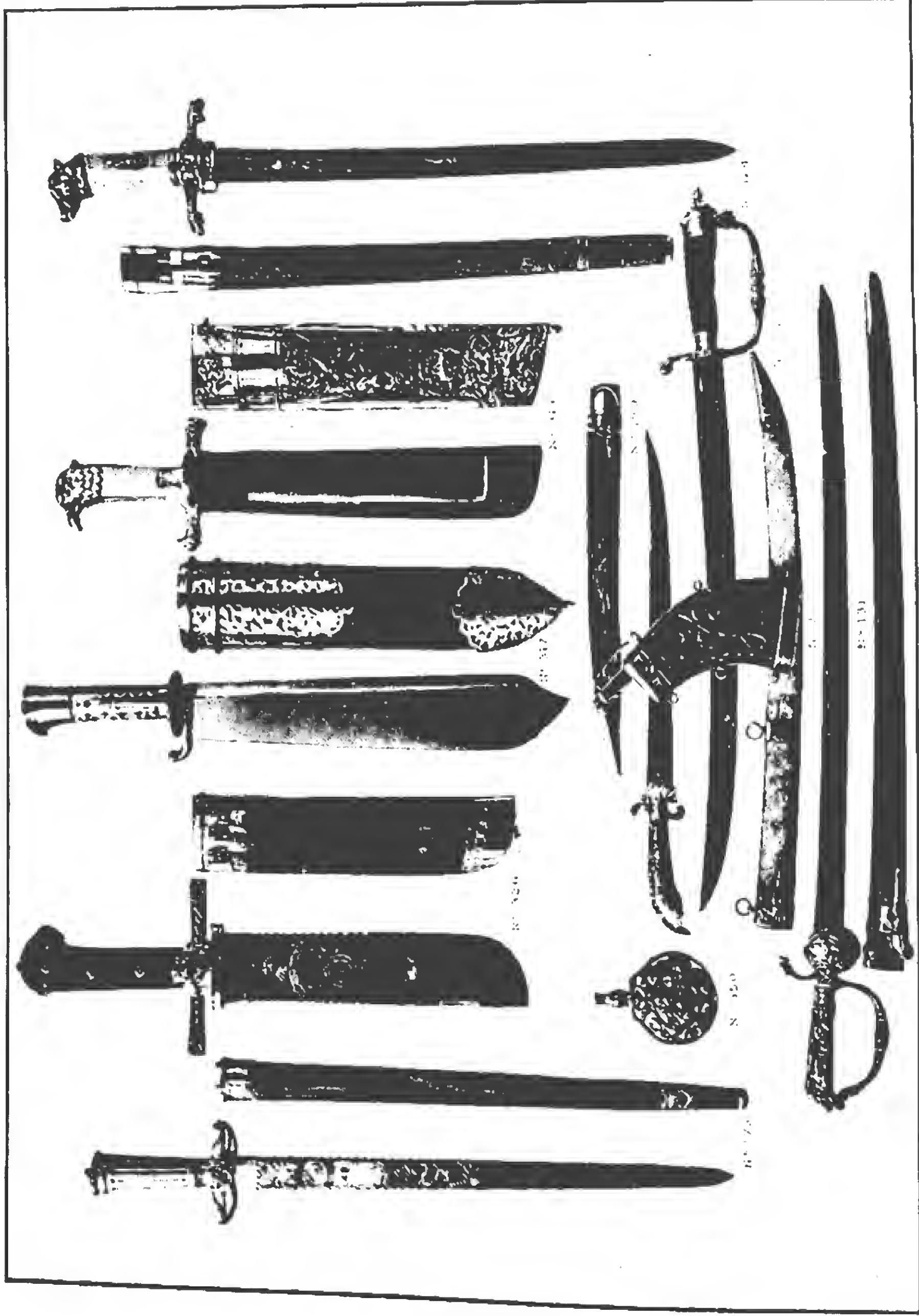
The Royal collection seems to come within the scope of this book, for the reason that so many implements of the chase are found among the weapons of war—and such grim memorials as an executioner's sword, of German workmanship, dated about 1720.

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"This sword of justice," runs the inscription sent by the Baron Leitgendorf, who presented it, "belonged to the public executioner of Amberg, in Bavaria, and has spilt more human blood than, perhaps, any other sword in Europe, he having taken off the heads of 1400 criminals with it, after which it became his property by right of office. Held by him in great honour for having rid society of so much vice."

Near to this is a sword used in boar-hunting, early seventeenth century, of German workmanship, though it is described in the old inventories as "an Eastern tulwar."

Many stirrups and spurs are in the collection, the stirrups usually suggesting the idea that the designer intended them primarily for ornament, nor, indeed, can it have been supposed that the huge spurs, with their long five-pointed rowels, were entirely for use. Hunting swords were made as lately as the nineteenth century, the boar being the quarry of the wearer. There is one which Mr. Laking describes as of "probably Hungarian work," dated 1824. A knife with an ebony grip is fitted into one side of the sword. The history of another is recorded. It was made at Hanover whilst His Majesty King George IV. was there, in November 1821, for the purpose of attending a boar hunt. The hilt and scabbard mounts are of ormolu, the pommel formed as a boar's head, the quillons terminating in the heads of mastiffs, the grip of ivory, with an oval medallion in the centre, chased with the figure of Fame. The blade is 22 inches long and back-edged, etched, blued,



HUNTING SWORDS, &c.

From "The Armoury of Windsor Castle," by Guy Francis Laking, M.V.O., F.S.A. (Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd.)

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and gilt, with the Royal arms of England, the monogram "G. R." surmounted by a crown and the maker's name, C. W. Eichstaedt, Hofschwerdtfeger, in Hanover. The scabbard is leather, and fitted with a steel knife and two-pronged fork. The last fitment calls to mind the familiar saying, "Hungry as a hunter." Many of the hunting swords are fitted thus, and there is a hunting knife, "probably German workmanship, middle of eighteenth century," a particularly handsome piece, containing knife, fork, and spoon.

The deer, we know, were often brought down by the cross-bow, and, of course, there are various specimens in the Royal collection, though we may not be able to discriminate between those used in war and those made exclusively for hunting. One "arbalest," or cross-bow, is dated the last quarter of the sixteenth century, and the frequent addition, "probably German," is once more to be found. It was made to shoot bolts or quarrels, as they were variously called, the strong steel bow being bent by means of a wheel-and-ratchet lever. The stock is of mahogany, tapering somewhat towards the butt, where is added a chest-plate, the end of which is curved in a spiral form. The whole line of sight is overlaid with polished stag's horn, as is also the heel; these are engraved at intervals with conventional groups of flowers and fruit. Upon the sides of the stock, inlaid in a like material, are combats of mermen and marine monsters, also griffins and other fanciful beasts; these are bordered by narrow ribbons inlaid in ebony. The steel bow

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spans $22\frac{7}{8}$ inches ; it is bound to the stock in the centre by cord. It still retains the original trimmings in the form of eight tassels of variegated crimson and white silk. At the end is a loop for suspension. There is a large trigger-guard, the lock-action for holding the gut-end being controlled by a hair and ordinary trigger. The artistic work on the majority of these arms is remarkable. Simplicity has been growing. At a twentieth-century shooting-party the man who appeared with an ornamented gun would provoke remarks the opposite of complimentary, and, indeed, he would have been obliged to have the weapon specially made for him. These are utilitarian days, when ornament for its own sake is scorned. Being impregnated with the spirit of the age, of course we would not have it otherwise ; but it is none the less delightful to study the exquisite work on many of the weapons in the Royal collection.

The late seventeenth century provides a "Hirschfänger," and the early nineteenth century a "Weidmesser," both sets of hunting implements, the former made for Charles XII., King of Sweden, the latter, of very similar construction, worn by the head forest keeper in Germany as a distinguishing mark of his office and profession. I may again quote Mr. Laking's description : "In this particular weapon, though of later date, the early form is retained. All the metal parts, with the exception of the blades, are of copper gilt. The pommel and quillon ends of the principal knife, also the pommels of the smaller implements, are shaped as eagles' heads. To the principal instru-

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ment is also attached a shell-guard projecting at right angles, cast and chased with the figure of a stag, above which is the seated figure of a man in the costume of *circa* 1810. The various groups are overlaid with panels of walrus ivory. The blade is $14\frac{5}{8}$ inches long, back-edged, $2\frac{3}{8}$ inches wide at the hilt, and $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide at the point-end ; either surface is hollow-ground. The scabbard is of wood, covered with green velvet, with mounts of copper, gilt, embossed and chased with trophies of dead game, and a form of scroll-work ornament borrowed from the style of Louis XV. Much of the work is pierced, showing the green velvet beneath. At the back are two loops through which the waist-belt passed. The scabbard contains three small knives, the blades of each $4\frac{5}{8}$ inches long, a two-pronged fork, and a bodkin or pricker."

Muzzle-loading guns were in constant use until so late in the nineteenth century that it will surprise many people to know that as early as the first quarter of the eighteenth breech-loading rifles were manufactured. Several are here, dated at this period. Of course they are flint-locks. That which is apparently the earliest is of English manufacture. The stock is of walnut wood, hollow, and having a massive burnished steel heel-plate, in which is an oval opening, closed by a door sliding on a hinge, for holding bullets. This is engraved with a view of two buildings and the figure of a man shooting at a target. The trigger-plate is of steel. The barrel is 33 inches long, and is made to open at the breech, thus : Draw the trigger guard sharply back-

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wards ; this releases the barrel, which, working on trunnions at its extreme breech, can thus be turned on its hinge ; then lift the barrel in the reverse direction to the modern fowling-piece ; into the breech thus exposed fits a cylindrical hollow breech-piece, of which several must have originally existed, each kept charged ready for insertion into the barrel. In the side of each of these breech-pieces—or cartridges as they may be called—was the breech-hole, which, when in position, fitted over the priming pan. The right-hand trunnion of the barrel is hollow, and has an oval aperture, which by the action of raising the barrel revolves on the priming pan (this is stored with priming powder and filled through an opening covered with a hinged trap), each time collecting sufficient powder to ignite the charge in the cartridge, and so doing away with the necessity of priming the pan more than once in twenty rounds. At the muzzle the barrel widens.

It will be understood how much elaborate ingenuity has been employed in the construction of this gun. Firearms have indeed been always increasing in simplicity, and the acme seems to have been reached in the modern examples of 1911.

The weapon described, it will be understood, was a rifle, but there is in the collection a breech-loading fowling-piece of English workmanship dated “first half of the eighteenth century.” Like the rifle, it is of walnut wood. Instead of the barrel lifting on its trunnions, it drops in the fashion of the modern gun. The priming pan is filled from a small magazine



SPECIMENS OF EARLY FIREARMS.

From "The Armoury of Windsor Castle," by Guy Francis Laking, M.V.O., F.S.A. (Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd.)
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attached to the back portion of the "steel," a requisite quantity of priming powder being introduced into the pan by the action of drawing forward and backward the steel, the forward action pressing upon a spring that keeps the small valve at the base of the steel closed, and so opening it ; the backward action releasing the spring, which immediately closes the valve and stops the supply of priming powder.

Powder-horns are things of the past. One here is very interesting. It is of natural cow's horn, polished, and engraved with a map of North America, showing the principal rivers, lakes, and towns ; at the base are engraved and stained the Royal arms of Great Britain. Attached to it is a belt of red and black cotton, sewn with white beads. This is of North American Indian work late in the eighteenth century.

The one possible advance that can be made in the breech-loader of to-day is, it is supposed, towards the evolution of a convenient repeating gun ; and in the collection is a smooth-bore flint-lock repeating gun of Italian workmanship (Bologna), third quarter of the eighteenth century.

I will only mention one more anticipation of to-day—a double-barrelled flint-lock fowling-piece and rifle combined, as in the well-known "Paradox." It was made in Paris towards the end of the eighteenth century, and presented in 1817 to the Prince Regent by Lieutenant Brooks of the Blues, accompanied by a note to Sir B. Bloomfield, in which it is stated that the gun belonged formerly to the Emperor Napoleon,

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and was constantly used by Bonaparte in his shooting excursions in the forests of Fontainebleau, Marly, and St. Germain. The note further states that he had the gun with him during his residence in the Isle of Elba.

CHAPTER IV

BALMORAL

SOME of King Edward's earliest recollections must have been associated with Balmoral, and as His Majesty was a constant visitor from his childhood to the end, it was there that a not inconsiderable portion of his life was passed. Balmoral became a Royal residence in the middle of the nineteenth century, and how devotedly attached Queen Victoria always was to her Scottish home she herself has left on record in the volume which she graciously issued in 1868, *Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands*. Queen Victoria's first impressions are dated Friday, September 8, 1848, and we find the then existing mansion described as "a pretty little castle in the old Scottish style. There is a picturesque tower and garden in front, with a high wooded hill; at the back there is wood down to the Dee; and the hills rise all around." Her Majesty was enchanted with the scenery. "To the left," her description proceeds, "you look towards the beautiful hills surrounding Loch-na-gar, and to the right towards Ballater, to the glen or valley along which the Dee winds with wooded hills which reminded us very much of the Thüringerwald. It was so calm and so solitary, it did one good as one

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gazed around, and the pure mountain air was most refreshing. The scenery is wild and yet not desolate."

First impressions were continually strengthened, and within a few days His Royal Highness the Prince Consort proceeded to test the sporting capacities of the estate. The account is given in Queen Victoria's book, and we are doubtless safe in assuming that this was King Edward's first introduction to deer-stalking. Her Majesty writes: "At a quarter past ten"—the date is September 18, 1848—"we set off in a post-chaise with Bertie"—needless to say His Royal Highness the then Prince of Wales—"and drove beyond the house of Mr. Farquharson's keeper in the Balloch Buie. We then mounted our ponies, Bertie riding Grant's pony on the deer saddle, being led by a gillie, Grant walking by his side. Macdonald and several gillies were with us, and we were preceded by Bowman and old Arthur Farquharson, a deer-stalker of Invercauld's. They took us up a beautiful pass, winding through the trees and heather in the Balloch Buie; and when we had got about a mile or more they discovered deer. A council of war was held in a whisper; we turned back, and went the whole way down again, and rode along to the keeper's lodge, where we turned up the glen immediately below Craig Daign through a beautiful part of the wood, and went on along the track till we came to the foot of the Craig, where we all dismounted. We scrambled up an almost perpendicular place to where there was a little box made of hurdles and interwoven with branches of fir and heather, about five feet in height.

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“There we seated ourselves with Bertie, Macdonald lying in the heather near us, watching and quite concealed. We sat quite still and sketched a little, I doing the landscape, Albert drawing Macdonald as he lay there. This lasted for nearly an hour, when Albert fancied he heard a distant sound, and in a few minutes Macdonald whispered that he saw stags, and that Albert should wait and take a steady aim. We then heard them coming past. Albert did not look over the box, but through it, and fired through the branches and then again over the box. The deer retreated; but Albert felt certain that he had hit a stag. He ran up to the keepers, and at that moment they called from below that they had got him, and Albert ran on to see. I waited for a bit, but soon scrambled on with Bertie and Macdonald’s help. Albert joined me directly, and we all went down and saw a magnificent stag, a Royal, which had dropped soon after Albert had hit him.” It can be well imagined that this was a notable day for the little Prince of Wales.

Two years later the youthful Prince saw something, if not of fishing, of capturing, salmon. It was on the 13th September 1850 that Queen Victoria describes a walk with “Charles, the boys, and Vicky”—the mother of the Kaiser—to the riverside above the bridge, where all the tenants were assembled with poles and spears, or rather leisters, for catching salmon. “They all went into the river, walking up it and then back again, poking about under all the stones to bring fish up to where the men stood

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with the net. It had a very pretty effect ; about one hundred men wading through the river ; some in kilts with poles and spears, all very much excited."

It will be understood that the Balmoral of these early days was not the existing Castle. Queen Victoria had acquired a reversion of the lease in 1848, and bought the estate from the trustees of Sir Robert Gordon, brother of the Premier, Earl of Aberdeen, for £31,500, on the 11th October 1852. A cairn was erected in the presence of Her Majesty and the Prince Consort to commemorate the purchase, and the Prince himself designed and planned the new structure, the foundation-stone of which was laid on the 28th September 1853. The ceremony the Royal author describes as "very interesting," and she gives in full the programme of the proceedings :—

"The stone being prepared and suspended over that upon which it is to rest (in which will be a cavity for the bottle containing the parchment and coins) :

"The workmen will be placed in a semicircle at a little distance from the stone, and the women and home servants in an inner semicircle.

"Her Majesty the Queen, and His Royal Highness the Prince, accompanied by the Royal Children, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and attended by Her Majesty's guests and suite, will proceed from the house.

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“Her Majesty, the Prince, and the Royal Family, will stand on the south side of the stone, the suite being behind and on each side of the Royal party.

“The Rev. Mr. Anderson will then pray for a blessing on the work. Her Majesty will affix her signature to the parchment, recording the day upon which the foundation-stone was laid. Her Majesty's signature will be followed by that of the Prince and the Royal Children, the Duchess of Kent, and any others that Her Majesty may command, and the parchment will be placed in the bottle.

“One of each of the current coins of the present reign will also be placed in the bottle, and the bottle having been sealed up, will be placed in the cavity. The trowel will then be delivered to Her Majesty by Mr. Smith of Aberdeen, the architect, and the mortar having been spread, the stone will be lowered.

“The level and square will then be applied, and their correctness having been ascertained, the mallet will be delivered to Her Majesty by Mr. Stuart (the clerk of the works), when Her Majesty will strike the stone and declare it to be laid. The cornucopia will be placed upon the stone, and the oil and wine poured out by Her Majesty.

“The pipes will play, and Her Majesty with the Royal Family will retire.

“As soon after as it can be got ready, the workmen will proceed to their dinner. After dinner, the following toasts will be given by Mr. Smith :—

“‘The Queen.’

“‘The Prince and the Royal Family.’

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“ ‘Prosperity to the house, and happiness to the inmates of Balmoral.’

“The workmen will then leave the dinner-room, and amuse themselves upon the green with Highland games till seven o'clock, when a dance will take place in the ball-room.”

It was on the 7th September 1855 that the Queen first arrived at the new Castle, and she comments on the strange sensation of “driving past, indeed through, the old house.” The tower and rooms in the connecting part were, however, unfinished, and the offices had still to be built, it being necessary therefore that the gentlemen, with the exception of the Cabinet Minister always in attendance upon the Sovereign at Balmoral, should live in the old house, which was joined to the new one by a long wooden passage. One of the delights of the Castle was the fresh view from the windows over the valley of the Dee, with mountains in the background, a scene which was not visible from the old house. The new one seemed, moreover, to be lucky, for three days after the arrival of the Court a message reached it from the seat of war in the Crimea which made the year ever memorable. After dinner on the 10th September two telegraphic despatches arrived, one for the Queen, one for Lord Granville. Her Majesty read hers and communicated the contents. It was from Lord Clarendon, and contained details from Marshal Pelissier of the further destruction of Russian ships. Lord Granville said, “I have still better news,” and read his message, from

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General Simpson, which ran : "Sevastopol is in the hands of the Allies." "God be praised for it!" is the Queen's comment. The Prince at once suggested the lighting of the bonfire which had been prepared when the false report of the fall of the Russian stronghold had arrived a year before, the bonfire having remained ever since waiting to be lit. It was soon blazing brilliantly, and high revels were held at the Castle, the pipes playing, the people singing, firing off guns, and cheering for Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and the Emperor of the French.

When the Queen returned on August 30, 1856, Balmoral as it now stands was finished, and Her Majesty writes with feeling of "the poor old house" that was gone.

The best view of the Castle, which is eight miles from Ballater, the terminus of the Deeside line, with "dark Loch-na-gar" towering above it, is to be obtained from the north side of the river. A road, the first on the right to Braemar, leads up a brae or hill, and here one can look down on the silver-grey lines of Balmoral granite, the material of which the place is built, and view the splendours of the scene in all its magnificence on a bright and cheerful day in summer or early autumn. I have noted that a cairn was erected to commemorate the purchase of the estate, and others have since been added to it—one in memory of the Prince Consort on Craig Gowan, another to the beloved memory of Queen Victoria, which King Edward unveiled in the autumn of 1903. Now another is added to King Edward himself.

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As a salmon river, it need scarcely be said that the Dee has no superior in the British Isles, but, as previously remarked, King Edward was by no means a keen fisherman. The grouse shooting, if not remarkable, suffices to provide excellent sport, but it is for the stalking that Balmoral is chiefly notable. Many books have been published on the subject, but perhaps none better than that of William Scrope, entitled *The Art of Deer-Stalking*, a volume which the author dedicated to the Duchess of Atholl in grateful acknowledgment of the kindness and hospitality he had received in the Atholl country ; and it was in the immediate neighbourhood of Balmoral that Scrope shot the “great Braemar hart,” the successful quest of which he describes with graphic force. Twice the stag escaped when his fate had seemed certain, but at length Thomas the gillie again sighted him. “I could pick him out from aw the harts in the forest, and gie evidence against him,” Thomas declared, “for he is a wary beast, and we have had sair work wi’ him ; he has led us mony a mile !”

The stalk was so far successful that the bullet went home, but it was still uncertain whether the stag would fall. A deerhound called Tarff was loosed, and another gillie, Sandy, looking through his glass, describes the scene. “Why, sure, the deer is chasing Tarff all ower the moor, and Tarff is rinnin’ awa’ joost ahead o’ him—I never kent the like ! Now the hart stops ; now Tarff is at him again ; ah, take care, Tarff ! Now the deer has beaten him off and is rinnin’ after him again !”

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Another hound, Derig, was sent off to assist his companion, and ultimately the "great Braemar hart," whose descendants still fall to the rifles of visitors to Balmoral, ended his life and an exciting chapter.

The Royal forest of Balmoral, including Birkhall, Abergeldie (leased), and Ballochbuie, extends to 44,000 acres ; and, for the edification of ill-informed persons who declaim against the utilisation of the land for sport, it may be remarked that the nature of the soil throughout nearly the whole of the district renders agricultural occupations impossible. Glen Beg, about 1000 acres, is seldom entered, but there is fine shelter on Strath Garnock, White Mount, Glen Gelder, and Ballochbuie. The annual average is about eighty deer. A few years since it was His Majesty's intention to establish a deer park at Balmoral, but after a couple of years' trial the fences were opened up and the imported strangers allowed to mix with the other deer. There were too many of them in the neighbourhood to render the scheme practicable.

Unable myself to do justice to Balmoral, I sought the assistance of some one more fortunate, and the following pages are the work of a resident in the immediate neighbourhood, Captain Blair Oliphant, of Ardblair Castle, Blairgowrie. He writes :—

"There is in the length and breadth of Scotland no stretch of country more fitted, by its natural beauties and sporting amenities, for the recreation of kings than

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the moors and glens of the Upper Dee. Here is to be found the best of all that Scotland has to offer to the lover of the beautiful, to the seeker after health and rest, and to the sportsman. In the narrow compass between the Cairngorm Mountains on the north and Lochnagar on the south are all the delights that Nature, in her wildest and most untrammelled flights, holds forth to those who have the understanding to take pleasure in her contrasts and caprices. Here is solitude and the storm, here silence and the deep chanting of the wind, here the forbidding austerity of crag and scarp and the laughter of a thousand streams, here the naked summits in unabashed array and the little hills clad decently with birch and pine. And in the midst of all the river, as it were, the soul of the land.

There is a subtle fascination in running water—a compelling sense of mystery that draws us irresistibly to its side. Swirl and eddy and ripple hide its secrets from us as it sweeps onwards to the sea. It calls with many voices that we cannot interpret, whose meaning we can only guess. From the sea it came, and back to the sea it goes in unending cycles, bringing life with it. It is the mystery of the river that keeps the angler on its banks through the live-long day, often when he knows that the ostensible object of his craft is hopeless. To him it is not just a matter of thrashing a mile or so of water with a few yards of line. He is there to discover the secrets of the stream, and, if he may, to tempt from the depths one of its mysterious creatures—much as the heroes of the old Greek myths

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sought to lure the naiads from their abodes. And when the swirl breaks the surface of the pool and the line runs out with a scream, he is more than half afraid of the monster whom he has inveigled to his hook. He is a man of no soul who, in that supreme moment, can think of his antagonist for sale upon a fishmonger's slab at two shillings a pound.

The Dee possesses in no small measure the charm and mystery inherent in all rivers. Its sources are in the romantic heights of the Cairngorm range. There, some 4000 feet above the sea-level, it takes its birth, with the mighty Ben Muich Dhui and Braeriach as guardians of its cradle. Where the Garchary Burn, from the granitic plateau of Braeriach, joins waters with the Larig Burn, from Ben Muich Dhui, the Dee may be said to assume an independent existence as a river. Thence it flows southwards through Glen Dee to its junction with the Geldie Burn. Then bending eastwards it pursues its course to the sea, gaining volume and strength from innumerable tributaries from north and south. For a river having its sources among the corries and gorges of the mountain fastnesses the water of the Dee is singularly pellucid and free from the yellow tint which a peaty bed imparts to most Highland rivers. This is due to the fact that but little of its course lies through peat moss, whilst its sources spring from the granitic gravel of the Cairngorms, and the bed of the river is gravelly during almost its whole course.

The King's possessions on the Dee stretch from the Forest of Ballochbuie, on the west, to its junction

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with the Muick, just above Ballater, on the east—a total river frontage of some thirteen miles. They are situated on the south bank, and reach back to the lofty range of which Lochnagar is the crowning peak. The total extent of this area is some 40,000 acres, comprising the estates of Balmoral and Ballochbuie, 17,400 acres ; Birkhall, 6500 acres ; and Abergeldie, which is rented by the King from the Gordons, 16,100 acres. In addition to this great stretch of deer-forest on the south side of the river, King Edward rented from Invercauld the grouse moors of Micras and South Gairnside on the north side, and in the earlier days of his reign even a greater extent of moorland was leased.

The estate of Balmoral formerly belonged to the Earl of Mar. Early in the seventeenth century it passed into the possession of the Farquharsons of Inverey. After the rising of 1715 the Earl of Fife acquired the lordship of the property from the Crown, but the freehold still remained with the Farquharsons. This freehold, however, went with the lordship in 1745, for the Farquharsons continued to support the house of Stuart, and lost their last claim upon the estate in consequence. Thereafter it was leased to Sir Robert Gordon, the brother of the Earl of Aberdeen, the Prime Minister. On the death of Sir Robert in 1847, Prince Albert acquired the reversion of the lease, and some years later he purchased the estates. Birkhall and Ballochbuie were subsequently bought to round off the property, and Abergeldie, which drives a wedge into it, was taken on lease.

Practically the whole of this area is devoted to

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DEER FOREST, BALMORAL

Balmoral

deer-forest. Along the margin of the river bed, and stretching up the lower portion of the glens, there is a little cultivated land—here a croft, and there a small farm. But they are very poor holdings, though every acre that can profitably be utilised for the benefit of the agriculturist is devoted to his service. There was a time when these glens held a larger population, but at the best it must have been a very hard existence, far below what is now regarded as the lowest standard of comfort. As these holdings fall vacant it is yearly becoming more difficult to find tenants for them, and now from the Dee to Atholl practically the whole country is deer-forest.

The scene is one of surpassing beauty and grandeur. Close down to the bank of the river there is a succession of low, wooded hills guarding the entrances to the narrow glens, whose waters rush down from the mountains to swell the swift current of the Dee. Chief of these are Glen Muick, on the eastern boundary of the King's possessions, Strath Girnock, Glen Gelder, and the Garbh Allt.

The Muick, a considerable river, and one of the largest tributaries of the Dee, has behind it Loch Muick, and still farther back, near the summit of Lochnagar, the Dubh Loch. On Loch Muick is the Glasallt Shiel, a shooting-lodge built by Queen Victoria, and lower down the river is Birkhall, a charming old house situated amongst the dense woods which clothe the whole valley of the Muick, and spread out on to the banks and islands of the Dee.

The entrance to Strath Girnock is guarded by two

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wooded hills—Creag Phiobaidh on the east, and Creag Ghiubhais on the west. The glen had at one time a reputation for smuggling, and there were many ‘black bothies’ in operation, from which the illicit whisky was carried to the south on horseback. West of Creag Ghiubhais is another wooded giant sloping to the Dee, Creag Nam Ban—‘the women’s crag.’ There, on the summit, the witches of the Upper Dee were burned.

Glen Gelder, with Craig Gowan on the right and Canup Hill on the left, joins the valley of the Dee close to Balmoral Castle. Invergelder, the home farm, lies near the mouth of the burn. It is the only remaining farm in the glen, which once was more extensively cultivated.

The Garbh Allt has its beginnings on Lochnagar and Cairn Taggart, and flows to the Dee through the Forest of Ballochbuie. There is a legend that this forest was given to the Farquharsons of Invercauld by the Earl of Mar in exchange for a tartan plaid. A stone is to be seen there bearing this inscription: ‘Queen Victoria entered into possession of Ballochbuie on the 15th day of May 1878. “The bonniest plaid in Scotland.”’ The Queen also erected a keeper’s lodge in the forest, called Danzig Shiel.

The Forest of Ballochbuie is about the finest example of natural Scots pine-forest to be found in Scotland. The quality of the timber is as good as the old Memel pine, and much of the famous Mar-wood came from Ballochbuie about the latter part of the seventeenth century. Most of the woodland which

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clothes the lower hills sloping down to the Dee is of natural growth, and consists of Scots fir and birch, the dark and light green of the foliage suggesting, no doubt, the tartan plaid referred to in the Queen's inscription. But the timber is not all up to the standard of Ballochbuie. On the exposed slopes the trees are stunted and irregular, and here and there a bare scarp of rock shows between. Beneath is an undergrowth of misty-green juniper and heather, with a carpet of deep mosses and blaeberries half hiding the great grey boulders that are scattered over it. Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort both planted extensive tracts of the lower ground, so that the south side of the Strath presents an almost unbroken stretch of forest, with here and there a patch of cultivation, and between the wooded hills the mysterious passes leading to the glens.

Behind the barrier of the lower hills the ground rises steeply towards the summit of Lochnagar. Birch and pine no longer grow in close communities, but struggle upwards in scattered groups with dwarfed and misshapen forms, until at last they give place to heather and coarse moorland grasses, boulder-strewn and scarred with deep courses of mountain streams; then the heather dwindles and the grasses disappear, the barren corries and crags alone remain to dispute the mastery with the elements.

Balmoral Castle is situated on a strip of level ground close to the river on the south side. Its chief feature is the great, square clock-tower, rising to the height of a hundred feet, at the east end of the main

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building. The style of architecture is generally described as 'Scottish Baronial,' but the whole effect is more ornate than that term implies to the minds of those who associate it with the austere old castles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The fact that Balmoral Castle is built of bright grey granite makes it a very conspicuous object from the slopes of the pine-clad valley. The principal rooms face south towards the foot-hills of Lochnagar, and west towards the upper reaches of the Dee. Within, the walls are decorated with many noble heads from the forest, and with steel-engravings after Landseer's pictures.

The grounds immediately round the Castle are laid out in lawns and flower-beds, and beyond glades of graceful birches fringe the river-bank and the foot of Craig Gowan, which rises abruptly to the south. There is a small golf-course to the east of the Castle, and about the policies are numerous monuments and sculptures, including bronze statues of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, and obelisks erected by the tenantry to their memory. The deer-fence comes down almost to the foot of Craig Gowan, and all the year round deer are to be found on the wooded slopes within a few hundred yards of the Castle.

The scene from the top of Craig Gowan is magnificent—to the north, a vast extent of undulating moor lapped in the hollow of the hills ; to the east, the narrowing valley of the Dee, with the little village of Crathie in the foreground, and the wooded hills beyond sheltering Abergeldie Castle and the high road leading to Ballater ; Glen Gelder to the south, with the culti-

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vated uplands of Invergelder, fringed with forests of birch and pine, rising gradually to barren heights, and culminating in the cloud-capped summit of Lochnagar ; and to the west, the Dee winding through low-crowned, wooded hills to Braemar.

In keeping with the genius of the place is Abergeldie Castle, a severe old tower on the banks of the Dee, with corbie-stanes and rounded corners, like swallows' nests beneath the eaves. The walls are of great thickness and rough-cast with lime. There are no windows on the ground floor, and only a narrow door to the north, for in the good old days when Abergeldie was built easy access to a house was not advisable ; and since a dungeon must be provided for the reception of uninvited guests, it was as well on the ground floor as anywhere else. The old tower, which has received considerable additions in later days, dates probably from the sixteenth century. Formerly it was approached from the north bank of the river by a rope-and-cradle bridge ; now there is a wire suspension foot-bridge across the Dee. It is one of the few old houses in the neighbourhood that have escaped destruction by fire through the turbulent days that came to an end in the middle of the eighteenth century, and it is the only stronghold left to the Gordons in Upper Deeside.

Abergeldie first came into the possession of the Gordons in 1449, when the first Earl of Huntly got it from the King for his services in suppressing the rebellion headed by the Earl of Douglas. His second son, Sir Alexander Gordon, succeeded to it, and his son George got complete and indisputable possession

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of the lands, no easy matter with any property connected with the Earldom of Mar. George's grandson Alexander, who died in 1596, was known as 'Black Alister,' and had a wild reputation. Most notable among his exploits was his attack on the Forbeses of Strathgirnock. Abergeldie broke into his house, hanged Forbes, and afterwards declared himself heir to the lands of Strathgirnock. Alexander Gordon, the eighth laird, was involved in the feud between John Gordon of Brachlie and the Black Colonel of Inverey in 1666, a well-known Highland legend. In 1689 Dundee directed his operations against General Mackay from Abergeldie Castle. Mackay burned the country for twelve miles round Abergeldie, destroying 1400 houses, among them Inverey. He eventually got possession of Abergeldie itself, and held it with a garrison of seventy-two men.

Abergeldie was leased by the Queen from Mr. Hugh Mackay Gordon, the seventeenth laird, until the year 1922. Her Majesty made considerable additions to the old Castle, which was occupied by King Edward, when Prince of Wales, for many years.

In the latter part of her reign it was used for the reception of distinguished visitors ; among others, the Empress Eugénie frequently resided in it during the autumn, the Prince of Wales at this time paying only flying visits to Balmoral. After his accession to the throne, King Edward spent some two or three weeks only in the year at Balmoral. The affairs of State were never for a moment neglected for his personal recreations, and he was not free from them even at

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Balmoral. His devotion to duty, and the fact that he was a man of many interests, made it impossible for him to spend a longer time on his Highland estates. But the days that were passed there provided a full measure of sport. With forty thousand acres of deer forest and one of the finest grouse moors in Scotland, to say nothing of more than a dozen miles of salmon fishing, there were not many off-days during the King's stay in the Highlands. The forest and the moor claimed all his attention ; the river, except as 'a thing of beauty,' had no charm for him, for King Edward was not a fisherman. Neither by temperament nor by circumstance was he predisposed to the angler's art. The strenuous life that he was compelled to lead in the exercise of his high calling, the days mapped out hour by hour with ceremony and routine, the weighty significance of his every public action, the vast responsibility that rested upon him—all these things must have made the hours of relaxation very precious ; and, whilst he delighted in being alone or in the company of one or two friends, he might well have been impatient of a sport that demands so much from its devotees, and gives them so little in tangible form in return.

That King Edward, in his hours of ease, desired above all else to escape from the 'fierce light which beats upon a throne,' is proved by his own words and actions. 'I am happiest when . . . I can, like plain Mr. Jones, go to a race-meeting without it being chronicled in the papers next day that His Highness the Prince of Wales has taken to gambling very seriously, and yesterday lost more money than ever

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he can afford to pay,' he once wrote in a Confession album. His thinly-veiled incognito—'the Earl of Chester'—is another proof of his desire as far as possible to avoid publicity in his private travels. On an occasion when he had been on a visit to one of his subjects in a very remote part of the Highlands, an old family retainer summed up the King's love of retirement in an unconsciously neat paradox: 'The King seems to enjoy the privacy of the public road.'

Another story is told of the King at the same place. It is not a sporting story, but as it throws a light on the innate kindliness of his nature, it is worthy of record. On his arrival at the house the children from the school were assembled to welcome him. It was a great event in the lives of these little lads and lassies from the crofts and hamlets of a Highland glen—an event which would live in their memories for the rest of their days—and a right loyal reception they accorded him. His Majesty referred to the children in conversation with his hostess, and was told of the keen gratification which this opportunity of seeing the King afforded them, and of the deep disappointment of a little girl—the gardener's child—who was prevented by illness from attending with the rest. In the afternoon the King went out for a stroll by himself. He found out the gardener's cottage, and called in to pay a visit to the sick child, who was alone in the house. When the mother returned she found the King sitting by her child's bedside. Before he left he gave the little girl a half-sovereign, carefully choosing one that bore his own 'image and superscription' as a memento

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of his visit. Nor did he neglect, when he returned some years later to the house, to go and inquire at the gardener's cottage for the little invalid.

But to return to Balmoral, and the sport that it afforded His Majesty and his guests when he came year by year to take toll of the red-deer. The forest holds a stock of about 800 stags and 500 hinds. For this large proportion of stags to hinds Balmoral is famous, and it is a subject about which naturalists should have something to say. It is possibly due to the rough surface of the greater part of the forest, and to the great heights to which it attains, or to the absence of excessive moisture on the surface. But whatever the cause, from the sportsman's point of view it is a most desirable condition. The average number of stags killed in the forest yearly is between eighty and ninety. The record year was 1904, when ninety-five were killed.

The first stag killed by King Edward in Balmoral Forest was on the 21st September 1858, on Conach-craig, in Glen Gelder; its weight was 14 st. 12 lb. The Prince of Wales, as he was then, was under seventeen years old, and it is not difficult to imagine the elation which the boy must have felt when the puff of smoke drifted from the muzzle of his rifle and disclosed the quarry lying stretched on the hillside. It was a moment that would never fade from his memory. A throne might await him, and an empire's love, but that supreme moment could never be repeated. Mr. John Grant, who was head stalker on Balmoral for many years, was with the young Prince

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on this auspicious occasion. Conachcraig lies far up Glen Gelder, and rises to a height of 2800 feet, so that the Prince was not indulged with an easy pot-shot in the woods close to the Castle for his first stag.

We can picture John Grant and his young charge working up the slopes of the glen, the alert eyes of the stalker ever on the outlook across the valley. Presently he calls a halt, and scans the steep sides of a distant ravine. There are deer feeding at the foot, and he points them out to the young Prince, whose inexperienced eyes can detect nothing but patches of purple heather and great grey boulders. The telescope is brought out and steadied upon the shoulder of a rock, minute instructions are given as to the exact spot to be observed ; and then, as if by magic, the deer seem to start out of the ground, clearly defined and so close that the observer drops his voice lest they should hear him. There are two, three, four stags amongst them. He is all impatience to be after them, but John Grant is in no hurry. There are ways and means to be considered, and the direction of the wind is unfavourable. He slings the telescope across his shoulders, picks up the rifle, and they start on a long detour, which is destined to bring them, by steep and rugged ways, to the corrie at the head of the ravine. In an hour they are across the glen and half-way up the farther slope, and again the stalker calls a halt and insists on his charge taking a 'breather' before the final ascent. Then on again and upwards, on to the bare brow, and another halt whilst Grant crawls cautiously forward and peers

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over into the ravine below. At a sign the young Prince follows him, and now they are both crawling through the tufted grass towards a lower ridge. The Prince draws level with the stalker and looks over. The herd is a hundred yards below them ; some are lying down, others are grazing quietly, and among them a good stag with his quarters towards them. The Prince puts out his hand for his rifle ; but still John Grant is in no hurry. He loads it quietly, and waits until he judges that the Prince has had time to recover his breath after the arduous stalk. The stag, in feeding, gradually turns broadside to the watchers ; the stalker passes the rifle and whispers, ‘Behind the shoulder, and low ; and keep your eye on him if you miss, for the second barrel.’ There is a breathless pause—then the report of the rifle echoes through the narrow ravine, is caught up in the corrie, flings upwards to the peaks, and goes crackling and rumbling into space. The herd is up and away—all but one. And he lies on his side very still at the foot of the ravine.

That was the first of many stags that fell to King Edward’s rifle. On the 30th August 1866 he killed seven stags in a day’s stalking. Of these one was shot on Craig-na-gall, and six in the corrie of Baultchach. Another notable day was the 10th September 1902, when His Majesty killed six fine stags in a drive of the wooded parts of the forest. The heaviest of these weighed 17 st. and had nine points, another was a Royal, weighing 16 st. 6 lb.

Among other remarkable stags shot in Balmoral

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Forest was one of 21 st. 11 lb., with ten points, on the 3rd September 1909, in Glen Gelder, by His Majesty King George V., when he was Prince of Wales. Almost equal to this was one shot by the late King in Slauchmore, weighing 21 st. 1 lb., and with ten points. Another splendid stag was shot by Mr. Wilfred Thesiger on Cnap-an-earachan on the 4th October 1909. It was an eleven-pointer, weighing 19 stones, and having a width of beam of 34 inches. A good year as regards the weight of stags was 1903, when seventy-one were killed with an average of 14 st. 3 lb. In 1907 ninety-four stags averaged 13 st. 10 lb.

That stalking is a higher order of sport than driving deer, few will be inclined to dispute. When King Edward was Prince of Wales, stalking was his principal method among the deer. But a time is in store for all of us, kings and commoners alike, when we become 'shorter in wind as in memory long,' when craig and corrie and the rough hillside assume proportions never realised in our younger days. Then, perforce, we must rest content with the goods the gods provide—a sturdy garron for the hill, a sheltered corner in the pass, and the startled deer filing through. After he became King, His Majesty took almost entirely to driving deer, for the reasons indicated. The wooded foot-hills are admirably adapted to this form of sport; stalking is out of the question in them, though a chance shot can often be obtained in a walk through the woods.

During the last few years of his reign King Edward rented the South Gairnside and Micras Moor

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from Mr. Alexander Haldane Farquharson of Invercauld. The moor lies on the north side of the Dee, and is easily accessible from Balmoral, a road practicable for wheeled traffic leading right on to it. Owing to the fact that the King was not in residence at Balmoral until September, and that his stay was limited to two or three weeks, the moor was not shot with any idea of producing big bags. It was looked upon rather as an outlet for an off-day from the deer at the end of September or the beginning of October. It would not, therefore, be doing justice to the moor, which is a very fine one, to take account of the total number of grouse bagged in the season. Individual days produced about a hundred brace, the party usually consisting of eight guns, and the birds being driven. In former days King Edward, as Prince of Wales, rented a far larger extent of grouse moor on the same estate, and he often indulged in the delightful, but now rare, sport of shooting over dogs.

Though King Edward was himself no fisherman, he delighted in providing his guests with the best of sport of all kinds, and certainly the noble stretches of the Dee, between the Forest of Ballochbuie and Glen Muick, must have been vastly appreciated by many who had the good fortune to enjoy his hospitality. But as with the grouse driving, so it was with the salmon fishing—the King only arrived at Balmoral when the best of it was over; for the Dee in the upper waters is essentially a spring river. The season opens on the 11th February, and often continues good until the middle of June. After that there is a

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falling-off, and the autumn fishing is not of much account. The seasons have been very irregular for many years ; but it is noticeable that the presence of clean-run fish at the opening of the season is generally a good omen for the later months. It sometimes happens, however, that but few fish are got till the beginning of April, or even later ; and a bad season usually follows a late run of fish.

The salmon in these waters are not large, averaging only about 8 lb. The heaviest fish taken is said to have been 28 lb., and they are caught as small as 5 lb. Three or four fish to a rod is considered a good day, though frequently more have been landed. The fishing is of the most sporting description, being all casting from the banks and wading. The river is rapid—for its size the most rapid in Scotland, a fact which in a great measure counterbalances the comparatively small size of the fish—and the pools where they lie are many.

And now a word of the good men and true whose lives have been devoted to the care of the forest. When Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort first came to Balmoral in 1848, Mr. John Grant was in charge of the forest, and he remained as head stalker to the Queen until 1874. The Queen, writing of him in a note to her Journal, thus described him : ‘He is an excellent man, most trustworthy, of singular shrewdness and discretion, and most devotedly attached to the Prince and myself. He has a fine intelligent countenance. The Prince was very fond of him.’ It must have been with deep gratification that Mr.

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Grant read these gracious praises from his beloved Sovereign mistress.

Mr. Donald Stewart succeeded John Grant as head stalker. He was on the Balmoral estate as kennel-boy in 1848. He also is referred to by Queen Victoria in a note to her Journal : 'He is an excellent man, and was much liked by the Prince ; he always led the dogs when the Prince went out stalking.' Donald Stewart retired in 1901, having been in Queen Victoria's service for fifty-three years. He died at Danzig Shiel in the Ballochbuie Forest on the 10th August 1909, at the age of eighty-three years.

In 1901 Mr. Arthur Grant, a son of Mr. John Grant, was appointed to succeed Donald Stewart as head stalker. Arthur Grant was a great favourite with King Edward, to whom he was known from boyhood. Spending, as they did, many days together in the great solitudes of the forest, an intimacy sprang up between the King and his head stalker of a kind that was probably accorded to no other person. Above the limit that nature by an austere decree has fixed for man's habitation to the wild solitudes of the mountains these two men went together day after day—the one with the confidence born of life-long familiarity with every glen and corrie and crag, the other dependent upon the superior knowledge of his companion not only for his sport, but often, too, for his safety. Under such circumstances mutual respect soon ripens into friendship, and friendship into intimacy, until the attitude of man to man attains to an ideal which can dispense with the restraints of social distinctions.

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Arthur Grant had been in the forest as an assistant stalker from boyhood, and since 1874 he has stalked with kings and princes and most of the distinguished guests at Balmoral. On the accession of His Majesty King George, Mr. Arthur Grant was continued in his position as head of the game department at Balmoral.

There is an aspect of the King's ownership of land in Deeside which has a deeper significance than is apparent to those who regard Balmoral simply as a Royal shooting-box in the Highlands. Little more than a hundred years before Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort first came to make a home in Aberdeenshire, a last stand was being made in Scotland for the succession of the Stuarts to the throne of Great Britain. Culloden was fought and lost in 1746, and the bitterness of defeat lingered for many years. By the great majority of the inhabitants of Upper Deeside George II. was looked upon as a Hanoverian usurper; their prayers were for the restoration of their lawful sovereign; their toasts were drunk to 'the King over the water.' How strong this Jacobite feeling was, and for how long it survived in Scotland, is not generally known in England. The sentiment was fostered by poets whose lyrics will never perish.

The people of Upper Deeside were Jacobites almost to a man. James Farquharson of Balmoral took the foremost place in raising the Clan Finlay. Abergeldie Castle and other strongholds in the Strath were garrisoned, after the rising had been finally crushed at Culloden, to overawe the district. The wearing of the tartan was forbidden. In the glens and

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corries the leaders of the Jacobites lay in hiding, until they could make their way to the coast, and ship aboard some friendly vessel for France or Holland ; there to remain in exile for many years, their lands forfeited, their houses burnt.

It was to a country-side tenacious of these traditions that Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort came to make a home in 1848, to the very lands of the man who had raised his clan to oppose her ancestor's hold upon the throne of Great Britain. It was a great experiment ; but it was more than justified in the result. The Queen, by the nobility and graciousness of her personality, by her sympathy and by her appreciation of their independence, won the hearts of her Highland subjects. By mother and son for two generations the bonds of love and loyalty were ever being more firmly drawn. The old prejudices gave place to a new devotion ; and whilst the traditions are still cherished for all that is chivalrous, noble, and self-sacrificing in the defence of the lost cause, a broader patriotism has arisen, which looks beyond clan and dynasty to the welfare of a world-wide Empire beyond the seas. B. O."

I may add a couple of anecdotes which have been kindly sent to me by a friend, who was at one time one of His Majesty's Ministers, and who rented a shooting in Aberdeenshire. In the early days of motoring he possessed a small steam car which he drove himself, and being within reach of Balmoral, naturally felt it his duty to go over and write his

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name in the book during the King's residence. It was a cold day, and the steam from the car showed conspicuously. As my friend drove up the bridge the wind was behind him, and the cloud of steam blowing in front obscured all save the turrets of the castle. Turning round, the wind blew the steam away, and the caller was horrified to find himself nearly in the rear rank of a Highland regiment, on the breasts of whose men His Majesty was pinning medals. The sudden appearance of an inexplicable cloud of smoke vastly astonished the spectators. The officer in command, standing close by the King, told my friend afterwards that the King, looking with amazement, burst out with, "What the devil is this?" and after a pause, nothing but smoke being still visible, exclaimed, "I believe it's the devil himself come at last!"

When Lord Cross, many years ago, was Minister in attendance upon her late Majesty, he was sent out for a day's deer stalking at Balmoral. The stalker espied a good beast and decided to come in upon him, which necessitated a detour round the shoulder of the hill. On presently reaching the desired spot nothing was to be seen of the stag. A careful examination of the ground was made, and at length the top of an umbrella was espied. Lord Cross and his attendant hastily ran down and found that it concealed an old woman, placidly unconscious of her unfortunate intrusion and the mischief she had done, for doubtless she had scared the deer. Her only ingenuous remark was, "I suppose you could not tell me where I could see the Queen?"

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Lord Ribblesdale has always been accustomed to pursue his sport, whatever it might be, with placid disregard of the weather—few men, indeed, are less inclined to succumb to wind or rain. While once staying at Glen Muick, however, he was fairly driven home from the hill by the drenching downpour. A day's stalking is an opportunity not to be lightly neglected; but on this occasion, a little before two o'clock, the temptation of dry clothes and shelter had become irresistible, and he gave it up. Meantime the King was also on the hill, and did not reach home till six, his perseverance having been rewarded by a successful shot at a heavy Hummel.

CHAPTER V

RACING

THERE is no Royal road to success on the Turf. Judgment, it is needless to say, does much. Liberal expenditure often produces satisfactory results, but luck is perhaps the predominating element. No one can make certain of winning races. The simplest method of all seems to be to buy an approved good horse regardless of price ; but many instances could be given to show that the recipe is far from infallible. The case of that beautiful mare None the Wiser may be quoted as an example. When carrying the colours of the late Duchess of Montrose, who after the death of her second husband, Mr. W. S. Crawford, raced as "Mr. Manton," None the Wiser was well-nigh invincible. Sent up for sale, Lord Ellesmere bought her for 7200 guineas, ran her on several occasions, and she never won a race of any description. That His Majesty should have headed the list of winning owners, have won the Derby thrice, and of other classic races, the Two Thousand Guineas, the One Thousand Guineas, and the St. Leger twice, is equally gratifying and remarkable. To have won the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, the St. Leger, the Eclipse Stakes, and the Grand National in the same

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year is unprecedented. It is most improbable that it will ever be done again.

In the early seventies His Royal Highness, the then Prince of Wales, was understood to be interested in some animals trained under the superintendence of the late Captain Machel, but whatever this interest may have been, it was a private matter, and it would be improper to discuss the subject in detail. The first appearance of the "purple, gold braid, scarlet sleeves, black velvet cap with gold fringe" under Jockey Club rules was at Newmarket at the July Meeting of 1877. The bearer of the colours was an Arab named Alep, and the occasion a match with another horse of the same breed called Avowal, the property of Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn. The blood of the Arabian horse is the foundation of the English thoroughbred, the highest and most valuable equine type the world has ever known; but the English racehorse has developed by inter-breeding with English mares, and as a racer the pure-bred Arab is of small account. This is so clearly recognised that in the Goodwood Cup Arab horses have an enormous allowance of weight. The match between the two animals named was, however, run, the distance being four miles, with a stake of £500 aside, and Alep was beaten by thirty lengths—an unlucky beginning for the Prince. Alep, however, was a pony of 13.3; Avowal a horse of 15.2 hands. Prior to this the Royal colours had been carried in sport under National Hunt Rules, details of which will be given in another chapter, for here I am confining myself to the flat.

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Though the first year in which His Royal Highness's name appeared in the list of winning owners was 1886, he had in fact been connected with the Kingsclere stable, where John Porter was then presiding, some years previously. In 1883 the Prince of Wales, jointly with Lord Alington, leased from Lady Stamford the then four-year-old Geheimniss, by Rosicrucian—Nameless, the good filly who had carried Lord Stamford's colours to victory in the Oaks. A two-year-old filly named Junket was included in the lease, her appearance and breeding—she was a daughter of Hampton and Hippodrome—suggesting results which were not obtained, for she could do nothing. Geheimniss did well, taking no fewer than eight of the ten races in which she ran, the Westminster Cup at Kempton Park, the All Aged Stakes and Queen's Stand Plate at Ascot, the Stockbridge Cup; the July Cup and the Bunbury Stakes at Newmarket; the Lennox and Singleton Stakes at Goodwood. The generally accepted story that His Royal Highness went to Kingsclere to see St. Blaise tried for the Derby, and was thereby inspired with a desire to own horses of his own, is consequently incorrect, as he was part owner of the two fillies at the time. They were returned to Lady Stamford at the end of the season. It will be seen that the Prince's connection with the Turf, if we exclude the Alep incident, started prosperously. In 1885, however, His Royal Highness had nothing running.

There are two ways in which owners of race-horses provide themselves with material; they either

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buy, at auction or otherwise, horses that take their fancy or in many cases are recommended to them by their trainers or other people ; and this is satisfactory enough so far as it goes if the animals purchased prove remunerative. A more satisfactory course is to breed the horses who are to carry the colours. There seems to be much more of the true spirit of the sport about racing a horse whose early days have been passed in the home paddocks than there can be when possession has been acquired by the fall of the auctioneer's hammer. It was the Prince's object to form a breeding-stud at Sandringham. To effect this it was necessary to buy, and in 1885 he was found attending the yearling sales at Newmarket ; for here in July, and at Doncaster in September, the largest number of yearlings are offered, though at this period Her Majesty maintained a breeding-stud at Hampton Court, the birthplace of not a few horses who became famous.

It is perhaps not generally known that Queen Victoria was a breeder of racehorses, but the stud, under the direction of Colonel Maude, was among the most extensive in the country, and there is good reason to believe that it must have been remunerative. In 1888 the Duke of Portland gave 1500 guineas for the brown daughter of St. Simon and Quiver, whom he named Memoir, and who was to make a great name for herself on the Turf as a classic winner. She carried off the Oaks and the St. Leger, amongst other races, and would undoubtedly have added the One Thousand to her triumphs but that the Duke ran also

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a filly of his own breeding, Semolina ; having declared to win with her, Memoir was prevented from doing so and finished second. In the Oaks the two ran on their merits, and Semolina, likewise a daughter of St. Simon, was unplaced. At this sale of Her Majesty's yearlings at Bushey paddocks in 1888, the twenty-six lots offered made an average of close on 475 guineas, the Duke buying a daughter of St. Simon and Lady Gladys for 2600 guineas, Lord Dudley a filly by Springfield—Crann Tair for 1450 guineas. It was here, too, a couple of years afterwards, that Lord Marcus Beresford, on behalf of the late Baron de Hirsch, gave 5500 guineas for Memoir's sister, La Flèche, one of the most successful horses in racing history, and the best that the Royal paddocks ever produced. Unaccountably beaten in the Derby by Lord Bradford's Sir Hugo, an inferior horse, as was afterwards more than once distinctly demonstrated, she won in all £34,703 in stakes, including the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks, and the St. Leger, and was sold at her owner's death to Sir Tatton Sykes for £12,600, becoming the dam of Sir John Thursby's John o' Gaunt, by Isinglass, now one of the most successful sires of the day, Lord Derby's St. Leger winner, Swynford, being by him. At this sale in 1890 the twenty lots made an average of 714 guineas, one of them, a chestnut daughter of Springfield and Sanda, own sister to the Derby winner Sainfoin, going to the Prince of Wales for 1000 guineas. When the filly arrived at Sandringham it was discovered that she was paralysed in the back. Lord Marcus represented

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the fact to Colonel Maude, who cancelled the sale and put her to the stud, where she bred Amphora, Sundridge, and other winners. Subsequently, however, the stud did not do so well, and it was abandoned after 1894.

In 1885 the most fashionable sire was Hermit, who had won the Derby eighteen years before, and His Royal Highness bid for and obtained, at a cost of 400 guineas, a daughter of Hermit and Patchwork, whom he named Counterpane, and sent her, with another daughter of Hermit and Belle Agnes, to Kingsclere. Fillies so bred would in the ordinary course of events have tended towards the formation of a stud in the Sandringham paddocks later on, when their racing careers were finished, and it was mainly with this object that they were acquired. Counterpane made her first appearance in a Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate at Sandown Park on the 4th June 1886, and with the all-conquering jockey, F. Archer, in the saddle, had no difficulty in beating three moderate opponents. If not much, it was a beginning, and there were hopes that some fortnight later Counterpane would do better by winning the Stockbridge Cup. His Royal Highness was a regular attendant at this gathering, held under the auspices of the Bibury Club on the Hampshire Downs, close to the training establishment at Danebury, which for various reasons is famous in Turf history. Horses of all ages were eligible to run for the Stockbridge Cup. In the field of six there were a couple of other two-year-old and three older colts. Counterpane was considered to have just about as good a chance as

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anything else, and to the general gratification she was seen to be leading her field towards the finish. When the post was almost reached she suddenly swerved, rolled over, and after a muscular convulsion, lay dead, a spectacle which occasioned equal astonishment and distress. A post-mortem examination revealed the fact that the filly had a diseased heart of extraordinary size. Here, then, was a tragic beginning for the Royal colours, the more disappointing because it seemed certain that the trophy would be added to the Prince's then modest collection of racing plate. Lady Peggy, after being beaten at Newmarket, carried off a Maiden Plate at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting ; and thus ended the Prince's first season, the two victories having yielded no more than £296.

John Porter's recollections are full of acts of kindness to himself and others done by His Royal Highness. At this Stockbridge Meeting, anxious to return to Andover Station, he was looking for a trap to take him there when the Prince, guessing the object of his search, offered a seat in his own carriage. Passing over a bridge His Royal Highness saw some children dipping their heads into a shallow stream, and was puzzled to know what they were doing. They were picking out with their teeth coins which had been thrown to them by passers-by, and His Royal Highness, causing the carriage to be stopped, emptied his pockets for the children's amusement, they little imagining that their benefactor was the Prince of Wales.

His Royal Highness again attended the Newmarket

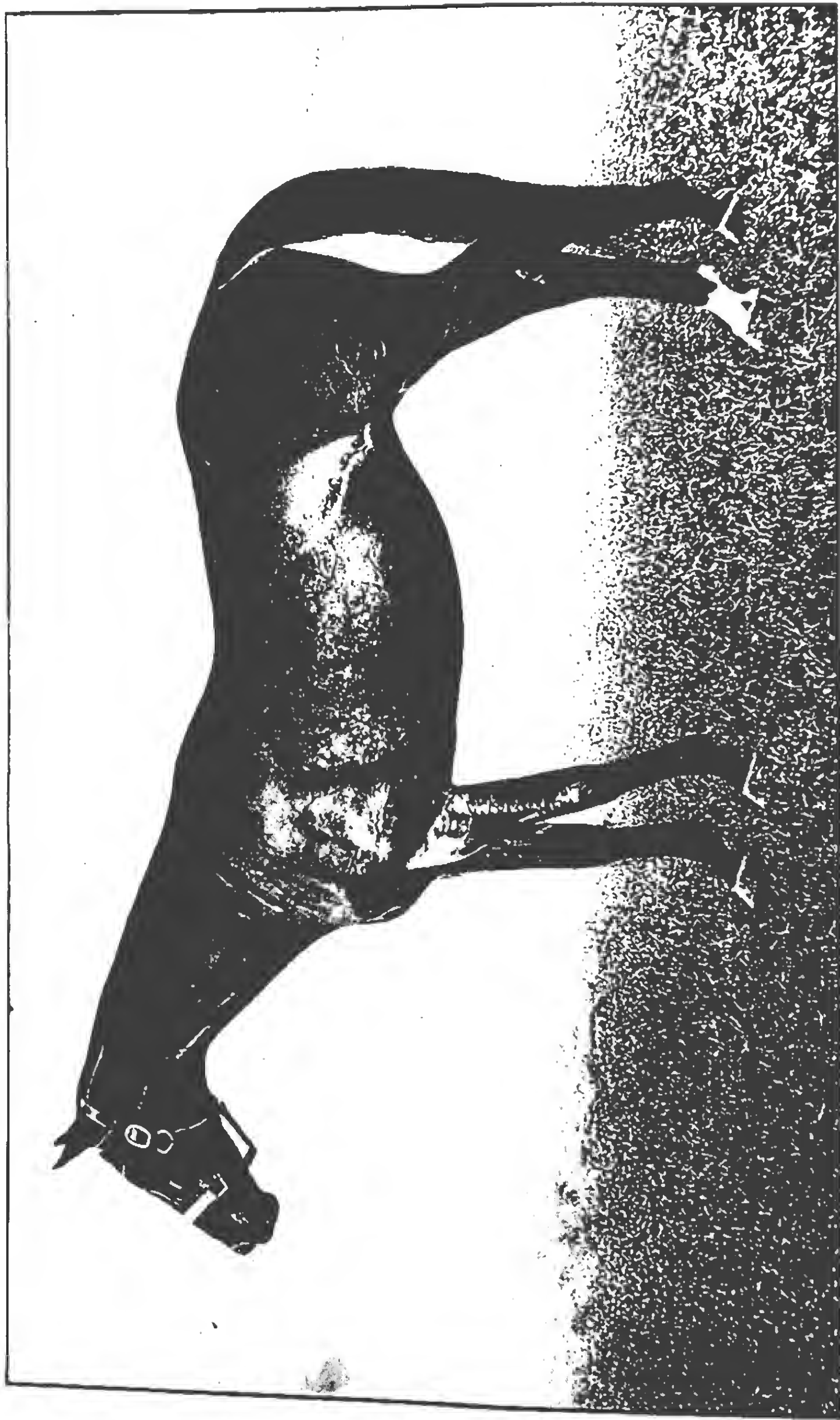
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sales which took place within a fortnight of Counterpane's death, and here he became possessed of an extraordinarily handsome and well-bred colt, of whom it was only reasonable to anticipate great things. In 1885 the Two Thousand Guineas had fallen to a good-looking son of Sterling and Casuistry called Paradox, trained at Kingsclere. The opinion was freely expressed at the time that Paradox would have won the Derby had he been more judiciously ridden ; as it was, he failed by only a short head after a desperate struggle with the late Lord Hastings' Melton, ridden by Archer. It was a brother to Paradox, and to all appearance a still more promising colt, who fell to the Prince's bid of 3100 guineas ; and at the same sale for 860 guineas he acquired a son of Hermit and Lady Peregrine, whom he called The Falcon. With a little luck, Loyalist, as the brother to Paradox was presently named, who awakened universal admiration, should have won great races, and in time taken his place at the Sandringham stud ; but it was not to be. When put into work at Kingsclere it soon became evident that he would not stand training ; "he had no legs," to quote the summary of his trainer, and never appeared on a racecourse. The Falcon did appear, but to no purpose ; he never won a race, nor were the Royal colours successful either that year or in 1888.

Undeterred by failure, the Prince was acquiring mares who seemed likely to further his intention. John Porter had taken a fancy to an animal called Perdita II., a daughter of Hampton and Hermione. It was his custom to wait on his Royal master early in

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the morning at Newmarket, when the Prince would be found in his dressing-gown, usually hard at work on his correspondence with a rapidly accumulating pile of letters already written. Porter on this occasion told him of the mare, which he thought might be procured for 1000 guineas, and offering 100 less obtained possession of the animal to whom the brilliant success of the Sandringham stud was destined to become in a large measure due. Another mare bought at the same time was Poetry, a daughter of Petrarch and Music, by Stockwell. In spite of the non-success of the Prince's horses in training, the year 1887 must therefore be accounted a great one for the stud ; though this failure was accentuated by the fact that other horses trained at Kingsclere at the same period were doing great things. In 1887 the Duke of Westminster's Ormonde, regarded by many as "the horse of the century," was a four-year-old. Orbit, who was to win the Eclipse Stakes next year, was a two-year-old, as was Sir Frederick Johnstone's Friar's Balsam, who proved his marked superiority to the Duke of Portland's Ayrshire and Lord Calthorpe's Sea Breeze, winners of the Derby, St. Leger, and Oaks, by cantering away with the New Stakes at Ascot. But the Prince's horses were not good enough to win races, and the year 1889 was scarcely better. Animals trained at Kingsclere won during this season £26,434, but two minor events taken by Gallifet (Energy—Fanchette) and Shamrock II. (Petrarch—Skelgate Maid) were all that the bearers of the Royal colours earned towards the handsome total. The lowest stake that can be contested under



PERDITA II., DAM OF FLORIZEL II., PERSIMMON, AND DIAMOND JUBILEE

SRINAGAR (Kashmir)

DATE LOANED

Class No. _____ Book No. _____

Acc. No. _____

This book may be kept for 14 days. An over - due charge will be levied at the rate of 10 Paise for each day the book is kept over - time.

[illegible]

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Jockey Club rules is £100; Gallifet took £204, Shamrock II. £102.

Perdita II.'s first foal, a son of Barcaldine, Derelict by name, must be esteemed unfortunate. He won nothing, but could nevertheless gallop, as he showed in the Cambridgeshire of 1891, when he was third to Comedy, beaten little more than a length, and in the opinion of Lord Marcus he ought to have won. Soon afterwards he was sold and put to hurdle racing, when, unfortunately, he met with a fatal accident. A daughter of Mask and Poetry, Pierrette, did better, three little races falling to her in 1890, when Nandine, a half-sister to Gallifet, also got home once, but the four races only brought in £694. Three others, Much Ado (Wenlock—Fluster), Melesina (Kendal—Lilian), and Marguerite (Galopin—Tearaway), could do nothing. During the year, however, the Prince became possessed of The Imp (Robert the Devil—The Martyr), who had shortly before won the Jubilee at Kempton for Sir J. T. Mackenzie, and of Golden Maze (Bend Or—Labyrinth).

The year 1891 found the Prince with eleven horses in training—The Imp, Derelict, Pierrette, Golden Maze, Succès (Petrarch—Welfare), Pettifogger (Isonomy—Hazy), Luck (Muncaster—Fortuna), Barracouta (Barcaldine—Perdita II.), Tedworth (Touchet—Reine Blanche, a five-year-old bought to lead work), County Council (Isonomy—Lady Peggy, one of the first produce of the Sandringham stud, son of the mare who had been obtained to do duty there), and Versailles (Hampton—Fanchette). Five made no contribution ;

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The Imp won the De Trafford Handicap at Manchester, the Ascot High Weight Plate, and the Drayton High Weight Handicap at Goodwood ; Pierrette, the Esher Stakes at Sandown and the Inauguration Plate at Portsmouth Park ; Golden Maze, the August Handicap at Hurst Park and the North Surrey Handicap at Sandown, after which she was sold to Sir J. Blundell Maple ; Barracouta, the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes at Derby ; County Council, the Ham Stakes at Goodwood. These nine races were worth £4335, 15s., and in the "Turf Guides" I find only seven races worth £4148, 15s. mentioned as having fallen to the Prince. My figures are given on the authority of John Porter, and the explanation doubtless is that for some reason two of the winners ran in the name of other owners ; indeed Golden Maze in the Sandown race is described as belonging to Mr. John Porter. Though he was never able to win any of the great events for the Prince—at a time when horses from the stable were doing such great things—the trainer has the lasting satisfaction of knowing that the mares he purchased—notably, of course, Perdita II.—were to make an undying reputation for the Royal stud.

But 1892 showed a relapse. Versailles won the Dullingham Plate at Newmarket and the High Weight Handicap there. The Vigil won a Nursery at the Newmarket Second October Meeting. This was all, and it was the last year during which the horses were trained at Kingsclere. The Prince, a regular visitor to Newmarket, had recognised how convenient it would be to train there, where he would be able to see his horses

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during the meetings ; for a visit to Kingsclere involved a somewhat prolonged journey. But he left the Hampshire establishment with much regret, and to the end of his life always entertained a sincere regard and esteem for John Porter, who was devoted to him, as were all those of the Prince's servants who had the honour and privilege of coming into close contact with their Royal master. Porter has many stories to tell of the extreme kindness and consideration the Prince was graciously pleased to bestow upon him. He was a not infrequent visitor to Sandringham, His Royal Highness being always anxious to hear full details of the progress of his stable ; and the trainer rarely returned without some token of the Prince's goodwill. Sometimes it was a dog, and on one occasion Porter feared that it might have been a bear. There were two of these creatures confined in the Park, and though, of course, every care was taken to insure their safe custody, they were inclined to give no small trouble. Soon after arriving at Sandringham one day, before he had been received by the Prince, he was told that His Royal Highness proposed to get rid of the two animals, and it was anticipated that the accustomed gift in this case might take the form of one of them. In the course of the afternoon the Prince and Porter were in the Park, and His Royal Highness led the way towards the den. The trainer's heart sank as he pictured what might be the consequence of introducing a bear into his stable of priceless thoroughbreds. They neared the cage, and the Prince remarked, "These bears are inclined to

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become a great nuisance—I must get rid of them!” Porter grew nervously apprehensive. “I must send them to the Zoo,” His Royal Highness continued, and his hearer breathed again.

On a certain Sunday, when again accompanying His Royal Highness, a strapper, leaving the stable, passed close to the Prince, who stopped him and remarked, “I did not see you at church this morning?” The man made some excuse for his non-attendance. “You should have gone to the service,” His Royal Highness replied; “I always attend myself, and I expect my people to do the same.” What struck Porter so forcibly was the fact that the Prince should have noticed the absence of one of the humblest of his servants from a congregation numbering between two and three hundred; but His Royal Highness’s observation was always extraordinarily keen. It is known how critical the Prince was in regard to ornament and attire. Once when the Royal yacht was at Cowes, Porter was honoured by a command to attend His Royal Highness on board, and soon after his reception was presented with a pin, which he gratefully placed in the black scarf which he was wearing. After a time His Royal Highness, looking at him, remarked, “I don’t like that black scarf of yours; it doesn’t seem suitable.” Raising his hand he removed the pin and put it in his pocket. “Haven’t you got a white scarf?” he continued. Porter replied that he had, and asked permission to go and put it on. This being granted, he presently reappeared, sincerely hoping that he might not be going to lose his jewel; but the

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Prince had not forgotten it, and, approving of the scarf, fixed the pin in it. He disapproved, however, of the hat which his trainer was wearing, telling him that it was not appropriate for a yacht. In the course of the afternoon His Royal Highness went ashore, and on returning handed Porter a yachting cap which he had purchased for him. Though he had left Kingsclere, His Majesty—for we have now come to later days—frequently talked with his old trainer about his horses, and after the death of Persimmon and the expatriation of Diamond Jubilee was well contented on reflection that he received only mitigated sympathy from Porter for the loss of them. “My great sires are gone,” His Majesty said. “There is only Florizel now!” “I am inclined to think that it is not altogether a bad thing, your Majesty,” Porter replied, “for now your own mares will have more of a chance.” The loss of the fees—for all three had been standing at 300 guineas—was of course a serious item in the annual accounts; but the presence of the horses meant the arrival and residence of something like 100 mares every year, and even if they were all healthy, they must have had a deleterious effect.

On the Prince's birthday he was graciously pleased to accept presents from those who were eager to offer humble tokens of their gratitude, and one year it occurred to Porter to have a novel gift constructed. He caused a shield to be made with little medallions running round it, each containing the name and some of the hair of famous horses who had been trained at Kingsclere, the central feature being the name of

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Ormonde worked on white satin with hairs from the horse's tail ; and this Porter was always gratified to believe that the Prince particularly valued, he having expressed great pleasure when he first saw the ornament.

The resolve to move to Newmarket having therefore been taken, the question arose who was to train the horses. Lord Marcus Beresford, years before, had seen much of Richard Marsh, who had stables at Epsom during the time that Lord Marcus also kept horses there and was frequently on the Downs riding them in their work. Marsh had for some years past been pursuing his profession at Lordship Farm, Newmarket, and the Prince of Wales accepted his adviser's recommendation to send the horses there. Marsh was a practical and experienced man who had learnt his business in the best school. When he was riding under Jockey Club rules the scale of weights was generally lower than it is at present. Colts in the Derby carried 8 st. 10 lb., fillies 8 st. 5 lb. ; at present the weights are, as they have been for a good many years past, colts 9 st., fillies 8 st. 9 lb. He soon became too heavy to ride on the flat, and did duty under what were then called Grand National Hunt Rules, the epithet "grand" being afterwards abandoned. He had trained horses for various owners, notably for the late Duke of Hamilton ; and the Duke being his chief employer, on receiving the offer of the Prince's horses from Lord Marcus, he replied that he would consult His Grace. On doing so the Duke enlightened Marsh as to the position of affairs,

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explained to him that for one thing such an offer was in the nature of a command, and for another that he ought to consider himself immensely honoured to have received it. He must lose no time in expressing his gratitude and making preparations to receive the Royal horses, the Duke furthermore remarked. Marsh hastened to obey these instructions, and the Prince not only excused the hesitation, but commended his new trainer for having consulted a friendly authority on whom he could rely.

The horses sent from Kingsclere were eight in number :—

HORSES IN TRAINING, 1893.

Versailles, b. c. by Hampton—Fanchette, 4 yrs.
 Turiddu, br. c. by Hampton—Welfare, 3 yrs.
 Downey, ch. f. by Hagioscope—Lenity, 2 yrs.
 The Vigil, b. or br. f. by Ben Battle—Vesper, 3 yrs.
 Florizel II., b. c. by St. Simon—Perdita II., 2 yrs.
 St. Valeric, b. c. by Hampton—Welfare, 2 yrs.
 Laissez Allez, b. c. by Merry Hampton—Anathema, 2 yrs.
 Barracouta, b. f. by Barcaldine—Perdita II., 4 yrs.

Winners.

Versailles, Trial Plate, Newmarket First July	£197
The Vigil, Hampton Mid-Weight Handicap, Kempton Park	175
	<hr/> £372

No reason had been afforded for supposing that the family of Perdita II. was destined to do great things. Derelict had won nothing, Barracouta was hardly a success. But Florizel II. was a big, good-looking colt, in whom possibilities were recognised. He could

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not be prepared to run until towards the close of the year, in October, when he came out at Manchester for the Breeders' Foal Stakes, finishing in the ruck. Nor, indeed, had much more been expected of him. A few days afterwards he ran again at Newmarket for the Boscawen Stakes. He was generally deemed the most hopeless of the five starters, odds of 20 to 1 being laid against him, and he did a vast deal better than was anticipated by running second to Priestholme, beaten only three parts of a length, with Schoolbook, an odds-on favourite, six lengths behind him. Subsequently he ran without prominence in two Nurseries of small importance. It did not appear that the horses were to benefit, or rather that the luck, so potent a factor in all racing affairs, was to change with the change of quarters. Versailles, as will be seen in the summary, did contrive to win a minor race worth £197 at a Newmarket July Meeting ; it was his only success in four attempts. The Vigil ran eight times, and by the narrow margin of a head won a handicap at Kempton Park worth £175, £372 being therefore the total credited by His Royal Highness during the first season at Newmarket.

The Prince had now been racing for eight years, and his gain in stakes had amounted to no more than £5904, a mere trifle in comparison with the expenses which had been incurred, and eloquent of the fact already noted, that there is no royal road to success on the Turf. Had it not been for the comparative prosperity of 1891, the seven years would have yielded an average of about £250—a wretched result.

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But the Prince was not disheartened. He was feeling his way cautiously, and started his second season at Newmarket with only six horses in training.

HORSES IN TRAINING, 1894.

Florizel II., b. c. by St. Simon—Perdita II., 3 yrs.
 Hamiltrude, b. f. by Hampton—Fortuna, 2 yrs.
 Soveral, b. c. by St. Simon—Pin-Basket, 2 yrs.
 Ronalda, ch. f. by Crackenthorpe—Hettie, 2 yrs.
 Coup de Vent, b. f. by Ayrshire—Fanchette, 2 yrs.
 Pegaway, b. f. by Galliard—Lady Peggy.

Winners.

Florizel II.,	St. James' Palace Stakes, Ascot	£1650
„	Triennial Stakes, Ascot	600
„	Corinthian Plate, Goodwood	202
„	Houghton High Weight Handicap	437
„	Royal (Post) Stakes, Newmarket Second		
	October	610
			<hr/>
			£3499
			<hr/>

The St. Simons were now doing great things, the horse having been the previous season by a long way at the head of the list of winning sires, with such animals to his credit as Amiable, Bill of Portland, Childwick, La Flèche, Match Box, Mrs. Butterwick, Raeburn, Silene, Simonian, and others, who had won between them over £36,000 in stakes.

None of the half-dozen proved of any service except Florizel. Asked what the others were like, their trainer, with uncomfortable memories, replies “Awful!” But Florizel II., now a three-year-old, did not a little to redeem the situation. In all it will be seen he won five races, valued at £3499,

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which considerably brightened the horizon, the more so as in the autumn of this year 1894 a particularly handsome own brother to him, named Persimmon, was gradually inducing Marsh to hope that at length he had been provided with a colt who would do the stable credit.

The animals with which the season started were as follows :—

HORSES IN TRAINING, 1895.

Florizel II., b. c. by St. Simon—Perdita II., 4 yrs.
 Thaïs, br. f. by St. Serf—Poetry, 2 yrs.
 Gigolette, b. f. by Merry Hampton—Fanchette, 2 yrs.
 Fair Slave, b. f. by St. Serf—Welfare, 2 yrs.
 Courtier, b. c. by Hampton—Marguerite, 2 yrs.
 Persimmon, b. c. by St. Simon—Perdita II., 2 yrs.
 Safety-Pin, b. g. by Surefoot—Pin-Basket, 2 yrs.
 Chinkara, b. f. by Galopin—Raker, 2 yrs.
 Eclipse, b. c. by Althorp—Young Jessie, 3 yrs.

Winners.

Florizel II., Prince of Wales' Plate, Epsom	£177
„ Prince's Handicap, Gatwick	875
„ Gold Vase, Ascot	580
„ Goodwood Cup	390
„ Manchester Cup	1947
„ Jockey Club Cup, Newmarket	390
Thaïs, Crabbet Plate, Gatwick	915
Persimmon, Coventry Stakes, Ascot	1724
„ Richmond Stakes, Goodwood	827
Courtier, Caterham Plate, Epsom	256
Safety-Pin, Match with Sir Maurice Fitzgerald's Princess Patsy	200
	<hr/> £8281 <hr/>

Florizel II. had gone on particularly well during the winter, and it was anticipated that he would in

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all probability continue his successes. Still, he was merely a "handicap horse," and there seemed no absolute reason for a confident belief that his younger brother would rise to altogether higher spheres. One of the other owners training in the stable at this time was Lord Wolverton, who had a horse called Ugly, remarkable for his speed; and it was a gallop with this animal which showed the Prince that in Persimmon he possessed a colt likely to do the amplest credit to the colours. Many of the best horses in Turf history have made their first appearances as two-year-olds at Ascot, often in the New Stakes, and since 1890 in the Coventry Stakes, a race whose title is a commemoration of Lord Coventry's Mastership of the Buckhounds. Persimmon, as a matter of course, was greatly admired when seen in the paddock on Tuesday, on which day the Coventry Stakes is always run; and he justified the admiration by winning with the utmost ease. Two years previously Lord Rosebery had carried off the Coventry Stakes with Ladas, who had duly won the Derby, and this seemed an example which the son of St. Simon and Perdita II. might at least conceivably follow. Persimmon did not run again till Goodwood, where he took part in the Richmond Stakes, which had also fallen to classic winners—to Janette, who had carried off the Oaks and St. Leger of 1878, to Wheel of Fortune who had won the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks, to Bend Or, winner of the Derby, to Dutch Oven, winner of the St. Leger. Persimmon again won with ease, and it would have been better had he then

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concluded his efforts for the year, for not long before the Middle Park Plate he had been coughing, and there were two most formidable rivals in Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's St. Frusquin, who had won three valuable races and had only once been beaten—when trying to give 12 lb. to Teufel at Kempton Park—and the late Duke of Westminster's Omladina, who had won the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster and elsewhere shown excellent form. These two beat the Prince's colt, though, considering his lack of condition at the time, which was not one of the common excuses but a veritable fact, the defeat did not really injure his reputation.

THE MIDDLE PARK PLATE of £2035, for two-year-olds.
Bretby Stakes course, six furlongs.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's St. Frusquin, 9 st. 3 lb.	F. Pratt	1
The Duke of Westminster's Omladina, 9 st.	M. Cannon	2
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Persimmon, 9 st. 3 lb.	J. Watts	3
Capt. H. B. M'Calmont's Knight of the Thistle, 8 st. 10 lb.	T. Loates	4
Mr. H. E. Beddington's Earwig, 9 st.	Finlay	0
Mr. C. J. Blake's Claros, 8 st. 10 lb.	Calder	0
Mr. Leonard Brassey's Bay Ronald, 8 st. 10 lb.	Bradford	0
The Duke of Devonshire's Balsamo, 8 st. 10 lb.	Fagan	0
Mr. Wallace Johnstone's Mimic, 9 st.	Allsopp	0
The Duke of Portland's Eisteddfod, 8 st. 11 lb.	Madden	0
Mr. Theobald's Bucephalus, 8 st. 10 lb.	Rickaby	0
Sir John Kelk's Father Thames, 8 st. 10 lb.	G. Chaloner	0

Betting.—2 to 1 agst Persimmon, 5 to 2 agst Omladina, 4 to 1 agst St. Frusquin, 10 to 1 agst Earwig, 100 to 9 agst Claros, 20 to 1 agst others. Won by half a length, five lengths between second and third. Time, 1 min. 16 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec.

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For the rest, Florizel II. fulfilled expectations by taking half-a-dozen prizes, and the summary shows the result of the year.

HORSES IN TRAINING, 1896.

Florizel II., b. h. by St. Simon—Perdita II., 5 yrs.
 Eclipse, b. c. by Althorp—Young Jessie, 4 yrs.
 Persimmon, b. c. by St. Simon—Perdita II., 3 yrs.
 Courtier, b. c. by Hampton—Marguerite, 3 yrs.
 Safety-Pin, b. g. by Surefoot—Pin-Basket, 3 yrs.
 Thaïs, b. f. by Merry Hampton—Welfare, 3 yrs.
 Chinkara, b. f. by Galopin—Raker, 3 yrs.
 St. Leonards, b. c. by St. Simon—Welfare, 2 yrs.
 Oakdene, b. c. by Donovan—Poetry, 2 yrs.
 Farrant, b. c. by Donovan—Perdita II., 2 yrs.
 St. Nicholas, b. c. by St. Serf—Fortuna, 2 yrs.
 Siebel, b. c. by Ayrshire—Marguerite, 2 yrs.
 Hugh Capet, ch. c. by Satiety—Marie Antoinette, 2 yrs.

Winners.

Persimmon, Derby	£5450
„ St. Leger	5050
„ Jockey Club Stakes, Newmarket	8990
Thaïs, One Thousand Guineas	5100
Safety-Pin, Andover Stakes, Stockbridge	175
„ Victoria Welter Handicap, Sandown	102
„ Corinthian Plate, Goodwood	207
„ Alexandra Plate, Doncaster	435
Eclipse, a Selling Plate, Newmarket First October	197
Courtier, an All Aged Plate, Stockbridge	100
Oakdene, Autumn Stakes, Newmarket Houghton	716
St. Nicholas, Halnaker Stakes, Goodwood	297
	<hr/>
	£26,819

The string in 1896 had increased to thirteen. Attention was almost entirely concentrated on Persimmon,

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who had grown into a magnificent three-year-old, retaining his fine action. During the Craven Meeting, when the Prince was in residence at Newmarket, Persimmon was galloped, and that with a couple of moderate animals, to whom it might have been expected he could have given any weight in reason, Courtier and Chinkara. To the dismay and bewilderment of owner, manager, and trainer, Persimmon did very badly—so badly indeed that it was perceived he could not be running up to within incalculable pounds of his form. As soon as Watts, who was riding, dismounted, he said he was convinced there must be something amiss; and the colt was blowing and sweating as if he had finished a very severe gallop, whereas he had scarcely been out of a canter. When Marsh got him home, the horse put his head in the manger and almost groaned with pain. Suspicion arose that he was suffering from his teeth—in fact, an abscess had formed under one of them. The trouble was soon rectified by the trainer's brother, an efficient horse dentist; but it was considered advisable not to run for the first of the classic races, the Two Thousand Guineas, which was very easily carried off by St. Frusquin. The First Spring Meeting, however, was not to pass off unproductively. Thaïs came out for the One Thousand Guineas, and, ridden by Watts, passed the post to all appearances so nearly in a line with the late Mr. Douglas Baird's Santa Maura that it was impossible to say what had happened until the judge, the only man able to speak with certainty, had pronounced



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that the Prince's filly led past him by the least distinguishable distance, a short head.

That Persimmon would recover his form Marsh did not doubt. Before the colt had ever been sent to him the trainer, who was accustomed to visit Sandringham and see how the foals were progressing, had allowed himself to grow hopeful that a very good, if not actually a great, horse had been produced there, and of course his two-year-old running, only confirming the trials as it did, had left no question. Still there was always a certain cause for apprehension. It is an established fact that Perdita II. was the main factor in the successes of the stud, but she herself had been hopelessly jady when in training. Towards the end of her career she simply declined to go on to the Limekilns to do her work, and there was an ever-present possibility that this strain in her nature would develop in her progeny.

In the early summer Persimmon went so well one morning that Marsh wrote a delighted letter to Lord Marcus Beresford, begging him to come down and see the colt gallop, dwelling on the dash and vigour which he was displaying. Lord Marcus arrived accordingly. Persimmon was started for a spin with Courtier, Safety-Pin, and Chinkara—bad animals, or, at any rate, very moderate ones, who should not have been able to make him do more than canter ; but this time Persimmon was very far indeed from distinguishing himself. He was a horse of moods who had his day, though most happily these moods only overtook him in his ordinary work ; when on a racecourse the soft strain which it

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was always feared he might have inherited from his dam was not apparent. A few days afterwards, when Lord Marcus was not present to have his recent impressions happily corrected—for he had gone away in somewhat despondent humour—Persimmon again began to go in his best form, and shortly before the Derby it was thought well to try him regularly. Their Royal Highnesses, the then Prince and Princess of Wales, were graciously pleased to be present with others of the Royal Family. The gallop was to take place on the private course which surrounds the grounds of the trainer's residence, and he had a little stand erected on his lawn for the accommodation of the Royal party. Safety-Pin and Courtier were put in, but the trial horse was the Duke of Devonshire's Balsamo, who was to win the City and Suburban next year and had already shown good form. Persimmon was set to give Balsamo 21 lb., with naturally a very great deal more weight to the others; and to the general delight he won so easily that his Derby prospects appeared promising in the extreme. Her Royal Highness the Princess warmly expressed her admiration of what she had seen, and, asking Marsh what impression the gallop had really conveyed to him—whether, that is to say, there were really strong hopes that Persimmon would win the Derby—received the answer, “We have only one to beat, Your Royal Highness—Mr. Rothschild's St. Frusquin.”

How accurate the trainer's opinion was, the event shortly proved. Marsh's fears were a reflex of public opinion. In summing up between St. Frusquin and

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Persimmon, it was almost a matter of course that the preference should be for Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's colt. He had beaten Persimmon five lengths in the Middle Park Plate, and though no secret was made of the fact that the Prince's representative was not at his best, there are many racegoers who have a rooted indisposition to accept excuses, which far more often than not turn out to possess little foundation. How much was Persimmon behind his real form at Newmarket, people asked? Admitting that the statement had truth in it, perhaps it was not sufficient to account for all these five lengths? Had there been very much the matter with him, it was argued, so careful a trainer as Marsh, and so experienced a manager as Lord Marcus Beresford, would surely have dissuaded His Royal Highness from running; and the Prince was always ready to follow their strong recommendation. Persimmon had, moreover, started a strong favourite at 2 to 1 for the Middle Park Plate, and the consensus of opinion which causes a horse to stand at such short odds, especially for an important race, is almost invariably guided and formed by knowledge. Furthermore, Persimmon had not been able to run for the Two Thousand Guineas, and this was necessarily held to tell against him. St. Frusquin had won that classic, and had done so with superlative ease, his success having been regarded as so assured that odds of 100 to 12 had actually been laid upon him. Nor was that all. Prior to the Newmarket Stakes, which came on for decision a fortnight after the Two Thousand, the ground had been hard. St. Frusquin was not the

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soundest of horses—indeed he had a constant tendency to go lame. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild had considered it inadvisable to let him run, and had started Galeazzo instead. Galeazzo was a distinctly useful colt, almost a good one—the terms of comparison run, “bad,” “moderate,” “useful,” “good,” and there are a very few horses who merit the epithet “great”—but he was considerably inferior to St. Frusquin. Nevertheless, the son of Galopin and Eira was able to beat his fourteen opponents, second to him being Balsamo, who, as we have seen, was Persimmon’s trial horse. St. Frusquin had therefore become an odds on favourite for the Derby, and retained his position to the last.

The Prince almost invariably arrived on a course well before the first race, and he reached Epsom on this famous 3rd of June in plenty of time to witness the two contests which preceded the struggle for the Blue Riband. Helen Nicholls, an American-bred daughter of the Derby winner Iroquois, won the opening event ; the Stanley Stakes for two-years-old fell to Zarabanda, the property of Sir Frederick Johnstone, a life-long friend of His Royal Highness ; but these created small interest. The all-absorbing question was whether the Prince would win the greatest of races, comparatively few of those assembled supposing that his chance was really a good one. St. Frusquin “hardened in the market,” as the phrase goes ; Persimmon’s supporters could get 6 to 1 till the field of eleven came out to parade before the stands, and then there was something of a reaction

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in favour of the handsome bearer of the "purple, gold-braid, scarlet sleeves, black cap with gold fringe," whose attractive appearance sent him to 5 to 1, without, however, weakening the status of St. Frusquin, on whom his admirers willingly laid 7 to 4, an idea prevailing that Persimmon was being backed in many cases chiefly because he belonged to the Prince, and the wish for his victory influenced the outlays. The more a horse is backed, the shorter the odds against him become ; there was a wide margin, it will be seen, between the prices of St. Frusquin and Persimmon, and it was furthermore imagined that the latter had held a false position in consequence of the fact that he was carrying the Royal colours.

Running was made by Bay Ronald—destined, in course of time, to earn fame as the sire of Bayardo. Bradwardine, Earwig, and the despised Tamarind came next, the last two of all being St. Frusquin and Persimmon. Soon after the field had settled down, Gulistan went to the front to accomplish his mission of pacemaker for St. Frusquin ; if Tamarind had been started to do the same thing for Bay Ronald his attempt was vain, for he could not go fast enough to live with the others and speedily dropped out, and in fact the sire of Bayardo was doing remarkably well. He led round Tattenham Corner, before reaching which memorable landmark St. Frusquin made his way into second place, and with him was Persimmon, though not before Watts had been badly scared. About the mile-post Persimmon hung, seeming to be afraid to go up to his horses ; and

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here the jockey's skill was manifested. Instead of pressing the colt, which would probably have alarmed him, he patiently sat quite still. Persimmon soon recovered, and then went in pursuit of St. Frusquin. Watts had fully assimilated the fact that Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's colt was the one he had to beat—if he could. By now it had come to a question of "class," and the class of St. Frusquin and Persimmon being superior to that of Mr. Leonard Brassey's colt, the inevitable happened: Bay Ronald fell back beaten. St. Frusquin went on well clear of Persimmon and led past the Bell. But among the multitude who lined the course were many possessors of sharp eyes, and they perceived that Persimmon was going the faster of the pair, that, with his long and sweeping stride, he was gradually, if very slowly, reducing the gap, and that there was yet time for him to get up. So a murmur of delight began to rise from thousands of throats; and there was reason for it. Less than a hundred yards from the winning post Persimmon had drawn level. St. Frusquin gallantly strove to hold his own. The race was not yet over, for a falter or a swerve on the part of the bearer of the Royal colours—and horses will falter under such tremendous pressure—would still have been fatal. Here the advantage of the stronger jockey was evident. Persimmon got his head in front; St. Frusquin could not, struggle as he might, regain the position, and, forging just a little farther in advance, Persimmon passed the post a neck to the good.

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With what throbbing pulses the Prince had watched this thrilling contest of giants can only be guessed. As for spectators, the cheers had swelled to a hurricane which must have been heard for miles around. The Prince of Wales had won the Derby! After years of patience and ill-luck, at last he had his reward. It was a spectacle such as had never been witnessed before on a racecourse. Members rushed down from the stand to the enclosure, waving their hats as they gazed up to where His Royal Highness stood, pale but with a delighted smile on his face. It was not a time for reticence, and these members of the Club roared as lustily as the crowd outside. In a moment the course was covered by a dense throng, all eyes directed to the place where the Prince still stood, all mouths open to add to the torrent of congratulation. His Royal Highness left his stand. Tradition demands that the owner of the Derby winner should lead in his horse, so the Prince had gone down to perform the allotted function. The field had pulled up away towards the paddock, and with great difficulty the police made a path for their return. The Prince awaited his champion out on the course, beyond the gate of the enclosure before the weighing-room, and the tens of thousands who had come in the hope of seeing what they had seen, having somewhat recovered their breath, again roared forth their thunder of delight. So Persimmon and his owner returned to the weighing-room door, near which were many who were privileged to be friends of His Royal High-

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ness, and there was fervour in their joyous, "Congratulate you very much, sir!" as there was warm appreciation in the Prince's smiling response, "Thank you, thank you!" Marsh was not forgotten. With him His Royal Highness cordially shook hands, adding words of generous acknowledgment. Lord Marcus Beresford too, of course, came in for his share as a factor in the triumph. The familiar "All right!" was shouted as Watts left the scale, and the Prince's hand being free he gave it to one after another of those who had the honour of knowing him, as he ascended the stairs leading to his stand, to rest a little after the wild excitement of those crowded and never-to-be-forgotten moments. Winning the Derby always means much; in the history of the race it had never meant as much as this.

The official record must be appended. It runs:—

The One Hundred and Seventeenth Renewal of the DERBY STAKES of 6000 sov., by subscription of 50 sov. each, h. ft., or 5 sov. if declared, with 165 sov. added, for 3 yrs. old, colts 9 st. and fillies 8 st. 9 lb.; the nominator of the winner recd. 500 sov., the owner of the second 300 sov., and the owner of the third 200 sov. out of the stakes; about one mile and a half (276 subs., 67 of whom paid 5 sov. each—£5450).

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' b. c. Persimmon,		
by St. Simon	J. Watts	1
Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's br. c. St. Frusquin	T. Loates	2
Mr. H. E. Beddington's br. c. Earwig	Allsopp	3
Mr. B. S. Strauss' br. c. Teufel	F. Pratt	4
Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b. c. Gulistan .	Calder	0
Mr. L. Brassey's b. c. Bay Ronald	Bradford	0
Mr. L. Brassey's b. c. Tamarind	Grimshaw	0

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Mr. A. Calvert's br. c. Bradwardine	.	.	Rickaby	o
Mr. J. Wallace's b. c. Spook	.	.	Colling	o
Mr. E. Cassel's b. c. Toussaint	.	.	Woodburn	o
Mr. H. M'Calmont's b. c. Knight of the Thistle.	.	.	M. Cannon	o

Mr. Rothschild declared to win with St. Frusquin.

Betting.—13 to 8 on St. Frusquin, 5 to 1 agst Persimmon, 100 to 9 agst Teufel, 25 to 1 each agst Bay Ronald and Knight of the Thistle, 33 to 1 each agst Gulistan and Earwig, 40 to 1 agst Bradwardine, 100 to 1 agst Spook and Toussaint, 1000 to 1 agst Tamarind. Won by a neck, four lengths between second and third. Time, 2 min. 42 sec.

Except the Prince, no one was more deeply interested in the Derby of 1896 than Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, for reasons which this narrative will have made plain ; and it occurred to me to ask him if he could give me any special details of the great race—a glimpse, as it were, behind the scenes. I had forgotten at the time that Mr. de Rothschild was not present. It was, I believe, the anniversary of his father's death, and not even the temptation of seeing his colt win the Derby, as he naturally expected St. Frusquin would do, could draw him to Epsom. He kindly writes, however : "Persimmon was certainly a great horse, probably better by far as a four-year-old than in his earlier days. I was staying at Newmarket on the Saturday and Sunday prior to the Derby. My brother, Lord Rothschild, and I went to see Persimmon in his box, when Marsh told us that he had been an extremely difficult horse to train. He had been amiss in the spring, and it took him some time to recover. Though not very sanguine,

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Marsh said the horse was gradually improving day by day, and that in a marked manner. As you will no doubt remember, there was considerable difficulty in boxing Persimmon. He was very excited, and it took all Marsh's patience and ingenuity to get him into the train without running any risk of injuring him. It was eventually done, and Marsh, as well as many others, thought that this excitement had done the colt as much good as, if not more than, one or two strong gallops would have done. At any rate, I saw Persimmon canter at Epsom the morning of the race, and was much struck by the improvement in his appearance since the previous Saturday. Marsh agreed, when I remarked this to him. I was not present at the Derby, and you know all the details of the great event far better than I do.

"A month later, when St. Frusquin beat Persimmon for the Princess of Wales' Stakes at Newmarket, the King was the first to congratulate me, and in the most considerate and gracious way alluded to the Derby, saying that no doubt Persimmon and St. Frusquin were both great horses. King Edward was at all times most anxious to give pleasure. It was entirely his wish that any member of the Jockey Club fortunate enough to win the Derby should present a portrait of the horse to the Club. In the hour of success on the Turf, his first thought was to thank those who had helped him to win ; when there was a disappointment—and in racing there must be many—he always made every excuse, and was never impatient. King Edward's association with the Turf

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has done much to remove the impression that racing cannot be conducted in a healthy manner, in the spirit of pure sport. The enthusiasm of the masses on Epsom Down when Minoru won will never be forgotten, and showed how our great and good King had endeared himself to the hearts of his people."

When Thaïs left Newmarket her chance of winning the Oaks was considered much greater than the chance of Persimmon for the Derby. On her arrival at Epsom, however, she was found to be sweating, and though not in any ascertainable way amiss, she was obviously upset. She would eat nothing, nor would she drink. During all her absence from home she barely consumed a handful of corn, and as a natural result was weak and out of sorts when she went to the post on the Friday. Marsh's faith in her necessarily diminished ; but her condition was not generally known, nor indeed were the hopes of her trainer altogether dissipated, and she remained to the end a strong favourite. The Racing Calendar records :—

The One Hundred and Eighteenth Renewal of the OAKS STAKES of 4500 sov., by subscription of 50 sov. each, h. ft., or 5 sov. if declared, with 205 sov. added, for three-years-old fillies, 9 st. each ; the nominator of the winner recd. 400 sov., the owner of the second 200 sov., and the owner of the third 100 sov. out of the stakes ; about a mile and a half (200 subs., 49 of whom paid 5 sov. each—£4150).

Lord Derby's ch. f. Canterbury Pilgrim, by
Tristan

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' br. f. Thaïs	•	Rickaby	1
Capt. Laing's b. f. Proposition	•	J. Watts	2
	•	Bradford	3

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Lord Ellesmere's b. f. Miss Fraser	.	.	F. Pratt	4
Mr. Hamar Bass's ch. f., sister to Ella Tweed, by Salisbury out of Galop	.	.	Calder	0
Mr. J. Saloschin's ch. f. Méli Mélo	.	.	Allsopp	0
Lord Londonderry's ch. f. Nenemoosha	.	.	T. Loates	0
Mr. H. M'Calmont's ch. f. Amphora	.	.	G. Chaloner	0
Lord Rosebery's ch. f. Avilion	.	.	Fagan	0
Duke of Westminster's b. f. Helm	.	.	M. Cannon	0
Sir S. Scott's bl. f. Ardvourlie	.	.	Madden	0

Betting.—13 to 8 agst Thaïs, 4 to 1 agst sister to Ella Tweed, 100 to 12 agst Helm, 100 to 9 agst Avilion, 100 to 8 agst Canterbury Pilgrim and Miss Fraser, 100 to 7 agst Proposition and Nenemoosha, and 20 to 1 agst Méli Mélo and Amphora. Won by two lengths, a length between second and third. Time, 2 min. 45 $\frac{3}{8}$ sec.

Amphora, after breeding a good winner for her owner in Glass Jug, was to pass into the possession of the Prince, at whose stud, however, she must be pronounced to have been almost a failure. She became the dam of the disappointing Perrier. That Thaïs had not shown her true capacity at Epsom received proof at the Ascot Meeting in the race details of which are here given :—

THE CORONATION STAKES of 100 sov. each, h. ft., with 300 sov. added, for three-years-old fillies; second recd. 200 sov. out of the stakes, and third saved his stake; Old Mile (55 subs.—£3050).

Duke of Westminster's Helm by Morion, 8 st. 10 lb.	.	.	M. Cannon	1
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Thaïs, 9 st. 3 lb.	.	.	J. Watts	2
Lord Ellesmere's Miss Fraser, 8 st. 10 lb.	.	.	F. Pratt	3
Lord Derby's Canterbury Pilgrim, 9 st. 3 lb.	.	.	Rickaby	0
Mr. H. M'Calmont's Amphora, 8 st. 10 lb.	.	.	G. Chaloner	0
Prince Soltykoff's La Toison d'Or, 8 st. 10 lb.	.	.	Toon	0

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Sir. J. Blundell Maple's St. Ange, 8 st. 3 lb. . Bradford o
Duke of Portland's Golden Moments, 8 st.
3 lb. T. Loates o

Betting.—7 to 4 agst Canterbury Pilgrim, 11 to 4 agst Thaïs, 11 to 2 agst Helm, 10 to 1 agst Amphora and Golden Moments, 100 to 6 agst La Toison d'Or and St. Ange. Won by three parts of a length, half a length between second and third.

Here it will be seen that Thaïs readily beat her Epsom conqueror, but just failed to give Helm 7 lb. It appears quite evident, therefore, that had the Prince's filly been herself at Epsom she would have won the Oaks, the only one of the classic races in which the colours of the Prince and subsequently of the King were never borne to victory.

One other horse belonging to His Royal Highness ran at the Ascot Meeting. Florizel II. went to the post for the Gold Cup, and one of the mysteries of training is how Marsh ever got him there. Florizel had well-nigh broken down after his exertions in the previous season, and that he could be prepared for the Cup, seeing the extreme severity of the preparation essential for such a race, appeared impossible. He had been occasioning endless anxiety. Marsh had to find opportunities of galloping him when his legs and the ground were suitable, or as little unsuitable as they could be in conjunction ; however, he reached Ascot to a certain extent fit, although it was noted with renewed consternation that, as is so frequently the case there, the going was adamantine. He survived the race, and did far better than could have been anticipated.

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

THE GOLD CUP, value 1000 sov., with 2000 sov. in specie (of which the second recd. 500 sov., and the third 250 sov.), added to a Sweepstake of 20 sov. each, h. ft. ; three-years-old, 7 st. 7 lb. ; four, 9 st. ; five, six, and aged, 9 st. 4 lb. ; m. and g. allowed 3 lb. ; starting at the Cup Post and going once round, about two miles and a half (39 subs.—£2680).

Mr. Hamar Bass's ch. c. Love Wisely, by Wisdom, 3 yrs.	S. Loates	1
M. E. de St. Alary's ch. c. Omnium II., 4 yrs.	Rolfe	2
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' b. or br. h. Florizel II., 5 yrs.	J. Watts	3
Mr. W. W. Fulton's b. m. Laodamia, 6 yrs.	Bradford	4
Mr. T. Worton's ch. h. Victor Wild, 6 yrs.	M. Cannon	0
Lord Rosebery's b. c. Sir Visto	T. Loates	0

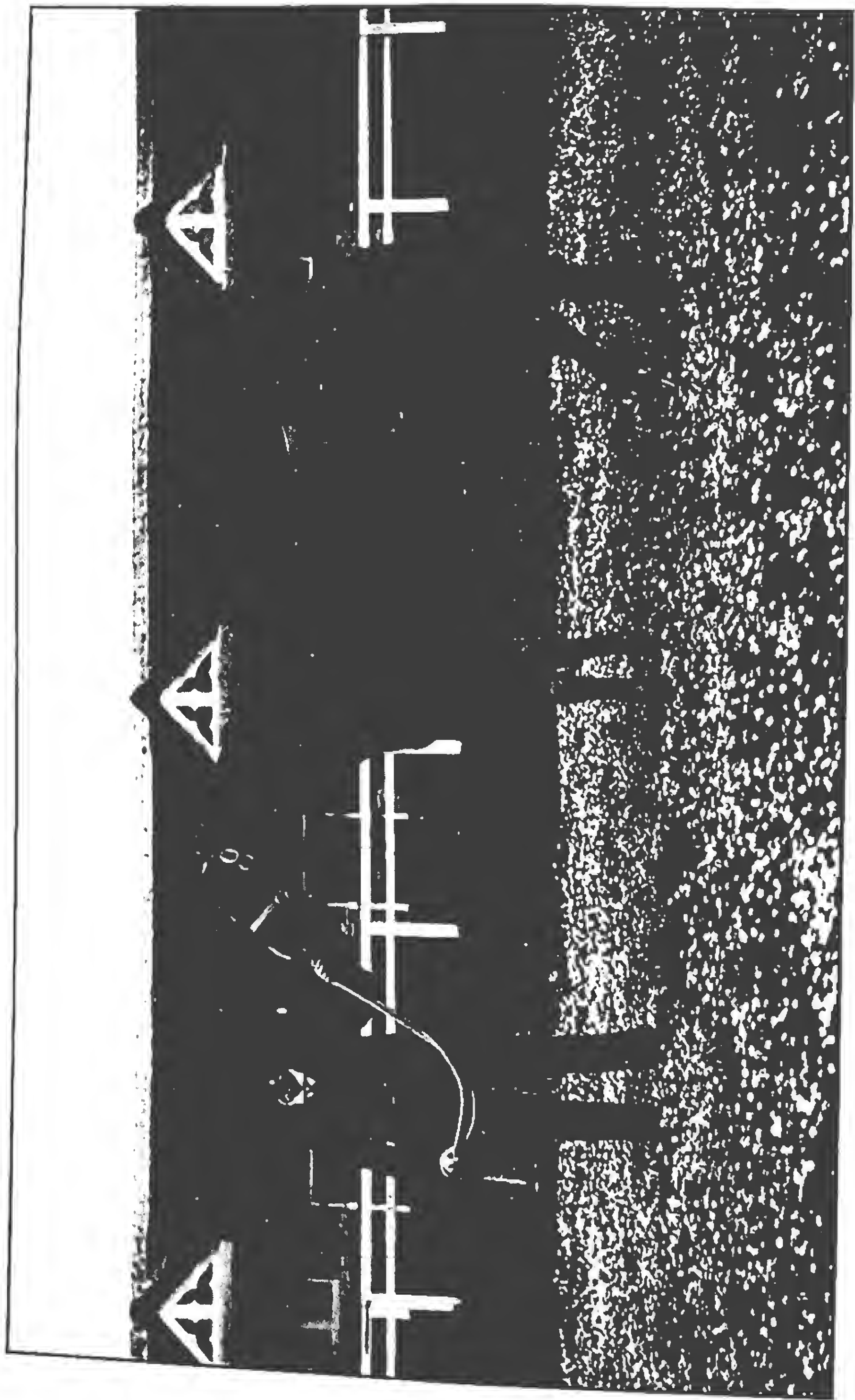
Betting.—13 to 8 agst Victor Wild, 2 to 1 agst Omnium II., 100 to 14 each agst Florizel II. and Sir Visto, 10 to 1 agst Love Wisely, and 100 to 7 agst Laodamia. Won by two lengths, a head between second and third.

Florizel II. ran no more. That he should have lasted through the race was little short of a miracle. The Prince soon afterwards bought Laodamia, a beautiful mare, and, it was believed, a good one, though she does not escape the imputation of having been a failure in the paddock notwithstanding that her son Slim Lad won some races and could have won others had he pleased.

When the season of 1897 opened, the weakness was in three-year-olds. It was quite evident that there was no possible hope of classic distinction. The eleven were as follows :—

HORSES IN TRAINING, 1897.

Persimmon, b. c. by St. Simon—Perdita II., 4 yrs.
 Safety-Pin, b. g. by Surefoot—Pin-Basket, 4 yrs.
 Oakdene, b. c. by Donovan—Poetry, 3 yrs.



LAODAMIA, WITH EDMUND WALKER, THE STUD GROOM AT SANDRINGHAM

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Farrant, b. c. by Donovan—Perdita II., 3 yrs.
 St. Nicholas, b. c. by St. Serf—Fortuna, 3 yrs.
 Ormathwaite, b. c. by Orme—Marguerite, 2 yrs.
 Fryston, ch. g. by Friar's Balsam—Mary Seaton, 2 yrs.
 Azeeza, b. f. by Surefoot—Perdita II., 2 yrs.
 Little Dorrit, b. f. by Donovan—Pierrette, 2 yrs.
 Mousme, br. f. by St. Simon—Fanchette, 2 yrs.
 Glentilt, b. g. by Highland Chief—Duchess of Connaught,
 6 yrs.

Winners.

Persimmon, Eclipse Stakes	£9285
„ Gold Cup, Ascot	3380
Little Dorrit, John o' Gaunt Plate, Manchester	444
„ Two-Year-Old Plate, Kempton Park	535
Safety-Pin, Southdown Club Open Handicap, Lewes	243
„ Members' Plate, Lingfield	100
Oakdene, Bradgate Park Plate, Doncaster	175
Mousme, July Stakes, Newmarket	1400
„ Two-Year-Old Plate, Newmarket Craven	208
	<hr/>
	£15,770

Here was Persimmon, however, happily fit and well, and after his achievements of the previous year it was anticipated that he would be trained for the Ascot Cup, which is recognised as setting the seal on a horse's fame. For the purpose of leading him in his work an old horse called Glentilt was purchased, a good stayer, for he had run second in the Great Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom with 7 st. 7 lb., giving the winner, Soliman, 3 lb. Persimmon throve, and shortly before Ascot was tried. He carried 9 st. 12 lb., Glentilt 6 st. 3 lb. ; and with others to help, they were sent two miles and a half on the July course. When Persimmon was passing the winning-post Glentilt had

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not got into the dip, being in fact from a furlong to a quarter of a mile behind, in receipt, as will be perceived, of 3 st. 9 lb. That Persimmon could lose the Cup seemed impossible, and in fact he cantered home for it at his leisure. Doubts were felt as to whether Winkfield's Pride would stay the course, but he did so much better than most people expected. The verdict in Persimmon's favour was eight lengths, and four lengths behind the second came Love Wisely, about whose staying there was no doubt, as he had won the race twelve months before. The only other starter was Limasol, making her first appearance since she won the Oaks from Chelandry.

THE GOLD CUP of £3380. About two miles and a half.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Persimmon,

4 yrs., 9 st.	J. Watts	1
Mr. J. C. Sullivan's Winkfield's Pride, 4 yrs.,		
9 st.	M. Cannon	2
Mr. Hamar Bass's Love Wisely, 4 yrs., 9 st. .	S. Loates	3
Lord Hindlip's Limasol, 3 yrs., 7 st. 4 lb. .	Allsopp	0

Betting.—85 to 40 on Persimmon, 4 to 1 agst Winkfield's Pride, 8 to 1 agst Limasol, 100 to 8 agst Love Wisely. Time, 4 min. 34 sec.

It may be assumed that there had never been any idea of striking Persimmon out of the Eclipse Stakes, and for this he was now prepared. The result was according to anticipation :—

Tenth Renewal of the ECLIPSE STAKES of £9285, Eclipse Stakes Course (1½ miles).

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Persimmon, 4 yrs.,

10 st. 2 lb.	J. Watts	1
Lord Rosebery's Velasquez, 3 yrs., 9 st. 4 lb. .	C. Wood	2

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Mr. Leonard Brassey's Bay Ronald, 4 yrs.,
 9 st. 13 lb. Bradford 3
 Mr. J. H. Platt's Bradwardine, 4 yrs., 9 st. 6 lb. T. Loates 4
 Mr. A. Menier's Beato, 4 yrs., 9 st. 10 lb. . . . T. Lane 5

Betting—100 to 12 on Persimmon, 12½ to 1 agst Velasquez,
 25 to 1 agst Bay Ronald, 33 to 1 agst Bradwardine, 40 to 1
 agst Beato. Won by 2 lengths, 4 lengths between second and
 third. Time, 2 min. 9¾ sec.

Mousme, a half-sister to Versailles, was a very moderate filly, and had been esteemed lucky to win a Maiden Plate at the Craven Meeting. She afterwards, however, ran second in the Hyde Park Stakes at the Epsom Spring Meeting, though this by no means suggested the likelihood of her winning so important a race as the July Stakes. But it happened that this event, which has frequently fallen to horses of the first class, was contested by only four quite exceptionally bad ones, of whom Mousme proved best. She won nothing more. Farrant, the three-year-old half-brother to Persimmon, was a very bad horse, and the two-year-old half-sister, Azeeza, a worse filly.

In 1898 the twelve at Egerton House were :—

HORSES IN TRAINING, 1898.

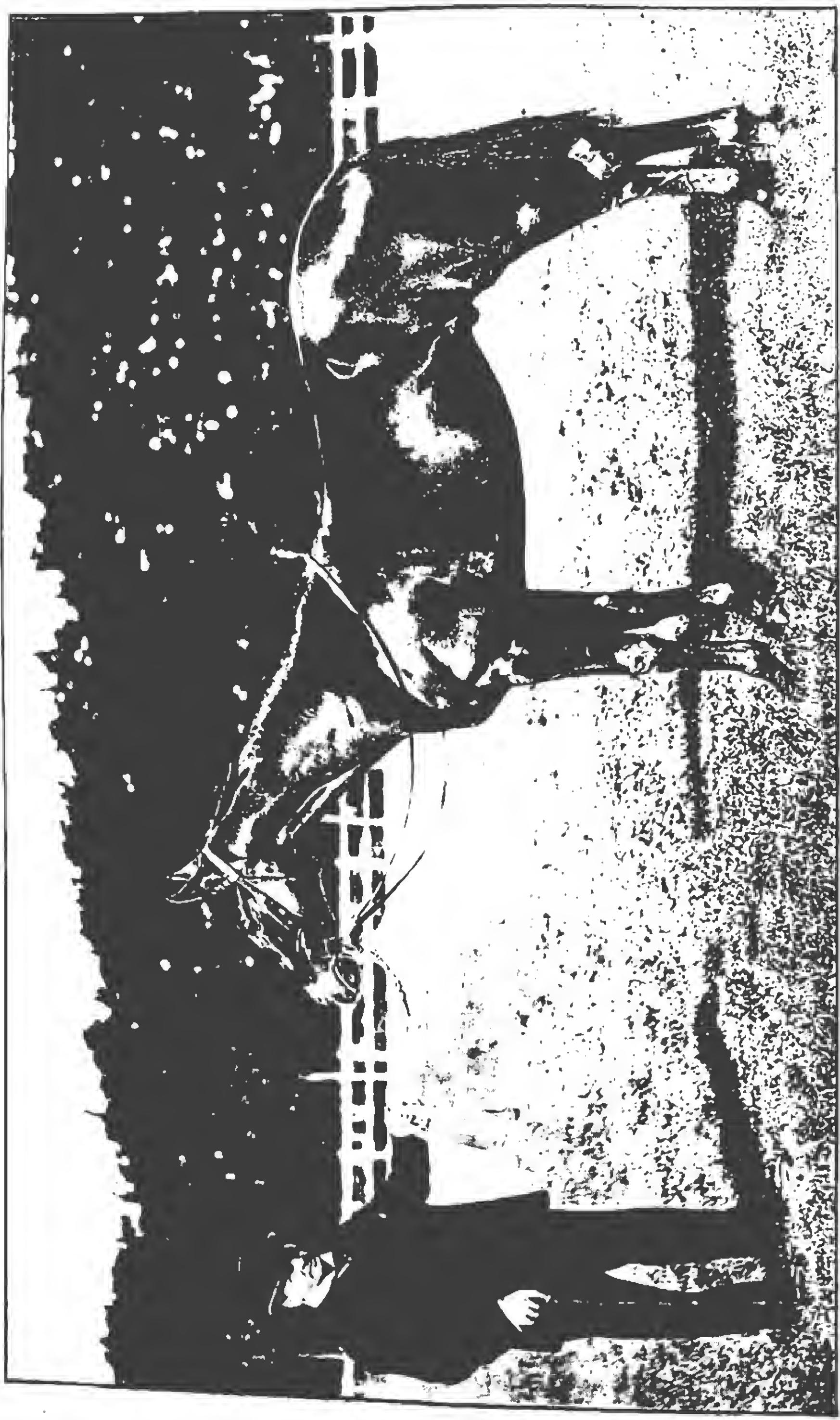
Oakdene, b. c. by Donovan—Poetry, 4 yrs.
 Ormathwaite, b. c. by Orme—Marguerite, 3 yrs.
 Azeeza, b. f. by Surefoot—Perdita II., 3 yrs.
 Mousme, br. f. by St. Simon—Fanchette, 3 yrs.
 Little Dorrit, br. f. by Donovan—Pierrette, 3 yrs.
 Sandringham, br. c. by St. Simon—Perdita II., 2 yrs.
 Hedge Warbler, b. g. by Windgall—Marguerite, 2 yrs.
 Eventail, ch. f. by Ayrshire—Fanchette, 2 yrs.
 Rosamunde, b. f. by Ragimunde—Operetta, 2 yrs.
 Pochinette, b. f. by Kendal—Pierrette, 2 yrs.
 Nunsuch, b. f. by Nunthorpe—La Morlaye, 4 yrs.
 Lucknow, ch. c. by St. Angelo—Luck, 3 yrs.

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

Winners.

Eventail, Royal Two-Year-Old Plate, Kempton Park	£2660
„ Acorn Stakes, Epsom	477
„ Prince of Wales' Stakes, Goodwood	2200
Nunsuch, Old Cambridgeshire, Newmarket	812
Lucknow, All Aged Plate, Hurst Park	136
„ De Warrenne Handicap, Lewes	276
„ Hampton Mid-Weight Handicap, Warwick	195
	<hr/>
	£6756

Everything seemed to depend on the two-year-olds, or well-nigh everything, for not much could reasonably be expected from Oakdene, Ormathwaite, Azeeza, Mousme, or Little Dorrit; and the Prince, who I think had never bought a horse in training before or bought one afterwards—I am excepting Glentilt, acquired for a special purpose—purchased Nunsuch, a four-year-old daughter of Nunthorpe and La Morlaye. She had won the North Derby at Newcastle, had shown highly respectable form as a three-year-old, looked like improving, and when tried with the Duke of Devonshire's Dieudonné, an occupant of Marsh's stable, prior to the Cambridgeshire, did so well that it was supposed, with 7 st. to carry, her prospects were excellent. There was, of course, as invariably happens, a large field. Nunsuch, ridden by Sloan, was a strong second favourite; but all hopes were immediately dissipated at the fall of the flag. The filly was hopelessly left, never in the race, which fell to Georgic, who beat Mr. Reid Walker's Dinna Forget (the latter giving 12 lb.) by little more than a length. Nunsuch was a particularly easy mare to ride, always willing and alert; that she should have



SANDRINGHAM AS A YEARLING

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failed to get off with such an accomplished jockey as Sloan on her back was altogether extraordinary. Two days later she came out for the Old Cambridgeshire, Georgic also running. With the penalty the latter had earned she was now carrying 7 st. 12 lb., Nunsuch 7 st., the same weight as had been allotted to her in the other Cambridgeshire, where Georgic was set to give her 8 lb. At this second attempt Nunsuch beat Georgic in a canter by ten or a dozen lengths, very distinctly showing what ought to have happened forty-eight hours previously.

The Prince's luck varied, as luck on the Turf will. It was distinctly good in the case of Eventail. She had, indeed, been well tried, and was backed for the Royal Two-Year-Old Plate at Kempton Park ; but it is always lucky to win by a head—if, that is to say, the winner has nothing to spare—and this was the case here. She just succeeded in getting home in front of a filly called No Trumps, whom she beat again in the Acorn Stakes ; and it was by another short head that she beat St. Gris in the Prince of Wales' Stakes at Goodwood. Lucknow, it will be seen, won three minor events, but the brother to Persimmon, Sandringham, was never able to run at all.

The string in 1899 numbered fifteen. They were :—

HORSES IN TRAINING, 1899.

Sandringham, b. c. by St. Simon—Perdita II., 3 yrs.
Lucknow, ch. c. by St. Angelo—Luck, 4 yrs.
Hedge Warbler, b. g. by Windgall—Marguerite, 4 yrs.
Eventail, ch. f. by Ayrshire—Fanchette, 3 yrs.
Oakdene, b. h. by Donovan—Poetry, 5 yrs.

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Lady Daisy, br. f. by Orme—Marguerite, 2 yrs.
 Frontignan, b. c. by St. Simon—Sweet Muscat, 2 yrs.
 Muscovado, b. c. by Prince Hampton—Unrefined, 2 yrs.
 Der Freischütz, b. c. by Carbine—Operetta, 2 yrs.
 Fitzsimmons, br. c. by St. Simon—Merrie Lassie, 2 yrs.
 Diamond Jubilee, b. c. by St. Simon—Perdita II., 2 yrs.
 Donizetti, b. c. by Donovan—Fanchette, 2 yrs.
 Kalsipi, b. f. by Ayrshire—Chinkara, 2 yrs.
 Safety-Pin, b. g. by Surefoot—Pin-Basket, 6 yrs.
 Love Lies Bleeding.

Winners.

Diamond Jubilee, Boscawen Stakes, Newmarket	£1200
Lucknow, Apprentice Handicap, Newmarket Second	
July	100
„ Sussex Plate, Brighton	274
„ Brighton High-Weight Handicap	442
Muscovado, Maiden Plate, Newmarket First July	172
	<hr/>
	£2188

Early in the autumn another brother to Persimmon had arrived at Newmarket—Diamond Jubilee, a well-grown, attractive colt, if not so good looking as his senior, though I may add that on this point there was not universal agreement. He showed capacity for galloping, at the same time giving evidence of possessing a wayward temper. He was not actually vicious, but, as was not unnatural in the circumstances, considering what Persimmon had done, the young one had been rather petted and spoilt. The programme which had been followed by his brother was to be repeated as nearly as possible, and he came out in the Coventry Stakes at Ascot. Here the resemblance ended. Starting an almost even-money favourite, he was unplaced to Lord William Beresford's Democrat, a horse, it

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may be incidentally remarked, who afterwards became Marsh's property, and was given by him to Lord Kitchener, who rode him as a charger ; for after a brilliant two-year-old career Democrat entirely lost his form.

Diamond Jubilee reappeared in the July Stakes, again starting at even money ; but Watts, accomplished horseman as he was, could do nothing with the colt, who ran about, bucking and kicking, and occasionally standing bolt upright on his hind legs. There were six starters, and when presently they were sent on their way and the race was over, Diamond Jubilee was sixth. Once again he was trusted, for the Prince of Wales' Stakes at Goodwood, when he was also again favourite, ridden by Mornington Cannon ; and he did better, though beaten by a colt of Lord Rosebery's breeding, Epsom Lad. Diamond Jubilee's fourth attempt was successful. After a desperate finish with Mr. Wallace Johnstone's Paigle for the Boscawen Stakes, no one being able to say what had happened until the number was hoisted, it appeared that the Prince's colt had won by a short head. Hopes, however, were more distinctly revived by his performance in the Middle Park Plate, when, giving Democrat 3 lb., he ran the American-bred colt to half a length, suggesting that had they met at even weights Diamond Jubilee might just have won, though this may not have been the case, as in the Dewhurst Plate a fortnight later Democrat, giving 1 lb., beat Diamond Jubilee three-parts of a length. The Boscawen Stakes was worth £1200, and without

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this it will be seen that the Prince would have had a very poor year.

The following eighteen opened the season of 1900 :—

HORSES IN TRAINING, 1900.

Sandringham, b. c. by St. Simon—Perdita II., 3 yrs.
 Lucknow, ch. h. by St. Angelo—Luck, 5 yrs.
 Frontignan, b. c. by St. Simon—Sweet Muscat, 3 yrs.
 Fitzsimmons, br. c. by St. Simon—Merrie Lassie, 3 yrs.
 Diamond Jubilee, b. c. by St. Simon—Perdita II., 3 yrs.
 Florican II., b. c. by Florizel II.—Lucky Shot, 2 yrs.
 Lauzun, b. c. by St. Simon—Merrie Lassie, 2 yrs.
 Carolina Duck, ch. or bl. f. by Rusticus—La Carolina, 2 yrs.
 Lady Lade, b. f. by Ladas—Unrefined, 2 yrs.
 Frusquina, b. f. by St. Frusquin—Meadow Chat, 2 yrs.
 Muscatina, b. or br. f. by Florizel II.—Sweet Muscat, 2 yrs.
 Chinka, b. f. by Florizel II.—Chinkara, 2 yrs.
 Lord Quex, b. c. by Sir Hugo—Leveret, 2 yrs.
 Vane, b. f. by Flying Fox—Vampire, 2 yrs.
 David II., by Tawny—Quesal, aged.
 Doric II., ch. g. by Sailor Prince—Darya.

Winners.

Diamond Jubilee, Two Thousand Guineas .	£4700	0	0
„ Newmarket Stakes . . .	3425	10	0
„ The Derby	5450	0	0
„ Eclipse Stakes	9285	0	0
„ St. Leger	5125	0	0
Lucknow, Sussex Plate, Brighton . . .	147	0	0
„ Portland Plate, Doncaster . . .	735	0	0
Lord Quex, Ditch Mile Nursery, Newmarket			
Second October	191	0	0
„ Houghton Stakes, Newmarket . .	537	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£29,585	10	0

It will be seen that Sandringham remained in training, though it was hoping against hope to keep

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him ; and it appeared rash to anticipate much from Diamond Jubilee, though there were very distinct possibilities about him. His temper had not improved, and he seemed to have taken a special dislike to his jockey, Mornington Cannon. Why he should have done so it is difficult to say, as Cannon's methods, like those of his father, were always rather persuasive than coercive. They did not get on together nevertheless. The colt had a way of turning his head round and looking at his rider in a manner which was far from encouraging ; it implied animosity, and one morning in the spring, on pulling up after a gallop, as soon as Cannon had slipped out of the saddle, Diamond Jubilee seized hold of him and threw him down. Luckily, help was at hand and no harm was done. It was difficult for Marsh to know how to act. Cannon declared that the colt would not go with him, and that it would certainly be well to provide him with another jockey, whereupon the trainer wrote to Lord Marcus Beresford to ask what should be done. Diamond Jubilee seemed to go kindly enough with his own boy, Herbert Jones, and Marsh's suggestion was that Jones, though at the time scarcely known as a jockey—in 1899 he had taken part in forty-three races and won but two of them—should be allowed to ride. The matter was laid before His Royal Highness, and when Diamond Jubilee went to the post for the Two Thousand Guineas, to the surprise of spectators Jones was on his back. The experiment was amply justified, as the return of the race will show.

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

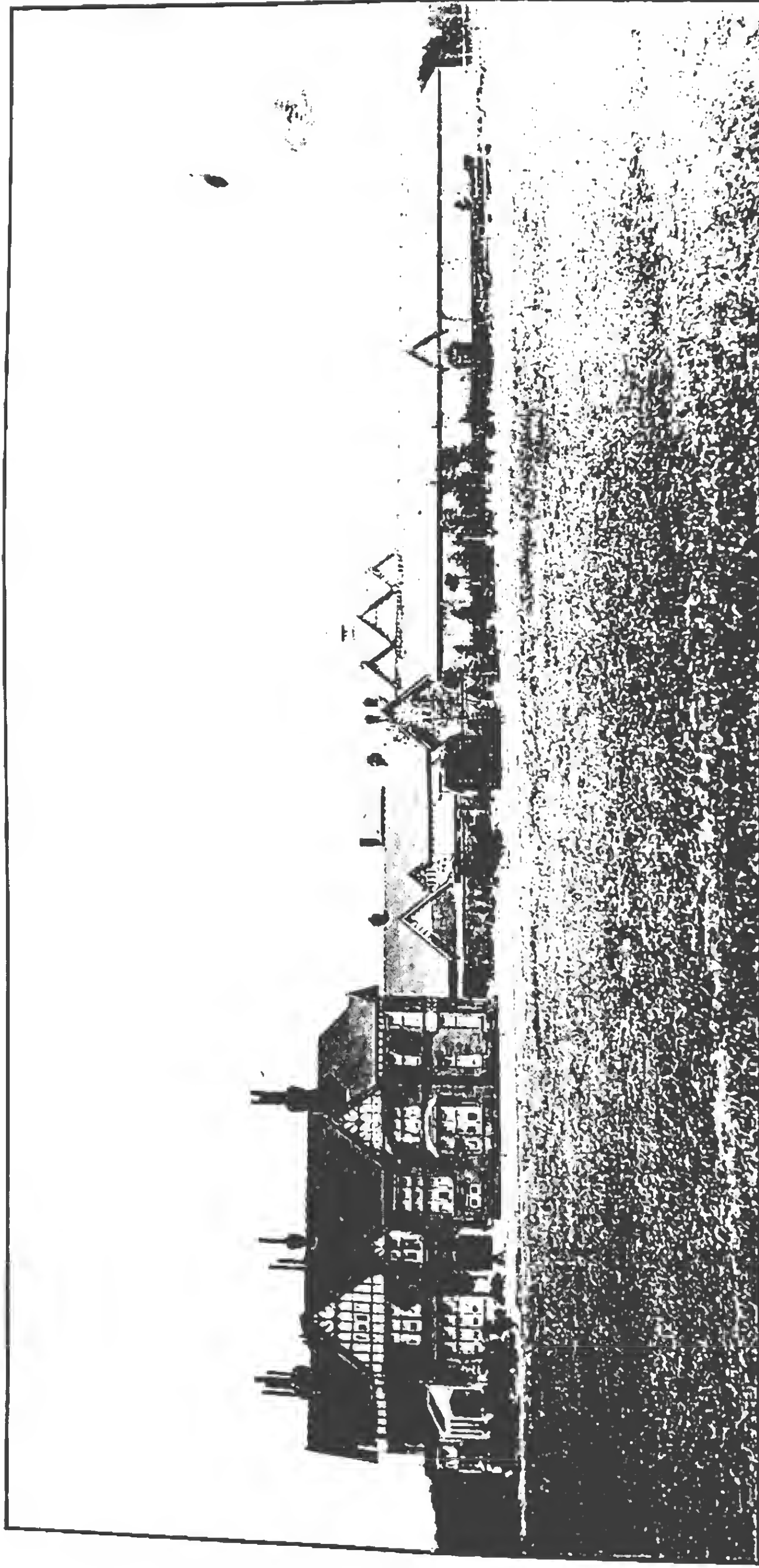
TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES of £4700, for
three-year-olds. R.M. (1 mile 11 yards).

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Diamond

Jubilee	H. Jones	1
Sir E. Cassel's Bonarosa	L. Reiff	2
Lord Cadogan's Sidus	T. Loates	3
Mr. W. Low's Elopement	M. Cannon	4
Mr. Wallace Johnstone's Captain Kettle	S. Loates	5
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's View Holla	J. H. Martin	6
Lord Rosebery's Sailor Lad	C. Wood	7
Mr. J. S. Curtis' Star of Hanover	J. Sloan	8
Mr. J. Musker's Oxbridge	T. Weldon	9
Prince Soltykoff's Vulpio	Rickaby	0

Betting.—15 to 8 agst Elopement, 9 to 4 Sailor Lad, 11 to 4 Diamond Jubilee, 10 to 1 Captain Kettle, 40 to 1 Vulpio and Star of Hanover, 50 to 1 Bonarosa, View Holla, and Oxbridge, 100 to 1 Sidus.

It was always a special pleasure to the Prince to visit Egerton House, see his horses, and talk about them to Lord Marcus Beresford, to his trainer, and the friends who had the honour of attending him; and the visitors' book, it may be remarked, is a treasury of notable autographs, for His Royal Highness was always scrupulously careful to sign it, and on one occasion when he had omitted to do so had the volume sent to Marlborough House in order that the omission might be repaired. Queen Alexandra's name figures, as do the names of his present Majesty King George, Queen Mary, and other members of the Royal Family. And now, with another classic winner, there was something to look at and discuss. Diamond Jubilee had been so little perturbed by his race that it was thought no harm could arise from running him in the New-



EGERTON HOUSE AND STABLES, WHERE THE KING'S HORSES WERE TRAINED

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Racing

market Stakes, a fortnight later. The only rival who looked in the least dangerous was Mr. J. Musker's Chevening, and so little did there seem reason to fear him that odds of 2 to 1 were laid on Persimmon's brother.

THE NEWMARKET STAKES of £3425, 10s., for three-year-olds. Across the Flat (1 mile 2 furlongs).

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Diamond Jubilee	H. Jones	1
Mr. J. Musker's Chevening	J. Sloan	2
Mr. A. Henderson's Guidwife	B. Rigby	3
Mr. James Joicey's Alviscot	M. Cannon	4
Lord Cadogan's Sidus	T. Loates	0
Prince Soltykoff's Vulpio	C. Wood	0

Betting.—2 to 1 on Diamond Jubilee, 3 to 1 agst Chevening, 100 to 6 agst Alviscot, 33 to 1 agst Guidwife, 50 to 1 agst Vulpio. Won by a short head; bad third. Time, 2 min. $9\frac{3}{5}$ sec.

It was only by a short head, it will be seen, that he contrived to win, and this rather disturbed, though it did not destroy, confidence in him for the Derby. The Prince had several horses running at Epsom this year. Doric II. appeared in the first race, the Craven Stakes, but made little show. Lucknow started favourite for the Epsom Plate, and was easily beaten; but on the Wednesday Diamond Jubilee was in high favour, his most dangerous rival, according to the general opinion, being Forfarshire, who had done well as a two-year-old and had won the only race in which he had appeared as a three.

At last the moment came when it was to be proved whether Diamond Jubilee could successfully emulate

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

the exploit of his elder brother. As already noted, Chevening had run him to a head for the Newmarket Stakes, and there were stories of Forfarshire having won an extraordinary trial; Disguise II. had also pleased his trainer, S. Darling, than whom there was no more skilful man in the profession, and who considered that the American-bred colt must have a chance; but Marsh was comfortably confident nevertheless, and it was difficult to obtain odds of 6 to 4 against Diamond Jubilee before spectators took their places to watch the race. When the gate was raised Chevening was first away, Forfarshire next, the Royal colt not far from last; but Jones was satisfied with his place, and as the field sped along worked his way towards the front, so that when little more than half a mile had been covered he was third. Soon afterwards Sloan sent Disguise II. on in advance, seriously interfering with Forfarshire and one or two others as he did so, Diamond Jubilee, however, fortunately escaping, and as, after rounding Tattenham Corner, they came into the straight for home, the Prince's colours were seen to be second behind the white and blue spotted jacket on the American colt. Before long Disguise II. dropped back, or at least Diamond Jubilee passed him, and now it only remained to be proved whether Simon Dale, who was going remarkably well, could catch the leader. This, it had become apparent, was the one possible source of danger, notwithstanding that Disguise II. was not actually "done with." Mornington Cannon, on the Duke of Portland's colt, rode his hardest; but it

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was in vain ; Simon Dale could never get up, the judge's verdict in favour of Diamond Jubilee being half a length.

I have endeavoured to convey an idea of the scene which followed Persimmon's victory, and that which now occurred was a repetition of it, made the more delightful by the fact that H.R.H. the Princess of Wales was present, and had shared with the Prince all the excitement of the race.

Diamond Jubilee did not go to Ascot to fulfil any of his engagements, the idea being to reserve him for the Princess of Wales' Stakes at the Newmarket First July Meeting, and for this he was duly delivered at the post. Of course he was penalised for his successes, and he had to meet, among others, a mare of fine capacity in Mr. Hall Walker's Merry Gal. This daughter of Galopin and Mary Seaton had never won a race, though she had been second for the Oaks ; consequently she benefited by a maiden allowance, carrying 7 st. 13 lb. against the 9 st. 5 lb. with which the Prince's colt was weighted, and this enabled her to win—with some ease, moreover.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES' STAKES of £7190.		Bunbury mile.	
Mr. W. Hall Walker's Merry Gal, 3 yrs., 7 st. 13 lb.		J. Reiff	1
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Diamond Jubilee, 3 yrs., 9 st. 5 lb.		H. Jones	2
Lord William Beresford's Caiman, 4 yrs., 9 st. 5 lb.		L. Reiff	3
Mr. Fairie's Mahdi, 3 yrs., 8 st. 2 lb.		J. Sloan	4
Mr. R. A. Oswald's Scintillant, 4 yrs., 9 st. 8 lb.		F. Wood	5

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

Mr. Larnach's Strong-Bow, 3 yrs., 8 st. 10 lb.	O. Madden	6
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's Vain Duchess, 3 yrs., 8 st. 10 lb.	J. H. Martin	7
Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Atbara, 3 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	T. Loates	8

Betting.—5 to 4 on Diamond Jubilee, 100 to 30 agst Merry Gal, 4 to 1 agst Caiman, 100 to 8 agst others. Won by four lengths, two lengths between second and third. Time, 1 min. 42 sec.

Strong-Bow, it may be added, was a son of La Flèche, previously mentioned as one of the Royal yearlings from Queen Victoria's stud at Bushey Park.

No owner of race horses can ever have done a kinder thing than the King did on this occasion. When a horse starts for one of the chief events of the year an odds-on favourite, as it will be seen was the case here, it is specially vexatious to be beaten. But, as usual, His Majesty's first thought was for others, and he instructed Sir Dighton Probyn to write to the trainer for the purpose of affording him some consolation. Sir Dighton did so, enclosing in his letter the message he had received, penned by the King's own hand, knowing how much it would be valued. It runs : "Please write to Marsh and tell him how much I sympathise with him in his disappointment about Diamond Jubilee not winning the race, as I know the time and care he took to get the colt fit and well. But I hope he will make up for it by winning the Eclipse Stakes." Most happily, he was able at Sandown to follow his elder brother's example.

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The Thirteenth Renewal of THE ECLIPSE STAKES of 10,000 sov. The nominator of the winner received 500 sov., the owner of the second 500 sov., and the owner of the third 100 sov. out of the stakes; Eclipse Stakes course, about one mile and a quarter—£9,285.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Diamond			
Jubilee, by St. Simon, 3 yrs., 9 st. 5 lb.	H. Jones	1	
Mr. J. Musker's Chevening, 3 yrs., 8 st. 8 lb.	J. Reiff	2	
Mr. H. C. White's Skopos, 4 yrs., 9 st. 6 lb.	L. Reiff	3	
Duke of Portland's Simon Dale, 3 yrs., 9 st.			
1 lb.	M. Cannon	4	
Mr. J. Hare's Le Blizon, 4 yrs., 9 st. 6 lb.	J. Sloan	0	
Mr. Ephrussi's Ambrosia II., 4 yrs., 9 st.			
3 lb.	T. Loates	0	
Lord William Beresford's Old Buck II.,			
3 yrs., 8 st. 12 lb.	J. H. Martin	0	
Col. H. M'Calmont's Jeunesse Dorée, 3 yrs.,			
8 st. 9 lb.	O. Madden	0	
Mr. A. Henderson's Guidwife, 3 yrs., 8 st.			
5 lb.	G. Wilde	0	

Betting.—7 to 4 agst Diamond Jubilee, 9 to 4 agst Chevening, 5 to 1 agst Simon Dale, 100 to 6 agst Le Blizon, 20 to 1 agst Skopos, 25 to 1 agst Ambrosia II. and Old Buck II., 50 to 1 agst Jeunesse Dorée, and 100 to 1 agst Guidwife. Won by half a length, six lengths between second and third.

Here, it will be noted, the winner showed a marked improvement on his Newmarket Stakes form. Then, at even weights, Chevening had run him to a head; here he had 11 lb. more than Mr. Musker's colt, and beat him half a length. He gave comparatively little trouble, getting on well with his jockey, and he ran his race out, so that there seemed no likelihood of his failure in the St. Leger. As to this, indeed, such general agreement existed that he started a strong favourite.

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

THE ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sov. each, for three-year-olds, colts 9 st., fillies 8 st. 11 lb.; second received 300 sov. and third 100 sov. out of the stakes; Old St. Leger course, about 1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards (222 subs.—£5125).

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' b. c. Diamond Jubilee, by St. Simon	H. Jones	1
Mr. W. Low's br. c. Elopement	M. Cannon	2
Mr. Reid Walker's ch. g. Courlan	J. Sloan	3
Lord Rosebery's b. or br. c. Sailor Lad	C. Wood	4
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' br. g. Frontignan	R. Jones	0
Mr. J. Musker's ch. c. Downham	J. H. Martin	0
Lord Durham's b. c. Mardi	F. Rickaby	0
Lord Durham's ch. c. Martineau	C. Rickaby	0
Mr. A. Stedall's b. c. Most Excellent	S. Loates	0
Lord Harewood's br. c. Phalaris	L. Reiff	0
Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's ch. c. Hubert	T. Loates	0

Betting.—7 to 2 on Diamond Jubilee, 100 to 7 agst Elopement, 25 to 1 agst Courlan and Mardi, 40 to 1 agst Phalaris and Downham, 100 to 1 agst Sailor Lad, Hubert, and Most Excellent, 200 to 1 agst Frontignan and Martineau. Won by a length, two lengths between second and third. Time, 3 min. $9\frac{1}{8}$ sec.

It cannot quite be said that the more victories the Prince gained the greater was the enthusiasm, for it was always of the heartiest, and race-goers looked forward to these triumphs of the colours.

A summary of the winnings of the different horses who did most is given at the end of this chapter, and need not be set down here. They were not increased in the case of Diamond Jubilee by the Jockey Club Stakes, the only other race in which he took part during the season. He was expected to win, and started favourite at 7 to 4, finishing, however, unplaced.

Racing

THE JOCKEY CLUB STAKES of £7190. Across the Flat
(one mile two furlongs).

Mr. J. R. Keene's Disguise II., 3 yrs., 8 st. 9 lb.	M. Cannon	1
Lord William Beresford's Jolly Tar, 4 yrs., 8 st. 12 lb.	J. Reiff	2
Sir Thomas Dewar's Forfarshire, 3 yrs., 9 st. 6 lb.	K. Cannon	3
Mr. Douglas Baird's Sainte Nitouche, 3 yrs., 8 st. 12 lb.	F. Rickaby	4
Mr. R. A. Oswald's Scintillant, 4 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	F. Wood	0
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Diamond Jubilee, 3 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	H. Jones	0
Mr. Wallace Johnstone's Paigle, 3 yrs., 8 st. 9 lb.	S. Loates	0
Lord Rosebery's Sailor Lad, 3 yrs., 8 st. 4 lb.	J. Sloan	0

Betting.—7 to 4 agst Diamond Jubilee, 100 to 30 agst Disguise II., 11 to 2 agst Sailor Lad, 6 to 1 agst Jolly Tar, 100 to 7 agst Forfarshire. Won by two lengths, neck between second and third. Time, 2 min. $8\frac{1}{8}$ sec.

Only two of the other horses contributed to placing His Royal Highness at the head of the list of winning owners, with £29,585, 10s., gained, it should be noted, under Jockey Club rules, for it was in this year that the Prince carried off the Grand National with Ambush II., as described in detail elsewhere. Lord Quex won a Nursery and the Houghton Stakes, Lucknow a little race at Brighton and the Portland Plate, the latter very luckily, or rather unluckily for Mr. L. Neumann. Lucknow, carrying 7 st. 4 lb., was ridden by Sloan. Mr. Neumann's Eager had 9 st. 12 lb., and was only beaten a short head after Sloan had ridden a finish which drew upon him severe censure from the Stewards.

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

It is perhaps needless to say that in summoning Sloan before them the Stewards acted on their own initiative. To have laid an objection to the Prince's horse would have been an ungracious act from which the owner of Eager would have shrunk. Foul riding on the part of Sloan was, however, so obvious, that the Stewards felt they could not let it go unnoticed and without reproof.

In consequence of the lamented death of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the King's horses in 1901 were leased to the Duke of Devonshire, who experienced an unlucky year. The thirteen were:—

HORSES IN TRAINING, 1901

(LEASED TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE).

Lucknow, b. h. by St. Angelo—Luck, 6 yrs.
 Frontignan, br. c. by St. Simon—Sweet Muscat, 4 yrs.
 Diamond Jubilee, b. c. by St. Simon—Perdita II., 4 yrs.
 Florican II., b. c. by Florizel II.—Lucky Shot, 3 yrs.
 Lauzun, b. c. by St. Simon—Merrie Lassie, 3 yrs.
 Frusquina, br. f. by St. Frusquin—Meadow Chat, 3 yrs.
 Lord Quex, b. c. by Sir Hugo—Leveret, 3 yrs.
 Eitreb, br. c. by St. Frusquin—Red Enamel, 2 yrs.
 Pole Carew, b. c. by Persimmon—Laodamia, 2 yrs.
 Flordon, b. g. by Florizel II.—Operetta, 2 yrs.
 Ecila, b. f. by Persimmon—Meadow Chat, 2 yrs.
 Phonia, b. f. by Amphion—Leveret, 3 yrs.
 St. Serf, b. c. by Azeeza.

Winners.

Lauzan, St. James' Palace Stakes, Ascot	£2450
Phonia, Caterham Plate, Epsom	187

£2637



PERSIMMON, 1898
First year at Sandringham Stud

SRINAGAR (Kashmir)

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Racing

It seemed reasonable to hope that Diamond Jubilee would continue his successes in the three nominal £10,000 races, for which it was determined to keep him; but he failed in all of them and attempted nothing else—only once, indeed, coming near to success. At the Newmarket First July Meeting he reappeared in—

THE PRINCESS OF WALES' STAKES, of 10,000 sov., for four years old and upwards; the second received 1500 sov., the third 1000 sov., the nominator of the winner 400 sov., and the nominator of the second 200 sov. out of the stakes; B.M. (187 subs., 24 of whom paid 115 sov. each; 25, 63 sov.; 80, 31 sov.; 25, 10 sov.; and 33, 5 sov.—£7185).

Mr. T. Kincaid's Epsom Lad, by Ladas, 4 yrs., 8 st. 13 lb. (car. 9 st. 2 lb.)	Gomez	1
Duke of Devonshire's Diamond Jubilee, 4 yrs., 9 st. 10 lb.	H. Jones	2
Lord Cadogan's Sidus, 4 yrs., 8 st. 3 lb.	Maher	3
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's Rice, 4 yrs., 8 st. 13 lb.	J. H. Martin	o
Prince Soltykoff's Ninus, 6 yrs., 9 st. 4 lb.	F. Rickaby	o
Mr. R. Croker's Flambard, 5 yrs., 9 st. 1 lb.	L. Reiff	o
Mr. T. L. Plunkett's Oppressor, 5 yrs., 8 st. 12 lb.	M. Cannon	o
Mr. J. S. Curtis' Lammas, 4 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	C. Jenkins	o
Mr. A. Henderson's Guidwife, 4 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	O. Madden	o
Mr. J. E. Platt's Gallerte, 4 yrs., 8 st. 3 lb.	Halsey	o
Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Zobeyde, 4 yrs., 8 st.	K. Cannon	o
Lord Stanley's Free State, 4 yrs., 8 st.	S. Loates	o

Betting.—2 to 1 agst Flambard, 9 to 4 agst Diamond Jubilee, 8 to 1 agst Sidus, 10 to 1 agst Epsom Lad, and 100 to 8 each agst Rice, Ninus, and Oppressor. Won by half a length, four lengths between second and third.

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

It will be seen that Diamond Jubilee was giving 8 lb. to the winner and 21 lb. to the third, who finished far behind him. Sidus, however, won the Dullingham Plate on his next appearance, ran a dead-heat for the Doncaster Cup with Merry Gal, and was beaten only a head for the Old Cambridgeshire Handicap, giving the winner, a colt of his own age, 2 st.

Shortly afterwards Diamond Jubilee was out again at Sandown :—

The Fourteenth Renewal of THE ECLIPSE STAKES of 10,000 sov. ; the nominator of the winner received 500 sov., the owner of the second 500 sov., and the owner of the third 200 sov. out of the stakes ; Eclipse Stakes course, about a mile and a quarter (216 subs., 43 of whom paid 115 sov. each ; 46, 63 sov. ; 74, 31 sov. ; and 53, 10 sov.—£9952).

Mr. T. Kincaid's Epsom Lad, by Ladas, 4 yrs., 9 st. 13 lb.	Gomez	1
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's Ian, 3 yrs., 9 st. 4 lb.	J. H. Martin	2
Mr. J. R. Keene's Disguise II., 4 yrs., 10 st. 2 lb.	Henry	3
Duke of Devonshire's Diamond Jubilee, 4 yrs., 10 st. 2 lb.	H. Jones	4
Sir E. Cassel's Sang Bleu, 3 yrs., 9 st. 1 lb.	Halsey	0
Sir J. Miller's Aïda, 3 yrs., 9 st. 1 lb.	Maher	0
Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's First Fruit, 3 yrs., 8 st. 12 lb.	K. Cannon	0
Duke of Devonshire's Lord Quex, 3 yrs., 8 st. 12 lb.	M. Cannon	0
Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's Energetic, 3 yrs., 8 st. 8 lb.	F. Rickaby	0
Mr. C. Morbey's Royal Rouge, 3 yrs., 8 st. 8 lb.	S. Loates	0
Mr. W. C. Whitney's Petronius, 3 yrs., 8 st. 8 lb.	L. Reiff	0

Racing

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's Menander, 3 yrs., 8 st. 8 lb.	Sherwood	c
Mr. Wallace Johnstone's l'Idéale, 3 yrs., 8 st. 5 lb.	O. Madden	o

Betting.—6 to 4 on Diamond Jubilee, 7 to 1 agst Epsom Lad, 100 to 9 agst Petronius, 100 to 7 agst Disguise II., 100 to 6 agst First Fruit, 20 to 1 each agst Ian, Ayda, and Energetic, and 33 to 1 agst any other. Won by a head, the same between second and third; Epsom Lad's saddle slipped back during the race.

The betting emphatically shows that Diamond Jubilee was supposed to have by far the best chance. It was an extraordinary race. Some distance from the winning-post Epsom Lad's saddle began to slip back, for he was a rather curiously shaped colt whom it was difficult to girth effectively. By an extraordinary acrobatic feat the jockey got forward on to his horse's withers, took hold of the saddle and finished with it in his hand; for had he dropped it he would, of course, have been short of weight, when disqualification must have ensued. Once more Diamond Jubilee was to be seen, to make an effort to leave off his racing career with a victory :—

THE JOCKEY CLUB STAKES, of 10,000 sov.; the second received 1500 sov., the third 1000 sov., the nominator of the winner 400 sov., and the nominator of the second 200 sov. out of the stakes; last mile and three-quarters of the Cesarewitch course (201 subs.—£7190).

Mr. George Faber's Pietermaritzburg, by St. Simon, 3 yrs., 8 st. 10 lb.	M. Cannon	1
Mr. T. Kincaid's Epsom Lad, 4 yrs., 10 st.	Gomez	2
Duke of Devonshire's Diamond Jubilee, 4 yrs., 10 st. 3 lb.	H. Jones	3

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's Menander, 3 yrs., 8 st. 2 lb.	J. H. Martin 4
Mr. J. R. Keene's Disguise II., 4 yrs., 10 st.	Maher 0
Mr. J. W. Larnach's Strong-Bow, 4 yrs., 9 st. 8 lb.	O. Madden 0
Sir E. Cassel's Sang Bleu, 3 yrs., 8 st. 13 lb.	Halsey 0
Lord Durham's Mardonius, 3 yrs., 8 st. 2 lb.	K. Cannon 0

Betting.—3 to 1 agst Epsom Lad, 75 to 20 agst Disguise II., 4 to 1 each agst Diamond Jubilee and Pietermaritzburg, 100 to 6 agst Strong-Bow, 20 to 1 agst Menander, 33 to 1 agst Mardonius, and 40 to 1 agst Sang Bleu. Won by six lengths, four lengths between second and third.

Here Diamond Jubilee was not thought to have as good a chance as Epsom Lad or Disguise II., and one no better than Mr. Faber's colt. It cannot be said that he ran badly, as he had a 12 lb. penalty, and he might have been nearer than ten lengths; still there is no denying that he was decisively beaten. Lord Marcus Beresford tells me that the only time Diamond Jubilee really showed his true form was in the Two Thousand Guineas, which he won in the first furlong. After that he never seemed to catch hold of his bridle, in spite of his successes.

For the rest, with one exception the horses failed throughout the season. It chanced that they were a particularly bad lot in the St. James' Palace Stakes at Ascot, and Lauzun was able to win a race which, as a rule, falls to a good animal. One of the beaten lot, Sir Ernest Cassel's Handicapper, had indeed won the Two Thousand Guineas, by what miracle it is impossible to guess, however. Phonia won a minor event at Epsom, and that was all, though Ecila, who

Racing

started an even-money favourite for the Acorn Stakes, was within less than a length of securing that prize—from an unusually poor field.

Next year the welcome colours were seen again, and a number of young Persimmons, judging by their looks, appeared likely to carry them successfully. The list follows :—

HORSES IN TRAINING, 1902.

Nadejda, b. f. by St. Simon—Perdita II., 3 yrs.
 Lord Quex, b. c. by Sir Hugo—Leveret, 4 yrs.
 Ecila, b. f. by Persimmon—Meadow Chat, 3 yrs.
 Pole Carew, b. c. by Persimmon—Laodamia, 3 yrs.
 Phonia, b. f. by Amphion—Leveret, 4 yrs.
 Lauzun, b. c. by St. Simon—Merrie Lassie, 4 yrs.
 Persistence, br. c. by Persimmon—Laodamia, 2 yrs.
 Plumassier, br. c. by Persimmon—Fanchette, 2 yrs.
 Persifleur, ch. c. by Persimmon—Ways and Means, 2 yrs.
 Mead, ch. c. by Persimmon—Meadow Chat, 2 yrs.
 Perry, by Persimmon—Sweet Muscat, 2 yrs.
 Email, ch. c. by Persimmon—Red Enamel, 2 yrs.
 Mousse, b. f. by Sir Hugo—Mousme, 2 yrs.
 Lady Car, ch. f. by Persimmon—La Carolina, 2 yrs.
 Omeletina, b. f. by Orme—Leveret, 2 yrs.
 Chestnut, c. by St. Angelo—Wheatley.
 Saltimbanque.

Winners.

Mead, Richmond Stakes, Goodwood	£887
„ Hopeful Stakes, Newmarket First October	627
	<hr/>
	£1514
	<hr/>

The King, however, was beginning an unfortunate period of failure, contemplation of which is, at any rate, highly instructive. The stud had produced

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

horses who had done great things. It had been judiciously recruited ; experience must have taught much ; it is certain that no pains were spared ; and the result of it all was that of the seventeen horses in training only one of them, Mead, was able to win anything at all ; nor was there much improvement next year, when Mead was again the only contributor. Here there were nineteen.

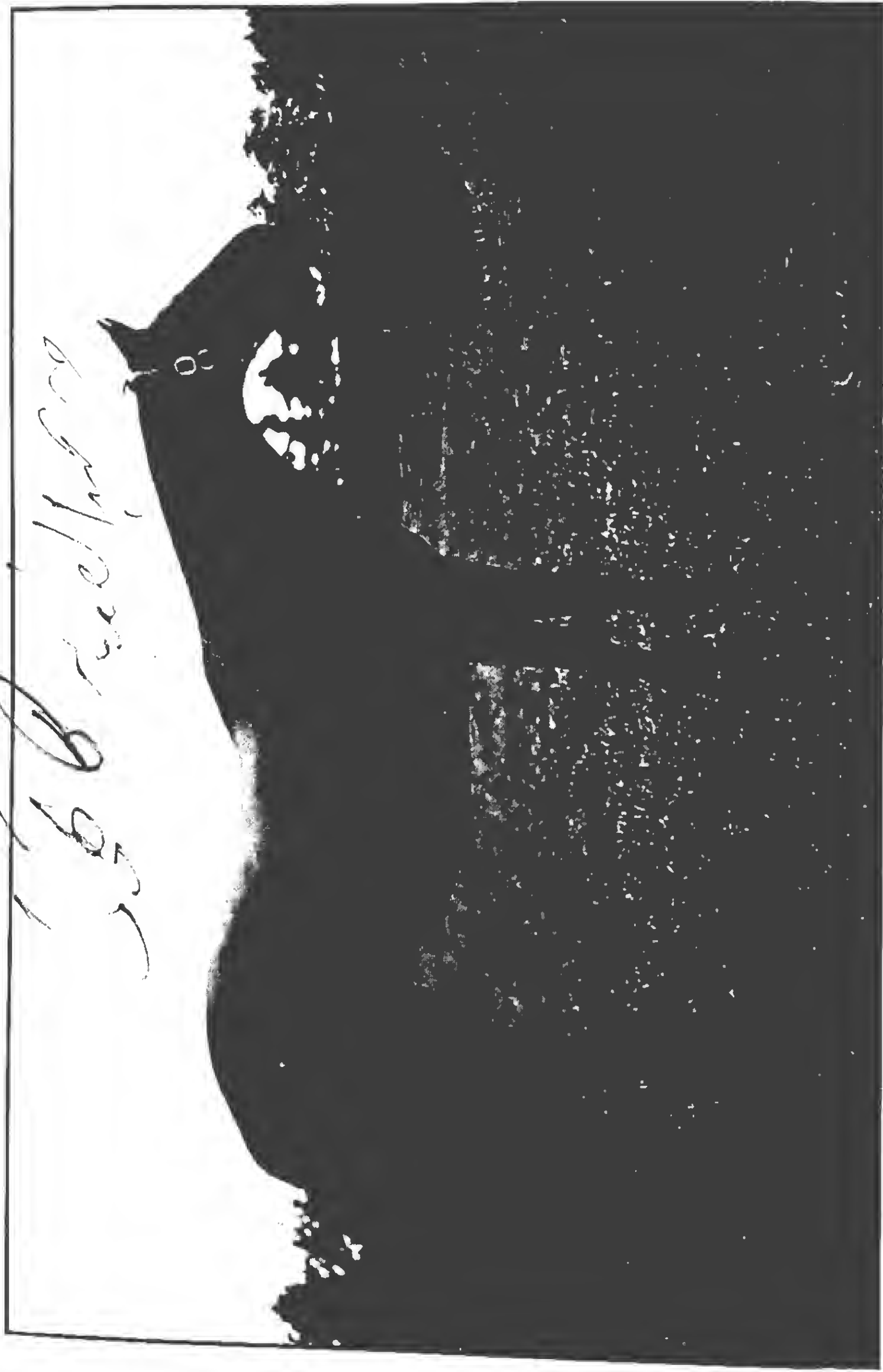
HORSES IN TRAINING, 1903.

Nadejda, b. f. by St. Simon—Perdita II., 4 yrs.
 Persistence br. c. by Persimmon—Laodamia, 3 yrs.
 Plumassier, br. c. by Persimmon—Fanchette, 3 yrs.
 Persifleur, ch. c. by Persimmon—Ways and Means, 3 yrs.
 Mead, ch. colt by Persimmon—Meadow Chat, 3 yrs.
 Email, ch. c. by Persimmon—Red Enamel, 3 yrs.
 Lady Car, ch. f. by Persimmon—La Carolina, 2 yrs.
 Perry, by Persimmon—Sweet Muscat, 3 yrs.
 Plinlimmon, b. or br. c. by Persimmon—Laodamia, 2 yrs.
 Ortolan, b. g. by Orme—Leveret, 2 yrs.
 Piari, b. f. by Persimmon—Nunsuch, 2 yrs.
 Perchant, br. c. by Persimmon—La Carolina, 2 yrs.
 St. Anselm, b. g. by St. Simon—Azeeza, 2 yrs.
 Chatsworth, b. c. by Persimmon—Meadow Chat, 2 yrs.
 Filoselle, br. f. by Florizel II.—Eventail, 2 yrs.
 Plombières, ch. f. by Persimmon—Merrie Lassie, 4 yrs.
 Chicken Skin, ch. f. by Persimmon—Fanchette, 2 yrs.
 Caiman, ch. h. by Locohatchee—Happy Day, 6 yrs.
 Pole Carew, b. c. by Persimmon—Laodamia, 3 yrs.

Winners.

Mead, Payne Stakes, Newmarket	.	.	.	£655
„ Prince of Wales' Stakes, Ascot	.	.	.	1850
„ Jockey Club Cup, Newmarket	.	.	.	600
				<hr/>
				£3105
				<hr/>

168 Sandringham



NADEJDA

Own sister to Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, King Edward VII's two Sandringham-bred
Derby Winners

SRINAGAR (Kashmir)

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Racing

Much had been hoped, amongst others, from Pole Carew, who proved, however, an utterly hopeless animal. His Majesty got rid of him, and he could not even win a minor hurdle race for his new owner. Well bred, good looking, trained with the skill which had achieved such great results, the horses could do nothing.

Prior to 1904 His Majesty had never had as many as twenty in training ; with this number he started the year, destined to be another disappointing one, for only a couple of the number were successful, and these, too, in events of small note.

HORSES IN TRAINING, 1904.

Mead, ch. c. by Persimmon—Meadow Chat, 4 yrs.
Caiman, ch. h. by Locohatchee—Happy Day, aged.
Plinlimmon, b. or br. c. by Persimmon—Laodamia,
3 yrs.
Ortolan, b. f. by Orme—Leveret, 3 yrs.
Piari, b. f. by Persimmon—Nunsuch, 3 yrs.
Perchant, br. c. by Persimmon—La Carolina, 3 yrs.
St. Anselm, b. g. by St. Simon—Azeeza, 3 yrs.
Chatsworth, b. c. by Persimmon—Meadow Chat, 3 yrs.
Filoselle, br. f. by Florizel II.—Eventail, 3 yrs.
Chicken Skin, ch. f. by Persimmon—Merrie Lassie,
3 yrs.
Penshaw, b. c. by Persimmon—Vane, 3 yrs.
Periameles, b. c. by Persimmon—Leveret, 2 yrs.
Meadow Ore, b. c. by Orme—Meadow Chat, 2 yrs.
Carstone, br. c. by Persimmon—La Carolina, 2 yrs.
Rosemarket, ch. c. by Orion—Rose Madder, 2 yrs.
La Paix, br. f. by Persimmon—Laodamia, 2 yrs.
Politely, br. f. by Persimmon—Courtly, 2 yrs.
Cornflower, ch. f. by Persimmon—Wheatly, 2 yrs.
Zeiff, ch. f. by Florizel II.—Spy-Glass, 2 yrs.
Filly by Florizel II.—Tears of Joy, 2 yrs.

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

Winners.

Rosemarket, Breeders' Stakes, Newmarket	Second	
Spring		£567
„ City Plate, Manchester		176
Chatsworth, Bradgate Park Plate, Doncaster		250
„ Newmarket St. Leger		450
„ Lowther Stakes, Newmarket	Second	
October		460
		<hr/>
		£1903
		<hr/>

Mead was lame, and could not run at all ; Caiman had been bought to lead work, and so his absence is no matter for surprise. Ortolan ran second for a hundred pound plate. Piari, after being four times unplaced, ran second to a bad filly in the Newmarket Oaks, the winner giving her 9 lb. Perchant ran second to a very moderate two-year-old in a Maiden Stakes at the Newmarket July. St. Anselm ran once—last for a Biennial at Ascot. Penshaw was last for a race at Sandown on the occasion of his only appearance. Periamelles was unplaced in four races, and Politely in three. Plinlimmon, Filoselle, Chicken Skin, Meadow Ore, Carstone, La Paix, Cornflower, Zeiff, and the Tears of Joy filly never went to the post. A more melancholy change from the great days of Persimmon—when His Majesty had fewer horses in training, and before the stud had attained its reputation—is hardly imaginable ; and the curious thing was that the sons and daughters of Persimmon and Florizel II. were doing great things for other owners. Zinfandel was running, as was the Two Thousand Guineas winner, Vedas. Colonia, Plum

Racing

Centre, Pomegranate, Golden Measure, Gemma were some of the successful children of the great brothers ; Keystone was born, Sceptre, Volodyovski, and Doricles had not long before left the scenes of their classic triumphs. But His Majesty accepted the bad luck with hopeful equanimity, and started the season of 1905 again with twenty horses. As for blaming Marsh, altogether, on the contrary, it was the King's kindly habit to express regret that the horses sent up from Sandringham were so inferior.

But a lower depth still was to be sounded. The twenty included :—

HORSES IN TRAINING, 1905.

Caiman, ch. h. by Locohatchee—Happy Days, aged.
Piari, b. f. by Persimmon—Nunsuch, 4 yrs.
Chatsworth, b. c. by Persimmon—Meadow Chat, 4 yrs.
Penshaw, b. c. by Persimmon—Vane, 4 yrs.
Carstone, b. colt by Persimmon—La Carolina, 3 yrs.
Rosemarket, ch. c. by Orion—Rose Madder, 3 yrs.
La Paix, br. f. by Persimmon—Laodamia, 3 yrs.
Zeiff, ch. f. by Florizel II.—Spy-Glass, 3 yrs.
Mead, ch. c. by Persimmon—Meadow Chat, 5 yrs.
Morès, b. c. by Ladas—Medora, 2 yrs.
Nulli Secundus, br. c. by St. Simon—Nunsuch, 2 yrs.
Cheverel, ch. c. by Persimmon—Cheveronny, 2 yrs.
Bahadur, ch. c. by Nunthorpe—Azeeza, 2 yrs.
Queen's Colours, br. f. Queen's Birthday — Mousme,
2 yrs.
Viola, ch. f. by Orvieto—Ecila, 2 yrs.
Rosarian, ch. f. by Persimmon—Rose Madder, 2 yrs.
Persicot, ch. f. by Persimmon—La Carolina, 2 yrs.
Vanitas, b. f. by Ladas—Vane, 2 yrs.
Moifaa, br. g. by Natator—Denbigh, aged.
Rainfall, br. h. by Clwyd—Deluge, 5 yrs.

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

Winners.

Mead, Dullingham Plate, Newmarket Second July	£830
Carstone, Wavertree Welter Plate, Liverpool (dead-heat)	140
	<hr/>
	£970

Even this does not represent the real state of the case, for Carstone did not win his race at Liverpool, only running a dead-heat with his solitary opponent, so that though he is technically reckoned for purposes of a calculation of penalties as having won the £140, the amount was only £70. The rule which bears on this was altered in 1910 at the proposition of Lord Londonderry, and now a horse, after running a dead-heat, is only credited with the amount he has actually won, which is surely in accordance with common sense.

Here a notable instance of the King's generous consideration for others has to be recorded. On paying one of his periodical visits to Egerton House, where there was so little of an agreeable character to be seen, he desired to be taken to Marsh's study, and remarked to him, "We have a number of very bad horses, Marsh." Marsh mournfully admitted the undeniable truth, expressing regrets which were assuredly fervent. "I consider it my duty, as your first master," the King most graciously continued, "to get rid of these animals, in order to save your reputation of trainer." It may easily be imagined how intensely Marsh longed for the appearance of some horse able to redeem the situation. I had visited Sandringham in the course of 1904, by His Majesty's kind permission, to obtain

Racing

material for an article for the *Badminton Magazine*, and had been shown with great pride two yearlings who were then the treasures of the establishment—Nulli Secundus and Morès, the latter half-brother to Zinfandel, who, by the admission of his jockey, should have won the Ascot Cup that year, and did win it the next. These were two of the number who, it was hoped, would change the luck of the establishment. It was not to be. Evil fortune clung to Egerton House. Neither of them was able to run, and, seeking reinforcements at the Doncaster sales, His Majesty, resolved to do all that was possible, gave 3800 guineas for a chestnut son of Cyllene and Nenemoosha, whom he called Cynosure. He was therefore one of the eighteen with which the season of 1906 started.

HORSES IN TRAINING, 1906.

Nulli Secundus, br. c. by St. Simon—Nunsuch, 3 yrs.
Cheverel, ch. c. by Persimmon—Cheveronny, 3 yrs.
Morès, b. h. by Ladas—Medora, 3 yrs.
Slim Lad, b. c. by St. Simon—Laodamia, 2 yrs.
Sir Plume, br. c. by Persimmon—Courtly.
Isograph, b. c. by Isinglass—Amphora, 2 yrs.
Perambulator, b. c. by Persimmon—Spy-Glass, 2 yrs.
Pericline, ch. c. by Persimmon—La Carolina, 2 yrs.
White Frere, ch. c. by St. Frusquin—White Lilac,
2 yrs.
Cynosure, ch. g. by Cyllene—Nenemoosha, 2 yrs.
Victoria, b. f. by St. Simon—Meadow Chat, 2 yrs.
Alexandra, b. f. by Persimmon—Ambleside, 2 yrs.
Perimeter, b. f. by Persimmon—Vane, 2 yrs.
Osella, b. f. by Orme—Ecila, 2 yrs.
Flower of the Loch, br. f. by Florizel II.—Sweet Vernal,
2 yrs.

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Coxcomb, b. h. by Kilcock—Gaiety, 5 yrs.
Moifaa, br. g. by Natator—Denbigh, aged.
Rainfall, br. c. by Clwyd—Deluge.

Winners.

Victoria, Great Surrey Foal Stakes, Epsom	. . .	£934
Osella, Hurst Park Foal Plate	. . .	1135
Cheverel, Newmarket St. Leger	. . .	450
„ Coombe Autumn Plate, Sandown	. . .	269
		<hr/>
		£2788
		<hr/>

Early in life Cynosure gave evidence of possessing a temper. But he could gallop. According to the declaration of Lord Marcus Beresford, his trial made him out to be one of the very best two-year-olds seen for many years past, and he started favourite for the Woodcote Stakes, running well, moreover, but failing by a length to beat Lord Rosebery's Traquair. The Epsom Meeting, however, was not to be unremunerative. There was a spirited finish between three for the Great Surrey Foal Stakes, and Victoria got her head in front, the second, Wendouree, beating the third, Silver-Heeled, by no greater margin. It was also by a head, specially described as a short one, that Osella, after failing by a neck in the City Plate at Manchester, won her race at Hurst Park from Futurity, Linacre and Galvani third and fourth. Morès was not produced; Nulli Secundus started in the Derby, figuring consistently in the rear, and, after being in retirement till the autumn, he found a solitary opponent in the Royal Stakes at the First October Meeting, a very bad animal, Glastonbury, nevertheless

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good enough to give Nulli Secundus weight and beat him about half-a-dozen lengths.

Still, there was something of an improvement. The stable was evidently at least in better form. There were some severe disappointments, one with Slim Lad in the Buckenham Stakes. The idea had not been abandoned that Laodamia would yet produce something worthy of her, and it was thought that she had at length done so in Slim Lad. He did not come out till the race mentioned, at the Newmarket First October Meeting—which as usual took place in September; and it was believed that he could not fail to beat his two opponents, his stable companion, Lord Wolverton's The Welkin, and Mr. J. B. Joel's subsequent Oaks winner, Glass Doll. Odds of 7 to 2 were laid on Slim Lad, which of course signified that no doubt was entertained of the result; but The Welkin jumped off when the flag fell, led all the way, and, to the general amazement, won by four lengths, the filly a neck behind the King's colt. He was beaten a fortnight later in the Moulton Stakes, but Marsh had again convinced himself of Slim Lad's capacity before sending him to Newbury, a meeting which His Majesty was always pleased to patronise, and he started favourite for the Berkshire Foal Stakes. The truth with regard to him was that he would not try. There had seemed no reason to suspect the soft strain which, however, undoubtedly existed in Laodamia, and became evident in her children. The journals of the period constantly dwelt on the prowess of Perambulator; how the idea of his merit arose is

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not clear, for in a letter which I have before me Marsh writes that he had never tried him to be anything like a good horse. Coxcomb, a winner the year before when in other hands, had been bought to lead work. The attempt to get a race out of him failed.

The year 1907 opened with the unprecedented number of six-and-twenty in training.

HORSES IN TRAINING, 1907.

Cheverel, ch. c. by Persimmon—Cheveronny, 4 yrs.
Rainfall, br. c. by Clwyd—Deluge, aged.
Slim Lad, b. c. by St. Simon—Laodamia, 3 yrs.
Perambulator, b. c. by Persimmon—Spy-Glass, 3 yrs.
White Frere, ch. c. by St. Frusquin—White Lilac, 3 yrs.
Cynosure, ch. g. by Cyllene—Nenemoosha, 3 yrs.
Victoria, b. f. by St. Simon—Meadow Chat, 4 yrs.
Alexandra, b. f. by St. Simon—Ambleside, 3 yrs.
Osella, b. f. by Orme—Ecila, 3 yrs.
Coxcomb, b. h. by Kilcock—Gaiety, 6 yrs.
Morès, b. h. by Ladas—Medora, 4 yrs.
Isograph, b. c. by Isinglass—Amphora, 3 yrs.
Court Plaister, br. c. by Persimmon—Courtly, 2 yrs.
Perspective, b. c. by Persimmon—Spy-Glass, 2 yrs.
Perrier, b. c. by Persimmon—Amphora, 2 yrs.
Peridore, ch. c. by Persimmon—Medora, 2 yrs.
Maid of Norway, br. f. by St. Simon—Nunsuch, 2 yrs.
Persian Lilac, br. f. by Persimmon—White Lilac, 2 yrs.
Lady Wayward, br. f. by Ladas—Vane, 2 yrs.
Sympatica, br. f. by St. Simon—Laodamia, 2 yrs.
Perdrigon, b. twin f. by Persimmon—Meadow Chat, 2 yrs.
Perolina, b. f. by Persimmon—La Carolina, 2 yrs.
Golden Amber, ch. f. by Diamond Jubilee—Ambleside,
2 yrs.
Pearl of the Loch, ch. f. by Persimmon—Loch Doon,
2 yrs.
Rouble, br. c. by Volodyovski—Queen of the Mist, 2 yrs.
Filly by Florizel II., out of Chatelaine, 2 yrs.

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Winners.

Coxcomb, Doncaster Welter Handicap	£345
Slim Lad, Sandringham Three-Year-Old Stakes,	
Sandown	854
Pearl of the Loch, Granby Plate, Newmarket	170
„ July Stakes, Newmarket	1260
Sympatica, Soltykoff Stakes, Newmarket Second July	215
	<hr/>
	£2944
	<hr/>

A scrap of good luck came to relieve the bad when Pearl of the Loch, a very moderate filly, contrived to win a race of the character of the July Stakes. She and Mousme, whose success has been recorded, are probably the two worst animals that ever took this, the oldest established race for two-year-olds, dating from 1786. Slim Lad could gallop, but would rarely do so. Coxcomb helped by winning a little race. Cynosure showed no improvement in temper, and the gloom was practically unrelieved until hope was revived towards the end of the year.

Perrier, a big unfurnished colt, could not be really trained as a two-year-old ; but during the month of October he had been doing a certain amount of work, and Lord Marcus Beresford considered it advisable to start him for the Dewhurst Plate. There was not the least idea that he would be near winning. An own brother to Flying Fox, called Vamose, the property of the Duke of Westminster, was favourite at 6 to 4, and it was thought that if he failed, Sir R. Waldie Griffith's Ednam would win. A filly called Rhodora unexpectedly came to the front, and more unexpected still

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

was the remarkably good show made by Perrier, who finished second, beaten a couple of lengths. If thus untrained he was so near victory, there certainly appeared good grounds for the idea that when ready to race he might do really well, so there seemed at length some prospect of better things in the future.

In 1906, however, only one colt bred at Sandringham seemed worth sending to Newmarket; indeed nearly all the animals born there were fillies, and, wanting some colts to run, His Majesty leased half-a-dozen from Colonel Hall Walker, M.P. The string for 1908 were as follows :—

HORSES IN TRAINING, 1908.

Coxcomb, b. h. by Kilcock—Gaiety, aged.

Slim Lad, b. c. by St. Simon—Laodamia, 4 yrs.

Perambulator, b. c. by Persimmon—Spy-Glass, 4 yrs.

Cynosure, ch. f. by Cyllene—Nenemoosha, 4 yrs.

Perrier, b. c. by Persimmon—Amphora, 3 yrs.

Persian Lilac, b. f. by Persimmon—White Lilac, 3 yrs.

Sympatica, b. f. by St. Simon—Laodamia, 3 yrs.

Pearl of the Loch, ch. f. by Persimmon—Loch Doon,
3 yrs.

Rouble, br. c. by Volodyovski—Queen of the Mist, 3 yrs.

Royal Escort, ch. c. by Diamond Jubilee—Ambleside,
2 yrs.

Mountain Queen, ch. f. by Cyllene—Laodamia, 2 yrs.

Saint's Mead, b. f. by St. Simon—Meadow Chat, 2 yrs.

Marie Legraye, b. f. by Diamond Jubilee—White Lilac,
2 yrs.

Prim Nun, b. f. by Persimmon—Nunsuch.

Per Contra, br. f. by Persimmon—Courtly, 2 yrs.

Perdona, b. f. by Persimmon—Loch Doon, 2 yrs.

Princesse de Galles, b. or br. f. by Gallinule—Ecila, 2 yrs.

Cut Diamond, b. f. by Diamond Jubilee—Spy-Glass, 2 yrs.

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THE SIX LEASED FROM COLONEL HALL WALKER, M.P.

La La, br. c. by Ladas—La Carolina, 2 yrs.

Moorcock, ch. c. by Gallinule—Fair Jean, 2 yrs.

Calderstone, b. c. by Persimmon—Shewbread.

Oakmere, b. or br. c. by Wild-fowler—Lady Lightfoot.

Prince Pippin, b. c. by Diamond Jubilee—Goody Two-Shoes.

Minoru, b. c. by Cyllene—Mother Seigel.

Winners.

Slim Lad, Wellington Cup, Sandown	.	.	£390	0	0
„ Kegworth Handicap, Leicester	.	.	190	0	0
Perrier, Newmarket Biennial	.	.	645	15	0
Princesse de Galles, Chesterfield Stakes, New-					
market Second July	.	.	710	0	0
„ „ Ham Stakes, Goodwood	.	.	950	0	0
„ „ Boscawen Stakes, New-					
market First October	.	.	800	0	0
„ „ Bretby Stakes, Newmarket					
Second October	.	.	600	0	0
Minoru, Great Surrey Foal Stakes, Epsom	.	.	934	0	0
Marie Legraye, Corporation Plate, Brighton	.	.	271	0	0
			<hr/>		
			£5490	15	0
			<hr/>		

Marsh was good enough to write to me his impressions of the half-dozen shortly after their arrival at Egerton House. He was not particularly pleased with any of them, but expressed a decided preference for Minoru. This colt seemed not unlikely to win races of moderate class, though there was little about him to suggest the probability of his doing much, and it was rather in the nature of a surprise when, making his appearance, in the Great Surrey Foal Stakes, he won by a couple of lengths from a dozen others.

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Going on to Ascot he ran second for the Coventry Stakes, and was second again, beaten only a neck, for the July Stakes. In August, a few weeks afterwards, Minoru was crossing the Cambridge Road, near the turnpike, when he slipped on the tan with which the road was covered. His fore legs went one way, his hind legs the other, and Lord Marcus states that "he almost split himself in two." This, doubtless, went far to account for his defeat in the Hopeful Stakes at the Newmarket First October. He ran fairly well for, but failed to win, a Nursery at the Houghton Meeting, and was then unplaced for the Chesterfield Nursery at Derby.

But the great question earlier in the year was what Perrier could do, and he began in highly satisfactory fashion. He had little to beat, it is true, for the Newmarket Biennial at the Craven Meeting ; still he could do no more than win, and, with odds of 6 to 4 on him, did so easily enough. The aspect of things brightened enormously. It was believed with no little confidence that here was another classic winner, and he started a strong favourite at little more than even money for the Two Thousand Guineas ; in which, however, he could get no nearer than fifth, beaten many lengths. Prior to this he had been backed for the Derby at a price which lengthened greatly as the day of the Epsom race approached. He made no show ; but a certain amount of faith was still reposed in him, and with apparent reason, as he was only beaten a length for the St. James' Palace Stakes at Ascot. He was a heavy-framed colt, with high round action, so that he struck the ground



PERRIER

SRINAGAR (Kashmir)

DATE LOANED

Class No. _____ Book No. _____

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This book may be kept for 14 days. An over - due charge will be levied at the rate of 10 Paise for each day the book is kept over - time.

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very hard when galloping, and as his legs were not of the best, it was considered necessary to treat him with special care, the consequence being that he did not reappear during the season.

One of the Sandringham-bred fillies, however, was doing much to regain the lost reputation of the stud. This was *Princesse de Galles*, a particularly handsome mare who was not ready to race till the Second July Meeting, when she came out for the Chesterfield Stakes and beat *Battle Axe*, who had beaten *Minoru* in the July. She went to Goodwood, cantered away with the Ham Stakes, and had practically won the Prince of Wales' Stakes two days afterwards when her jockey, rashly supposing that the race was over, was caught and beaten a short head by Lord Rosebery's *Attic Salt*. It was also by a very short head that she succumbed to Mr. Reid Walker's *Duke Michael* in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster; but she won the Boscawen and the Bretby Stakes, her record therefore being four successes out of her six races, the narrowest possible failure in the other two, in one of which her superiority was undoubted.

As a general rule, it may be said that when the year opens an owner of racehorses can have little idea of what will happen. In 1909 it seemed not unlikely that *Princesse de Galles* would win notable stakes. There was also a possibility that the hopes which had been formed with regard to *Perrier* would be to some extent fulfilled. The string consisted of twenty-three :—

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HORSES IN TRAINING, 1909.

Slim Lad, b. h. by St. Simon—Laodamia, 5 yrs.
 Perrier, b. c. by Persimmon—Amphora, 4 yrs.
 Marie Legraye, b. f. by Diamond Jubilee—White Lilac, 3 yrs.
 Saint's Mead, b. f. by St. Simon—Meadow Chat, 3 yrs.
 Perdona, b. f. by Persimmon—Loch Doon, 3 yrs.
 Princesse de Galles, b. or br. f. by Gallinule—Ecila, 3 yrs.
 Prim Nun, b. f. by Persimmon—Nunsuch, 3 yrs.
 Royal Escort, ch. c. by Diamond Jubilee—Ambleside, 3 yrs.
 Vain Air, br. f. by Ayrshire—Vane, 2 yrs.
 Slim Lady, b. f. by St. Simon—Laodamia, 2 yrs.
 Perla, b. f. by Persimmon—Sweet Vernal, 2 yrs.
 Persicaria, br. f. by Persimmon—Courtly, 2 yrs.
 Permia, ch. f. by Persimmon—Medora, 2 yrs.
 Flaming Vixen, ch. f. by Flying Fox—Amphora, 2 yrs.
 Damia, ch. f. by Diamond Jubilee—Amphitheatre, 2 yrs.
 Orellius, b. c. by Orme—Ecila, 2 yrs.
 Border Prince, b. c. by Persimmon—White Lilac, 2 yrs.
 La La, br. c. by Ladas—La Carolina, 3 yrs.
 Moorcock, ch. c. by Gallinule—Fair Jean, 3 yrs.
 Calderstone, b. c. by Persimmon—Shewbread, 3 yrs.
 Oakmere, b. or br. c. by Wild-fowler—Lady Lightfoot, 3 yrs.
 Prince Pippin, b. c. by Diamond Jubilee—Goody Two-Shoes, 3 yrs.
 Minoru, b. c. by Cyllene—Mother Seigel, 3 yrs.

Winners.

Minoru, Greenham Stakes, Newbury	£879
„ Two Thousand Guineas	5000
„ The Derby	6450
„ St. James' Palace Stakes, Ascot	1950
„ Surrey Stakes, Goodwood	617
„ Free Handicap, Newmarket	350
Saint's Mead, North Park Plate, Epsom	187
Princesse de Galles, Coronation Stakes, Ascot	3050
Vain Air, Molyneux Stakes, Liverpool	400
„ Sudbury Plate, Derby	177
Perrier, Newmarket Biennial	546
Moorcock, Manor Plate, Windsor	100
Oakmere, Berkshire Three-Year-Old Handicap, Newbury	438
	<u>£20,144</u>

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Of the two-year-olds that had been sent up from Sandringham the previous year, Orellius had developed into a good-looking colt, about whom there were possibilities. Most of the other two-year-olds were small. The half-dozen leased colts promised little ; indeed those that had been freely entered were struck out of most of the chief stakes. Vain Air, one of the little ones, however, was ready early in the season, was sent to Liverpool, and carried off the Molyneux Stakes, which was something to begin with ; and at Derby a week afterwards she won the Sudbury Plate, which was something more, though there was comparatively little satisfaction in picking up these trifling events with a filly who, in consequence of her lack of size, was not likely to improve. The Newbury Meeting, however, came on at the end of March, and Minoru, who had been doing well during the winter, was sent to run for the Greenham Stakes. According to the conditions of the race he had 9 st. 10 lb. to carry, Lord Carnarvon's Valens 9 st. 5 lb. A rumour had been current to the effect that Valens was backward in condition ; but he was much better trained than reports suggested, and after carefully inspecting him I recollect Marsh remarking to me that he was very undecided as to whether Minoru should run. Valens appeared tolerably sure to beat him. His Majesty was not present ; Lord Marcus Beresford was there, and after a consultation it was decided to let the colt take his chance. This determination proved to be a wise one. Minoru won decisively by a length and a half from Valens, the

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Duke of Portland's Cattaro the same distance away third, in front of his stable companion, Mr. W. Astor's Mirador. Particulars of this race, as the first suggestion of what might—and happily did—come to pass, may be given in detail :—

THE GREENHAM STAKES of £1000, of which second received £75, and third £25; by subscriptions of £21; £11 if declared by January 5, 1909, or £1 if declared by March 31, 1908, with £372 added; for three-year-olds; 1 mile straight (68 subs., viz. 12 at £21, 32 at £11, and 24 at £1—£879).

His Majesty's Minoru, by Cyllene, 9 st. 10 lb.	H. Jones	1
Lord Carnarvon's Valens, 9 st. 5 lb.	F. Wootton	2
Duke of Portland's Cattaro, 8 st. 7 lb.	W. Lane	3
Mr. J. L. Dugdale's Coastwise, 9 st. 3 lb.	F. Greening	0
Mr. J. W. Larnach's Promontory, 9 st. 3 lb.	F. Lynham	0
Mr. W. Astor's Mirador, 8 st. 10 lb.	W. Higgs	0
Mr. D. R. Browning's Belfast, 8 st. 10 lb. (car. 8 st. 11 lb.)	B. Dillon	0
Sir R. C. Garton's b. c. by Desmond—Darling Clara, 8 st. 10 lb.	C. Trigg	0
Sir Alan Johnstone's Prince Hubert, 8 st. 10 lb.	W. Halsey	0
Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Bertramo, 8 st. 10 lb.	O. Madden	0

Betting.—11 to 10 on Valens, 9 to 2 agst Minoru, 10 to 1 agst Mirador, 100 to 7 agst others. Won by a length and a half, same between second and third.

The next race, moreover, the Berkshire Three-Year-Old Handicap, was won by Oakmere, another of the leased colts, but this was a minor affair; the great thing was, Minoru had done so well as to suggest a vague possibility—for it scarcely amounted to a hope—

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that the specially coveted honour of the year—the Derby—might not be wholly beyond his reach.

Minoru was engaged in the Two Thousand Guineas, and to his preparation for this Marsh proceeded to devote himself. His prospects did not look particularly good. Mr. Fairie's Bayardo had been unquestionably the best two-year-old of the season, and was reported to be progressing favourably. According to the estimate officially reached at the end of the previous year, in the Free Handicap for Two-Year-Olds, Minoru was more than 21 lb. Bayardo's inferior; and though the King's colt had obviously made exceptional progress, it seemed improbable that he could have attained to anything like Bayardo's level. A happy surprise, however, was in store. The race resulted as follows:—

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES, £5000. Rowley Mile. Colts, 9 st.; fillies, 8 st. 11 lb.

His Majesty's Minoru	.	.	.	H. Jones	1
The Duke of Portland's Phaleron	.	.	.	W. Earl	2
Mr. Walter Raphael's Louviers	.	.	.	G. Stern	3
Mr. Fairie's Bayardo	.	.	.	Maher	4
Mr. L. Neumann's Fidelio	.	.	.	Dillon	5
Mr. J. Buchanan's Diamond Stud	.	.	.	W. Halsey	6
Mr. W. Raphael's Blankney II.	.	.	.	Higgs	7
Mr. Lionel Robinson's Sealed Orders	.	.	.	F. Wootton	8
Mr. J. Baird Thorneycroft's Grimmet	.	.	.	W. Griggs	0
Colonel E. W. Baird's Orange Bud	.	.	.	Lyntham	0
Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Fop	.	.	.	Madden	0

Betting.—13 to 8 on Bayardo, 4 to 1 agst Minoru, 100 to 7 agst Louviers, 20 to 1 agst Diamond Stud, 25 to 1 agst Fop, 33 to 1 agst others. Won by two lengths, one length and a half between second and third. 1 min. 37½ sec.

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Bayardo greatly disappointed his adherents. Though he was backward in condition, he was sufficiently trained, according to the belief of Alec Taylor, to be equal to the occasion, and his friends were very far from being convinced that he was not still the best of his year. Minoru, however, to the general delight, had once more carried the Royal colours to victory. The scene of jubilation which always attended the triumphs of His Majesty need not be again described. The race intensified the hope that his filly, Princesse de Galles, who was to make her first appearance of the season in the One Thousand Guineas, would gain a corresponding success, which, to the general disappointment, she just failed to accomplish.

ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES of £4100. Rowley
 Mile. 9 st. each.

Mr. L. Neumann's Electra	Dillon	1
His Majesty's Princesse de Galles	H. Jones	2
Mr. William Cooper's Perola	F. Wootton	3
M. E. Blanc's Messaouda	G. Stern	4
Sir Daniel Cooper's Vivid	Maher	5
Lord Rosebery's Janfarie	Higgs	6
Sir William Bass's Maid of the Mist	Trigg	7
The Duke of Portland's Curzola	Earl	0
Colonel Hall Walker's Blue Cap	Saxby	0
Lord Harwood's Appeal	J. H. Martin	0

Betting.—5 to 2 agst Princesse de Galles, 3 to 1 agst Perola, 9 to 2 agst Vivid, 8 to 1 agst Messaouda, 9 to 1 agst Electra, 10 to 1 agst Curzola, 25 to 1 agst others. Won by a length, four lengths between second and third. 1 min. 40 $\frac{2}{8}$ sec.

It is always a disappointment to be beaten with a "fancied" horse, especially when it is first favourite. Still, Princesse de Galles had come very near to success,

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and His Majesty responded with evident pleasure to the mitigated congratulations. There were, at any rate, strong hopes that a month later at Epsom the double event—the Derby and the Oaks—might be achieved. Minoru happily continued to give satisfaction. Fit as he had been at Newbury, his trainer had skilfully left something to work on, and for a time he was favourite for the greatest of races. Bayardo's friends had not lost faith in him, but a large section of race-goers, whose outlays account for the position of horses in what is called "the market," were influenced by what they had seen in the Two Thousand Guineas, forgetting the relative positions of Bayardo and Minoru during the previous season.

But danger was believed to have arisen from another quarter. Mr. Louis Winans had given 15,000 guineas for an American-bred colt named Sir Martin, who had won as a two-year-old some of the principal races in the United States. I went specially to see him at his trainer's establishment soon after his arrival in England, and, though he could not be called a handsome colt, there were points about him which evoked cordial admiration. Prior to the Derby he had only run once, in a Welter Handicap at Newmarket, which he had won with considerable ease, beating nothing, however, the defeat of which could make him out a good colt. Nevertheless he was so highly esteemed that on the day of the Derby he made his way to absolute favouritism, if only preferred to Minoru by a fraction. The race was to be an eventful one. The usual Derby

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crowd was augmented by many visitors eager to be present, if by chance, for the first time in racing history, the reigning sovereign was to win the Derby, which it naturally seemed probable he might do. Her Majesty the Queen was present, as were their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and certainly there was reason to be proud of the colt as the field of fifteen paraded past the stands. That the best of good wishes were showered on the King need scarcely be said, but His Majesty had seen too much of the "glorious uncertainty" of the Turf to be sanguine, and replied, "Marsh thinks he will win," in answer to the expression of his friends' aspirations.

The flag fell to an even start; Minoru held a sufficiently good place, and was just where his jockey wished him to be when more than half the distance had been covered. Here, however, a disaster occurred. Sir Martin either crossed his legs or struck into another horse—precisely what did happen has never been clearly stated. At any rate the American colt fell, and some of those who were behind him necessarily suffered. Bayardo, it was said, had to be pulled out of the way to avoid the fallen horse, thereby losing many lengths, and excuses were made for one or two others. As to Bayardo, an excellent photograph of the race goes to prove that he can have been little affected, for the picture shows him, just after Tattenham Corner had been rounded, in as good a position as a jockey could desire at this point of the race. Most fortunately Minoru escaped, having been a little in front at the time when Sir Martin

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came down. The purple and scarlet jacket was prominent at Tattenham Corner, with Louviers in close attendance, Lord Michelham's William the Fourth well up, and Lord Carnarvon's Valens near. But Minoru was galloping with unflagging vigour. The familiar outburst of enthusiasm began to well forth while yet the leaders were nearly a furlong from home, more cautious spirits trusting that it was not premature ; for it was obvious that the fight must be a desperate one. Herbert Jones, well placed on the rails, strove with all his strength and skill ; Stern, who had come over from France to ride Louviers, responded with equal energy. No one but the judge could say what had been the result, when, to the general joy, the hoisting of the numbers proclaimed a Royal victory.

DERBY STAKES of £6450. About a mile and a half.
Colts, 9 st. ; fillies, 8 st. 11 lb.

His Majesty's Minoru	H. Jones	1
Mr. Walter Raphael's Louviers	G. Stern	2
Lord Michelham's William the Fourth	Higgs	3
Lord Carnarvon's Valens	F. Wootton	0
Mr. Fairie's Bayardo	Maher	0
Mr. A. H. Ledlie's Electric Boy	W. Bray	0
Mr. J. Barrow's Strickland	Wm. Griggs	0
Mr. J. B. Joel's The Story	W. Griggs	0
Mr. C. S. Newton's Sandbath	R. Keeble	0
Mr. J. Buchanan's Diamond Stud	W. Halsey	0
Mr. H. G. Fenwick's St. Ninian	Trigg	0
The Duke of Portland's Phaleron	W. Earl	0
Mr. R. Mill's Prester Jack	Saxby	0
Mr. W. Raphael's Brooklands	Blackburn	0
Mr. L. Winan's Sir Martin (fell)	J. H. Martin	0

Betting.—3 to 1 agst Sir Martin, 7 to 2 agst Minoru, 9 to 2 agst Bayardo, 8 to 1 agst Valens, 9 to 1 agst Louviers, 20

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to 1 agst Phaleron and William the Fourth, 40 to 1 agst The Story, 50 to 1 agst Diamond Stud and Strickland, 66 to 1 agst Electric Boy, Sandbath, St. Ninian, and Prester Jack, 200 to 1 agst Brooklands.

Places.—5 to 4 on Minoru, evens Sir Martin, 6 to 4 agst Louviers, 2 to 1 agst Bayardo and Valens. Won by a short head, half a length between second and third. 2 min. 42 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec.

What the myriads had come to see had been seen, and the narrowness of the success added to the wild enthusiasm. It was a repetition of what had happened fourteen years previously ; but I have feebly endeavoured to describe the spectacle in speaking of Persimmon's Derby, and realise the impossibility of conveying any idea to those who had not the good fortune to be present. Of course His Majesty obeyed tradition in going down to meet his horse, making his way as best he could, with such escort as the police were able to afford, through the dense mass of humanity. Again and again the cheers broke out. It was with difficulty that a path for the horses could be cleared, but at length Jones found his way to the neighbourhood of the enclosure, where the leading rein was buckled on, and the King led back his champion. To more than one of his friends he afterwards declared that the heartfelt enthusiasm of his people was before all else what had made him happy.

But the Oaks was never to come to His Majesty. When the barrier was raised for the fillies' race, to the consternation of Electra's friends, it was seen that she was hopelessly left at the post. It is always of course regrettable that any runner should not have a fair chance, but here there was a mitigation in the

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idea that a dangerous rival—the most dangerous of all indeed, as it appeared—was removed from the path of Princesse de Galles. There seemed nothing but Perola to beat ; and in the One Thousand Guineas she had been as much as four lengths behind the daughter of Gallinule and Ecila. Here at the distance the Royal filly looked quite likely to win, but she could not resist the challenge, and was second, as she had been at Newmarket a month before. The truth with reference to Princesse de Galles was that she could not stay ; no doubt six furlongs was her best distance, and the Oaks course is twelve. It is strange that His Majesty should have won the Derby and been second for the Oaks again, as he was in 1900.

THE OAKS STAKES of £4950. About a mile and a half.

Mr. William Cooper's Perola	.	.	F. Wootton	1
His Majesty's Princesse de Galles	.	.	H. Jones	2
Mr. J. B. Joel's Verne	.	.	W. Griggs	3
Sir W. Bass's Maid of the Mist	.	.	Trigg	4
Mr. C. Bower Ismay's Balnacoil	.	.	Saxby	5
Mr. L. Neumann's Electra	.	.	Dillon	6
Mr. W. Astor's Third Trick	.	.	Earl	0
Mr. Fairie's Lady Vista	.	.	Wm. Griggs	0
Sir Daniel Cooper's Bonny Bay	.	.	Maher	0
Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Santa Bella	.	.	Madden	0
Mr. Brodrick Cloete's Syringa	.	.	A. Templeman	0
Mr. J. W. Larnach's Via	.	.	Lynham	0
Colonel Hall Walker's Imperatrix	.	.	E. Piper	0
Lord Carnarvon's Maakara	.	.	H. Randall	0

Betting.—5 to 4 agst Electra, 5 to 1 agst Perola, 11 to 2 agst Princesse de Galles, 10 to 1 agst Third Trick, 100 to 6 agst Maid of the Mist and Via, 25 to 1 agst others.

Places.—4 to 1 on Electra, 5 to 4 on Princesse de Galles, evens Perola. Won by two lengths ; same between second and third. Time, 2 min. 39½ sec.

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

The King's horses were always liberally entered at Ascot, and the St. James' Palace Stakes, one of the most valuable races of the meeting, was chosen for Minoru, who beat two unworthy opponents. Princesse de Galles also succeeded in the Coronation Stakes. It was the general opinion that Electra, notwithstanding that she carried 9 st. 3 lb. against the 8 st. 10 lb. of the King's filly, would win; slight odds were laid on Mr. Neumann's mare, and 100 to 30 against Princesse de Galles. Herbert Jones rode an admirable race. He was told to get the inside turn at the bend if he possibly could, and in his anxiety to carry out orders made a sudden effort which caused the filly to slip. The manner in which he recovered her was skilful in the extreme.

For years the King honoured the Duke of Richmond with his presence at Goodwood House for the great Sussex meeting, and he was there as usual in 1909. Minoru had things all his own way in the Sussex Stakes. The defeats of Prim Nun and Moorcock, the only other two of His Majesty's horses to appear, were unimportant. Whether Minoru could win the Leger was now the point which chiefly occupied attention, for Bayardo had found his form, and could not be recognised as other than a most dangerous rival. Marsh, however, was fairly confident that the Derby winner would carry off the last of the classics, and in the paddock at Doncaster, before the race, was almost vexed with his friends who could not abandon their preference for Bayardo. That preference was justified, and for the first time

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as a three-year-old His Majesty's colt encountered defeat.

THE ST. LEGER STAKES of £6450. About 1 mile 6 fur.
132 yds. Colts, 9 st. ; fillies, 8 st. 11 lb.

Mr. Fairie's Bayardo	Maher	1
Lord Carnarvon's Valens	F. Wootton	2
Mr. Astor's Mirador	B. Dillon	3
His Majesty's Minoru	H. Jones	4
Mr. J. B. Joel's The Story	W. Griggs	5
Mr. H. J. King's Carrousel	Trigg	0
Mr. J. Lowry's Bachelor's Double	J. Thomson	0

Betting.—11 to 10 on Bayardo, 7 to 4 agst Minoru, 100 to 8 agst Valens, 100 to 6 agst Bachelor's Double, 33 to 1 agst The Story, 40 to 1 agst Mirador, 66 to 1 agst Carrousel. Won by a length and a half; half a length between second and third. Time, 3 min. $8\frac{3}{4}$ sec.

The running was considered inexplicable. That Bayardo might have beaten Minoru had indeed been not unlikely ; but the trainer protested that it must be utterly wrong for the King's colt to be behind Valens and Mirador. Carrousel led round the bend, and Jones appeared to imagine that when this colt was beaten, as he was sure to be, a place would be open for Minoru. As Jones tried to come up on the rails, however, Carrousel's jockey prevented him, and this brought the King's colt on to his knees. Recovering him, Jones tried for another opening, but now Bayardo got in his way. Minoru was a long-striding horse, who would not stand being pulled about ; the consequence was he began to sprawl, and was not really galloping at the finish.

He was to appear once more, in the Free Handi-

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

cap Sweepstakes at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, where Maher was commanded to ride him. It was a most exciting struggle.

FREE HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of £350 for Three-Year-Olds.
Across the Flat, one mile and a quarter.

His Majesty's Minoru, 9 st.	Maher	1
Mr. L. Neumann's Electra, 8 st. 8 lb.	Wm. Griggs	2
The Duke of Portland's Cattaro, 7 st. 12 lb.	W. Earl	3
Mr. H. Fenwick's St. Victrix, 8 st. 6 lb.	F. Wootton	4

Betting.—2 to 1 on Minoru, 6 to 1 agst St. Victrix, 7 to 1 agst Cattaro, 8 to 1 agst Electra. Won by a neck; a head between second and third.

A hundred yards from home the three leaders were in a line, and it was by a brilliant effort of jockeyship that Maher brought Minoru to the front; but the critics agreed that it was not a well-ridden race, and that the result would have been much more easily achieved had Minoru's jockey made more use of him earlier in the race. His Majesty, with his habitual kindness, proceeded to the paddock and spoke a few words of gracious congratulation to Maher as he emerged from the weighing-room.

Minoru had gone far to make up for past misfortunes, and placed His Majesty second in the list of winning owners; indeed, until after Ascot he had been at the top of the list, Bayardo's Eclipse Stakes altering the order. Princesse de Galles did not add to her solitary contribution—fortunately a handsome one. She opposed Phaleron for the Royal Stakes, but though he gave her 6 lb. more than weight for sex, he beat her by three-parts of a length.

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Marsh was at Sandringham in the winter of 1909, when the shooting happened to be in progress, and he was bidden to go out and see the sport, as also to bring his wife after lunch, that she too might enjoy the spectacle. They stood behind the King while the last covert was being beaten, and His Majesty accounted for a number of birds. When the beaters were through and the party were preparing to return to the house, some instinct impelled Marsh to pick up and put in his pocket the last two cartridges which the King had fired—the last he ever discharged at Sandringham. These cases are now at Egerton House, with many tokens of His Majesty's kindness and recognition of his trainer's diligence and skill. They include cups, cigar-cases, pins, bronzes, &c.; and on the walls of the study where the King sometimes held conference with Marsh, are photographs of Persimmon taken by Her Majesty Queen Alexandra and Her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Russia. One day the King desired to speak privately with Marsh, who, much wondering what the communication could be, attended His Majesty to this apartment. The King drew a Jubilee medal, in a case, from his pocket, and handed it to Marsh with words of cordial approbation of the manner in which the horses were always sent out to run; and a miniature of the medal was added to the gift, the trainer being told to wear this latter on his coat.

The season which was to bring His Majesty's career to an end with such tragic suddenness (1910) opened with twenty-two horses in training :—

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Slim Lad, b. h. by St. Simon—Laodamia, aged.
Perrier, b. h. by Persimmon—Amphora, 5 yrs.
Princesse de Galles, br. f. by Gallinule—Ecila, 4 yrs.
Marie Legraye, b. f. by Diamond Jubilee—White Lilac,
4 yrs.
Royal Escort, ch. c. by Diamond Jubilee—Ambleside, 4 yrs.
Minoru, b. c. by Cyllene—Mother Seigel, 4 yrs.
Orellius, ch. c. by Orme—Ecila, 3 yrs.
Border Prince, b. c. by Persimmon—White Lilac, 3 yrs.
Damia, ch. f. by Diamond Jubilee—Amphitheatre, 3 yrs.
Perla, b. f. by Persimmon—Loch Doon, 3 yrs.
Vain Air, br. f. by Ayrshire—Vain, 3 yrs.
Lord Chamberlain, br. c. by Florizel II.—Courtly, 2 yrs.
Juggernaut, br. c. by St. Simon—Amphora, 2 yrs.
Dorando, b. c. by Cyllene—Nadejda, 2 yrs.
Devil's Dyke, br. c. by Robert le Diable—Sweet Vernal,
2 yrs.
Proviso, ch. c. by Orvieto—April Princess, 2 yrs.
Sweet Alison, b. f. by Thrush—Ecila, 2 yrs.
Petschau, b. f. by Persimmon—Loch Doon, 2 yrs.
Glad Tidings, ch. f. by Gallinule—Laodamia, 2 yrs.
Witch of the Air, b. f. by Robert le Diable—Vain, 2 yrs.
Pintarde, ch. f. by Persimmon—Guinea Hen, 2 yrs.
Persepolis, br. f. by Persimmon—Medora, 2 yrs.
A bay colt, by Ayrshire—Lady Alwyne, 2 yrs.
A bay filly, by St. Serf—Kentish Cherry, 2 yrs.

The last two, it may be remarked, were purchased at Doncaster, the colt for 1400 guineas, the filly for 2100 guineas.

His Majesty was away when the season opened, and indeed there would have been little for him to see had he remained in England, though as the spring advanced Marsh had gradually become more and more pleased with some of the two-year-olds. Writing to me in March he incidentally observed that "none of His Majesty's horses seem likely to set the Thames

Racing

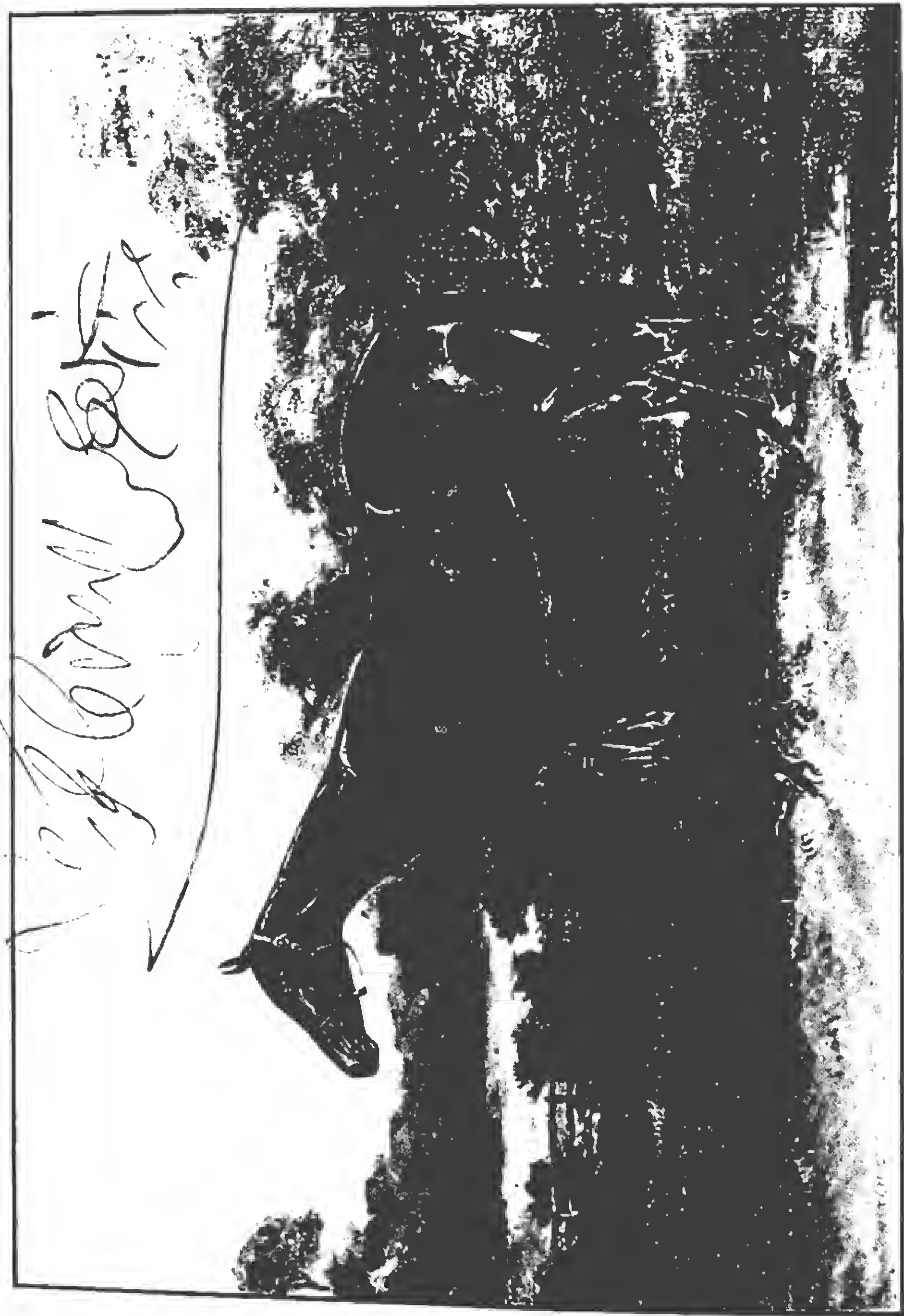
on fire." It was the more gratifying, therefore, to ascertain presently that some of them could gallop. Attention was chiefly concentrated on Minoru. Lacking engagements, the colt had been entered for the City and Suburban and allotted 8 st. 11 lb., a heavy weight, but then Minoru had won the Derby. He throve in his training so well that he came to a short price in the betting, starting first favourite at 3 to 1. His performance was extremely disappointing, but an explanation of it seemed presently to be forthcoming. Minoru was suffering from some affection of the eyes. He appeared to be in pain, and, this having been ascertained, his defeat cannot be put to his discredit. Lord Marcus Beresford and Marsh were of course anxious that the King should be present when his horses ran, but except in the case of Minoru little was hoped from any of the others early in the year. Royal Escort did rather better than was expected of him when he ran third in a field of twenty for a Welter Handicap at Newmarket Craven Meeting.

It was not until Thursday, May 5th, that the world became acquainted with the fact that His Majesty was ill; and he had so frequently recovered from various indispositions that few for a moment contemplated the possibility of a fatal issue. Witch of the Air had been well tried with her elder half-sister, Vain Air, and Marsh had great hopes that she would prove good enough to win the Spring Two-Year-Old Plate at Kempton Park on Friday, 6th. She consequently accompanied Minoru, who was to endeavour in the Jubilee to make amends for his Epsom defeat,

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

the condition of his eyes not having yet been recognised. On Friday morning the bulletin in regard to the King's health was not without gravity, and special instructions were sought as to whether Witch of the Air should fulfil her engagement. Orders came from Buckingham Palace that she was to run ; they were taken as a hopeful sign with regard to the King's health, and the filly was duly saddled for her race, fixed for a quarter-past four. To the delight of spectators, she caught and passed Mr. Carroll's Queen Tii, who most people had supposed could hardly be beaten, and amidst an outburst of cheering such as had always marked the Royal victories Witch of the Air won by half a length. The news was immediately telegraphed up to His Majesty. It could scarcely have reached the Palace before five. Shortly afterwards it is reported that his present Majesty King George, not knowing that his father had already been informed, congratulated him on the fact of Witch of the Air's success, King Edward replying, "Yes, I have heard of it. I am very glad." This, it will be seen, must have been after five o'clock ; and before midnight the blow had fallen—King Edward was dead.

To the end His Majesty's horses had afforded him deep gratification, and he had the experience, which falls to the lot of few owners, of finding them remunerative. When Lord Marcus Beresford was entrusted with the management, the King handed him a cheque for £1000 to open an account with Messrs. Weatherby. The Royal owner was never called upon for another shilling, and drew large sums on several



WITCH OF THE AIR

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occasions. At one time close on £60,000 was standing to his credit. There can be little doubt that some of his happiest hours were due to his patronage of the National Sport, and this in a great measure because it brought him so closely into contact with his people. It will be of interest to give some figures showing the pecuniary side of His Majesty's racing career. As stated on a former page, the King headed the list of winning owners for the year 1900, having previously been twice second, in 1896 and 1897, as he was a third time in 1909.

AMOUNT WON IN STAKES BY THE KING'S HORSES.

Year.	Firsts.	Seconds.	Thirds.	As Nomi- nator.	As Nomina- tor of Sire of Winner.	Totals.
1886 to 1889	£ s. d. 502 0 0	£ s. d. ...	£ s. d. ...	£ s. d. ...	£ s. d. ...	£ s. d. 502 0 0
1890	595 0 0	99 0 0	694 0 0
1891	4,299 7 0	99 0 0	25 0 0	4,423 7 0
1892	1,455 6 0	363 16 6	22 15 6	1,841 18 0
1893	376 4 0	211 19 0	588 3 0
1894	3,703 1 0	99 10 0	175 0 0	99 0 0	...	4,074 16 0
1895	7,644 15 6	10 0 0	262 12 6	7,917 8 0
1896	26,573 6 0	1,318 14 0	247 10 0	594 0 0	...	28,733 10 0
1897	14,245 11 6	378 19 0	49 10 0	544 10 0	...	15,218 10 6
1898	6,499 9 0	99 10 0	99 0 0	297 0 0	...	6,994 10 0
1899	2,294 17 0	788 1 6	3,082 18 6
1900	28,523 17 0	1,636 8 0	...	1485 0 0	99 0 0	31,744 5 0
1901	1,318 10 0	797 0 0	495 0 0	198 0 0	...	2,808 10 0
1902	1,554 6 0	199 0 0	99 0 0	1,852 6 0
1903	3,072 11 0	496 0 0	249 16 4	67 6 0	...	3,885 13 4
1904	1,901 8 0	604 19 0	109 0 0	62 15 0	145 10 9	2,913 12 9
1905	915 15 0	250 0 0	14 17 0	...	195 14 6	1,376 6 6
1906	2,673 0 0	669 6 0	...	148 10 0	...	3,490 16 0
1907	3,119 4 0	859 13 6	64 7 0	198 0 0	...	4,241 4 6
1908	5,199 16 0	904 2 6	123 15 0	6,227 13 4
1909	12,265 19 6	1,163 15 6	86 17 6	13,516 12 6
1910	216 0 0
	128,733 3 6	11,048 14 6	2212 5 10	3694 1 0	440 5 3	146,344 10 1

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

FEES EARNED BY THE STALLIONS.

Year.	Persimmon.		Florizel II.			Diamond Jubilee.	
	Public.	Private.	Public.			Private.	Private.
1897	£	£	£	s.	d.	£	£
1898	2,520	0	0	315	...
1899	6,930	1,575	3,496	10	0	315	...
1900	10,710	2,520	4,226	5	0	105	...
1901	10,395	2,520	4,147	10	0	315	...
1902	10,560	2,835	4,410	0	0	210	...
1903	11,025	2,205	9,030	0	0	...	7,560 1890
1904	11,340	2,205	13,230	0	0	315	11,655 1260
1905	11,025	2,205	11,077	10	0	315	10,290 630
1906	10,920	1,260	10,762	10	0	315	8,085 945
1907	11,970	1,260	11,917	10	0	...	7,140 315
1908	12,495	945	5,932	10	0	630	...
1909	5,460	0	0	1260	...
1909	1,890	0	0	630	...
	107,370	19,530	88,100	5	0	4725	44,730 5040
Grand Total, £269,495. 5s. od.							

VALUE OF RACES WON BY SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF FLORIZEL II.

	£	s.	d.	
1900	9,882	0	0	5 winners of 10 races.
1901	23,907	0	0	9 " 24 "
1902	3,444	0	0	5 " 8 "
1903	5,209	15	0	18 " 22 "
1904	15,213	6	0	20 " 38 "
1905	16,327	8	0	19 " 27 "
1906	11,049	10	0	12 " 22 "
1907	8,077	0	0	18 " 29 "
1908	6,145	0	0	13 " 23 "
1909	6,100	0	0	16 " 28 "
	105,354	19	0	135 231

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VALUE OF RACES WON BY SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF PERSIMMON.

	£	s.	d.	
1901 . .	2,455	0	0	. . 1 winner of 2 races.
1902 . .	36,868	0	0	. . 8 winners of 16 „
1903 . .	24,472	10	0	. . 14 „ 25 „
1904 . .	10,308	0	0	. . 11 „ 21 „
1905 . .	16,443	15	0	. . 15 „ 25 „
1906 . .	21,737	0	0	. . 16 „ 31 „
1907 . .	12,815	0	0	. . 14 „ 26 „
1908 . .	28,484	0	0	. . 14 „ 28 „
1909 . .	16,485	0	0	. . 16 „ 26 „
	<hr/>			
	170,068	5	0	<hr/>
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				109
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A FEW SALES.

Diamond Jubilee .	£30,000	Maid of Norway .	£610
Dunlop . .	5,000	Tears of Joy .	600
Lauzun . .	2,300	Vanitas . .	588
Sandringham .	2,000	Welfare . .	556
Victoria . .	1,500	Wheatley . .	525
Sympatica . .	1,500	Alexandra . .	520
Osella . .	1,450	Mousme . .	510
Lady Peggy .	1,300	Pettifogger .	500
Mead . .	1,250	Nulli Secundus .	500
Azeeza . .	1,200	Carstone . .	500
Persistence .	1,000	Versailles . .	500
Permia . .	861	Glentilt . .	500
Chinkara . .	840	Plumassier . .	490
Sweet Muscat .	735	Lord Quex . .	483
Pessicaria . .	735	Vain . .	483
Oakdene . .	700	Lady Carr . .	470
The Vigil . .	700	Rouble . .	460
Slim Lady . .	661	Mountain Queen	450
Perimeter . .	640	Zeiff . .	441
Perdona . .	640	Penshaw . .	439
Flaming Vixen .	630	Derelict . .	420

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

A FEW SALES—*Continued.*

Piari	£420	Fair Slave	£315
Plombières	410	Marguerite	315
The Imp	409	Pin-Basket	315
Unrefined	378	Lucknow	315
Marie Agnes	378	Leveret	310
Lady Daisy	367	Pendragon	300
Barracouta	367	Lady Wayward	250
Hamiltrude	367	Perolina	250
Succès	367	Court Plaster	240
Ambleside	350	Per Contra	240
Fortuna	325	Perambulator	210
La Paix	325	Courtly	210
Total			£73,911

His Majesty entered his horses very freely, patronising some of the old-established races, such as the Buckenham Stakes of £300 each, half forfeit; the Prince of Wales' Stakes at Goodwood, £200 each subscription, the Boscawen Stakes of £100 each. It would doubtless be found that a few of the most promising horses had something like £1000 worth of engagements made for them; but it is pleasant to know that His Majesty's racing paid handsomely, though the chief gratification arises from knowledge of the fact which has been stated, that the relaxation of the Turf afforded him constant delight.

CHAPTER VI

THE KING'S STEEPLECHASE HORSES

WHEN the Royal colours were first carried at Aldershot in a little steeplechase, no one could have supposed that they would presently become conspicuous on so many racecourses, and thrice be the centre of tumultuously enthusiastic thousands as their owner led his horses in at Epsom after winning the greatest of races—for so the Derby is held to be, notwithstanding that other stakes at home and abroad are of higher pecuniary value. It was natural that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales should wish to have a jumper to run for a regimental race. Officers like to be represented at their regimental meetings, and His Royal Highness, needless to say, was more or less directly connected with various regiments ; so he commissioned Lord Marcus Beresford to find him something that would do creditable duty in events of this description. Lord Marcus had always been keenly devoted to the sport, and, moreover, an active exponent of it. From the first the Prince was accustomed to consult the young officer—Lord Marcus was then in the 7th Hussars, and was at this time constantly seen “between the flags”—and to accept his advice. So, looking round, a horse called Leonidas was discovered, and it was he who first carried the Royal colours over fences, happily with success, at the

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

Aldershot Meeting on April 14, 1880. The following is the record of the race :—

THE MILITARY HUNT STEEPLECHASE of 5 sov. each, 2 sov. forfeit to the fund, with 75 sov. added, for hunters; the second to save his stake. About two and a half miles. (20 subs.—£115).

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Leonidas (late Luggala), by Lord Clifden or Adventurer, aged, 12 st. 3 lb.	Mr. W. Hope-Johnstone 1
Mr. Lee La Trobe Bateman's Doreen, aged, 12 st. 3 lb.	Major Bond 2
Mr. J. St. L. Wheble's Dally Not, aged, 12 st. 3 lb.	Mr. Cochrane 3
Mr. C. Little's Music, aged, 12 st. 3 lb.	Owner 0
Major W. Hutchinson's Pixie, 4 yrs., 10 st. 3 lb. (car. 10 st. 7 lb.)	Capt. Anthony 0
Capt. H. W. Parker's Trumpeter, aged, 12 st. 3 lb.	Mr. La Terrière 0
Mr. H. S. Dalbiac's Babylonian, 4 yrs., 10 st. 3 lb.	Mr. Roche 0
Mr. F. Russell's Songster, aged, 12 st. 3 lb.	Mr. Balfour 0
Capt. L. Thompson's Highflyer, aged, 12 st. 10 lb.	Lord E. Hamilton 0
Lord E. Hamilton's br. g. by Parmesan—Pomona, 4 yrs., 10 st. 3 lb.	Mr. Hartopp 0

Betting.—6 to 4 agst Leonidas, 4 to 1 agst Pixie. Won by ten lengths; a bad third. Babylonian fell.

Leonidas won easily, but the Prince was not particularly pleased with the horse, and after thanking Mr. Hope-Johnstone for riding and winning—as he did with much ease—asked him if he would like to buy the winner? “He’s too good for me, sir!” was the reply. Leonidas was soon disposed of elsewhere.

The King's Steeplechase Horses

Happily for the Turf, the Prince found pleasure in the ownership of horses, and though the occasion quoted was the first on which a horse had ever run in his name and colours—except when, as described in the previous chapter, his Arab pony Alep appeared at Newmarket—Leonidas was not the first in which he had owned a share. In the year 1878 Captain Machell had two jumpers in his stable named Congress and Jackal, both winners of races and promising to do more than they had done. The Prince heard of them through Lord Marcus, and bought them, in conjunction with him, for 1500 guineas and 500 guineas respectively. Congress had looked so much like jumping that his friends were persuaded he had the makings of a brilliant 'chaser in him, notwithstanding that for a time he was singularly reluctant to exercise his powers, and during his early lessons actually had to be pulled over his fences with ropes. Jackal's career had been curious. In his early days he had seemed quite hopeless, and Richard Marsh, afterwards destined to become famous as the trainer of Persimmon, Diamond Jubilee, and Minoru amongst others, used to ride him as a hack while superintending the work of his horses at Epsom, where he then lived. Jackal appeared to him to have a turn of speed, notwithstanding the failure of his earlier attempts, and one day, the shortest way to a place Marsh wished to reach being over some hurdles, he rode the horse at them and found that he jumped in admirable fashion. It occurred to him to see what Jackal could do. He was put into a gallop with some

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

others, and showed distinctly how much he had been misjudged. So greatly was Marsh pleased with him, that he suggested to his owner the desirability of having him trained for the valuable hurdle race at Auteuil. The owner, however, could not be induced to believe that this was anything like within Jackal's compass, whereupon Marsh sought permission to take him over to Paris at his own expense, the result showing that his judgment was correct, for Jackal won.

This was the horse that now passed into the possession of His Royal Highness and Lord Marcus, and no time was lost in further testing him. At the Liverpool Autumn Meeting of 1878 Jackal was put into the Craven Steeplechase, Lord Marcus determining to ride himself. He had only one opponent, Craven, and both of them refused when they had jumped a few fences. After much persistence Jackal was got over, and seemed to be doing all that could be desired till Valentine's Brook was reached, which he resolutely declined to cross. Lord Marcus declares that he must have occupied twenty minutes in endeavouring to get the horse over, and meantime the other jockey had persuaded his horse to jump. Craven, however, fell again ; Lord Marcus' patience was at length rewarded, and after all these exciting episodes he came in alone.

In the Grand National next year Congress had 12 st. 7 lb. ; Jackal was in with 2 st. less. At the weights the former was a long way the better, and was indeed a great steeplechaser. That he would have won had all

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gone well with him there seems little doubt ; but he never reached Liverpool. He progressed most satisfactorily in his training, and the Prince must be considered to have had every justification for the belief that thus early in his career as an owner he would win the great race. Congress and Jackal were started for one last gallop before being sent to Aintree, and both went to the perfect satisfaction of Lord Marcus, who was on the former, until they had almost covered the allotted distance. Here Lord Marcus, thinking it unnecessary to tax the horse severely, pulled him away from a big fence to jump a little one by the side of it. Congress was so superb a fencer that in all probability he would have managed the big obstacle without difficulty ; but apparently he thought the little fence at which he was directed not worth bothering about, and jumping it carelessly he chinked his back, thus ending his career.

It was Jackal, therefore, who carried the hopes of the stable, which were not very sanguine, though he stayed and jumped quite well enough to suggest the probability of his completing the arduous course. It was recognised that his most dangerous rival would be a horse called The Liberator, if he ran ; but this Irish-bred 'chaser suffered periodically from rheumatism, and had been severely attacked on the eve of the race, his friends believing that it would be impossible to start him. He was better on the morning, however, showed no traces of the ailment at early exercise, and was consequently sent to the post, luckily for those interested in him. Jackal had a curious

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habit of rearing at the start of a race. He often stood straight up on his hind legs, and did so here, losing very many lengths. When once off he fenced perfectly, and as the field approached the brook for the second time had found his way to fourth place. He never made a mistake during the rest of the race, and in the absence of The Liberator would have won, the Irish horse, however, proving too good for him.

THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE of £1665.

About four miles and a half.

Mr. G. Moore's The Liberator, b. g. by Daniel O'Connell	
—Mary O'Toole, aged, 11 st. 4 lb.	Owner 1
Lord Marcus Beresford's ch. g. Jackal, by Cateran—Mag-	
giore, aged, 11 st. (including 7 lb. extra)	J. Jones 2
Captain Crofton's b. m. Martha, by Coroner—Martha,	
aged, 10 st. 13 lb.	Mr. T. Beasley 3
Captain Machell's Regal, 11 st. 10 lb.	Jewitt 0
Marquis de Sauveur's Wild Monarch, 11 st. 7 lb.	Andrews 0
Mr. P. Doucie's Queen of Kildare, 11 st. 5 lb.	J. Doucie 0
Mr. Dunlop's Bacchus, 11 st. 1 lb.	J. Cannon 0
Mr. Russell's His Lordship, 10 st. 12 lb.	Levitt 0
Sir J. L. Kaye's Marshal Niel, 10 st. 12 lb.	Gavin 0
Mr. Denny's Victor II., 10 st. 12 lb.	Mr. J. Beasley 0
Count Festitics' Brigand, 10 st. 10 lb.	Count Metternich 0
Mr. T. D'Arcy Hoey's Bob Ridley, 10 st. 9 lb.	
	Mr. E. P. Wilson 0
Mr. R. Stackpoole's Turco, 10 st. 9 lb.	Mr. H. Beasley 0
Mr. P. M. V. Saurin's Lord Marcus, 10 st. 9 lb.	
	Mr. W. Beasley 0
Mr. James Conolly's Rossanmore, 10 st. 7 lb.	Toole 0
Mr. Vyner's Bellringer, 10 st. 7 lb.	Mr. A. Coventry 0
Duke of Hamilton's The Bear, 10 st. 7 lb.	R. Marsh 0
Sir T. Hesketh's Concha, 10 st. 2 lb.	Mr. W. B. Morris 0

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Betting.—5 to 2 agst Regal, 5 to 1 The Liberator, 10 to 1 Bacchus and The Bear, 100 to 8 Victor II. and Marshal Niel, 100 to 6 Turco and Bellringer, 1000 to 65 Jackal, 20 to 1 Wild Monarch, 40 to 1 Queen of Kildare, 50 to 1 Martha, Concha, Brigand, and Rossanmore. Won by ten lengths; two lengths between second and third.

Congress could give Jackal any amount of weight; but it is always useless speculating on what might have happened if things had not gone otherwise than the way they did. Congress, it will be seen, never ran for his Royal owner—or half owner, to be accurate—and as the partnership was not announced Jackal carried Lord Marcus' light blue jacket and black cap. Jackal won some good stakes, including the Croydon Stewards' Steeplechase, in which he had 12 st. 2 lb., and, ridden by the late John Jones, father of Herbert Jones who was to win two Derbies for His Majesty, beat a useful steeplechase horse called Quibble, giving him 10 lb.—another well-known performer, Mr. Lee Barber's Jupiter Tonans, ridden by his owner, third. Jackal also won the Grand International Steeplechase at Sandown, having behind him two Grand National winners in The Liberator and Regal, the latter of whom came afterwards into the Prince's possession.

Jackal afterwards broke down so badly while being trained for the Grand Sefton Steeplechase in the autumn that he had to be shot. As not seldom happens to a horse, while saving a leg that had been injured, he gave way on the other. When His Majesty won the Grand National of 1900 with Ambush II., an idea seemed to prevail that this

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was almost the first steeplechaser of note the King had possessed ; as a matter of fact he nearly always had a good jumper belonging to him.

Next year the Royal colours were borne successfully in a race which it must have given His Royal Highness particular pleasure to win, the Household Brigade Cup at Sandown. The Prince had commissioned Lord Marcus to find him something that might be equal to this task, and the result was the purchase of a four-year-old son of Paganini and Astrea called Fairplay. The race is run early in the year. On this occasion the date was the 18th March, and a four-year-old seems young to compete with older horses over a three-mile course. As it happened, the first three this season were all four-year-olds.

THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE CUP of £280, about 3 miles.

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales' Fairplay, 4 yrs., 10 st.		
10 lb.	Mr. L. White	1
Shabington, 4 yrs., 10 st. 10 lb.	Mr. Hartopp	2
Kentford, 4 yrs., 10 st. 10 lb.	Mr. Anderton	3
Tramp, aged, 12 st. 12 lbs.	Capt. Smith	0
St. Michael, 4 yrs., 10 st. 10 lb.	Lord Manners	0
Lord Warden, 6 yrs., 12 st. 12 lb.	Lord Binning	0
Royalty, 5 yrs., 12 st. 1 lb.	Lord Cochrane	0

Betting.—5 to 4 agst Shabington, 6 to 4 agst Fairplay. Won by a neck ; bad third.

Tramp fell, and Lord Warden broke down so badly that he had to be killed. Mr. Luke White, the present Lord Annaly, rode an excellent race ; indeed it was jockeyship which enabled him to win from the present Sir Charles Hartopp. Lord Marcus

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was on a hot favourite named Woodcock for the Household Brigade Hurdle Race which followed, but the horse refused, and upset the odds of 9 to 4 on. Fairplay was less fortunate in a Hunters' Hurdle Race at the next Sandown Meeting, finishing third to Tom Cannon's Requit, ridden by Mr. Arthur Coventry; but the Prince's horse won the Royal Handicap Steeplechase at the 11th Hussars' Meeting at Kempton Park, though only by a head. He did not look likely to do much afterwards, and was sold, which seems to have been a judicious proceeding, for next year he won nothing.

In 1883 the Prince wished to be represented in the Great Baden Steeplechase, and Lord Marcus selected a son of the famous Derby winner Blair Athol and Columba, called The Scot. He had run as a five-year-old in the Grand National, ridden by the successful flat-race jockey, F. Webb, who had been ambitious for a mount in the great steeplechase, the race that year having fallen to the Irish horse Woodbrook, with Regal second, and Thornfield, ridden by Richard Marsh, His Majesty's trainer, third. Mr. Arthur Coventry, the present starter, rode The Scot at Baden; but the horse was not fit, and could only get third to Lady of the Lake, a six-year-old ridden by Mr. William Moore. She fell in the course of the race, was remounted, and won easily, so that the others certainly had every advantage. The Scot had been used to travelling, for he had run in the Grand Steeplechase de Paris, not then the valuable stake it is now, though at this period it was worth over £1500

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—sometimes since then the winner has taken much more. In 1910, when it fell to Mr. Assheton-Smith's Jerry M., the value was £6360.

In 1884 The Scot was supposed to have a great chance for the Grand National, but expectations were not fulfilled :—

GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE of £1035. About four and a half miles.

Mr. H. F. Boyd's Voluptuary, 6 yrs., 10 st. 5 lb.	
	Mr. E. P. Wilson 1
Mr. Maher's Frigate, 6 yrs., 11 st. 3 lb. (including 7 lb. extra)	Mr. H. Beasley 2
Capt. Fisher's Roquefort, 5 yrs., 10 st. 5 lb.	Childs 3
Mr. J. B. Lee's Cyrus, aged, 11 st. 12 lb.	J. Jewitt 0
Count Charles Kinsky's Zoedone, aged, 12 st. 2 lb.	Owner 0
Mr. J. Gubbins' Zitella, 6 yrs., 12 st.	Mr. T. Beasley 0
Capt. Machell's Regal, aged, 11 st. 6 lb.	W. Hunt 0
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' The Scot, aged, 11 st. 3 lb.	J. Jones 0
Mr. B. Sheriffe's Albert Cecil, 6 yrs., 11 st. 2 lb.	Owner 0
Mr. Oehlschlaeger's Idea, 6 yrs., 10 st. 12 lb.	Mr. W. Moore 0
Mr. R. George's Black Prince, aged, 10 st. 11 lb.	Mr. T. Widger 0
Mr. E. W. Tritton's Selekah, 5 yrs., 10 st. 5 lb.	Mr. J. Beasley 0
Sir William Eden's Tom Jones, aged, 10 st. 4 lb.	Capt. Lee Barber 0
Lord Rossmore's Cortolvin, aged, 10 st.	Capt. Smith 0
The Duke of Hamilton's Terrier, 4 yrs., 10 st.	Mr. D. Thirlwell 0

Betting.—6 to 1 agst The Scot, 8 to 1 agst Satellite, 100 to 12 agst Cortolvin, 9 to 1 agst Roquefort and Cyrus, 10 to 1 agst Frigate and Voluptuary, 100 to 7 agst Zoedone and Zitella, 100 to 6 agst Idea, 20 to 1 agst Regal, 25 to 1 agst Tom Jones, 33 to 1 agst Terrier, 50 to 1 agst others.

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The Scot was first away, but there was so dense a mist that the runners were soon out of sight. When they again became visible the Prince's horse was going well, and he cleared the water opposite the stand in good style, again disappearing into the haze. After jumping Becher's Brook, however, he made a mistake and fell. Voluptuary, who won, was a cast-off from Lord Rosebery's stable. The horse had been sixth in the Derby three years before, but showed small promise, and was consequently sold, to earn reputation as a steeplechaser; and he must have possessed exceptional aptitude, for it is very seldom that a horse wins a Grand National at a first attempt. He ended his public career with an experience absolutely unique for a Liverpool winner, appearing in a melodrama at Drury Lane Theatre, where he nightly—and sometimes in the afternoon—jumped a little hurdle and a trough which was supposed to represent the brook at Aintree.

For some time His Royal Highness was without a steeplechaser, but early in 1887 Lord Marcus Beresford, always on the alert to find anything that might prove of service, came upon a promising son of Berserker and Polly Linden, whom His Royal Highness named Hohenlinden. There was a steeplechase at a Hunt Meeting near Sandringham which the Prince was particularly anxious to win, and he gave 400 guineas for this big 17-hand horse, the idea being that he was just the sort of animal for the Gold Cup at the Grand Military Meeting. He was sent to John Jones' stable at Epsom, where he progressed favourably, and after securing the Norfolk race, was delivered fit and

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well at Sandown, the late Captain E. R. Owen being honoured by the command to ride. Hohenlinden duly won, and the congratulations which His Royal Highness was always so delighted to receive came heartily from all who were privileged to express them, much consternation prevailing when the statement gained currency that there was an objection to the winner.

About an objection there is usually something unpleasant ; still in ordinary racing it behoves owners of horses to keep a wary eye on what happens, and to defend their rights if they seem to be infringed. At such a meeting as the Grand Military, where gentlemen race for sport, gain being an altogether secondary consideration, in very many cases not coming into consideration at all indeed, objections are naturally rare. It appeared, however, that, according to the strict conditions of the race, horses entered for the Grand Military Gold Cup must belong to officers in the army on full pay, and this appears to have been the weak point of the Prince's entry. He was not an officer on active service, occupying as he did a unique position. There was consequently ground for the objection which Mr. Abercrombie had lodged ; and as he insisted on the letter of the law, the Stewards had no option but to uphold his claim. We may be sure that no one would have acquiesced more readily than His Royal Highness. However, the consequence was the disqualification of Hohenlinden, the race being awarded to Mr. Abercrombie's Maasland, who ran second. There are perhaps some gentlemen who

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would have shrunk from a protest in the circumstances. Mr. Abercrombie chose to make one, and was within his rights.

Hohenlinden won a race at a subsequent Kempton Park Meeting, again ridden by Captain Owen, an admirable horseman and gallant soldier, whose heart was divided between love of his profession and of the sport in which he shone.¹ Hohenlinden, however, was not quite the class of horse His Royal Highness was seeking ; for having gone so near to winning the Grand National he had a great desire to carry off the great steeplechase, and he presented the son of Berserker to the Shah of Persia as a specimen of an English hunter.

In 1888 Lord Marcus Beresford had in his stable a promising horse, Magic, also a son of Berserker, and the Prince having taken a fancy to him he passed into His Royal Highness' possession for 1500 guineas.

Magic carried the Royal colours in the Burwood Open Hunters' Steeplechase at Sandown Park, and began successfully, winning by fifty lengths from Mr. C. M. Kavanagh's The Abbess, both horses carrying 11 st. 11 lb. There was a very good animal in this race, Captain Anderton's The Saint, who had 14 st. on his back, but he and the other four all fell. Mr. Kavanagh, who rode The Abbess, and Captain Fisher, who rode Captain Childe's Quince, were both officers in the 10th Hussars, of which regiment His Royal Highness was Colonel, and it will be remem-

¹ A memoir of Captain E. R. Owen was written by his sister, and published by Mr. John Murray in 1897.

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bered that Prince Edward also served in the Tenth. The following week at Kempton, Magic fell, a bad augury for the Grand National, in which he was next to appear. There was no great reason to suppose that he would win ; but the race was to be kept in the regiment, for it went to Mr. E. W. Baird by the aid of Playfair. The owner was anxious to ride, and would have done so had there not been an apprehension that he would weaken himself too much by wasting to get down to the weight.

THE GRAND NATIONAL OF 1888.

Mr. E. W. Baird's bl. g. Playfair, by Ripponden—dam by Rattlebones—Drayton, aged, 10 st. 7 lb.	Mawson	1
Mr. Maher's b. m. Frigate, by Gunboat—Maid of Kent, aged, 11 st. 2 lb.	Mr. W. Beasley	2
Mr. P. Nickalls' Ballot Box, by Candidate—Susan, aged, 12 st. 4 lb.	W. Nightingall	3
Lord Rodney's Ringlet, aged, 11 st. 11 lb.	T. Skelton	0
Mr. J. Gubbins' Usna, aged, 12 st. 7 lb.	Mr. H. Beasley	0
Mr. E. Benzon's Gamecock, aged, 12 st. 4 lb.	Captain E. R. Owen	0
Baron W. Schroeder's Savoyard, aged, 12 st. 4 lb.	The Hon. G. Lambton	0
Mr. A. Yates' Johnny Longtail, aged, 12 st.	Dollery	0
Mr. T. B. Miller's Bellona, 11 st. 12 lb.	Mr. C. J. Cunningham	0
Mr. J. Gubbins' Spahi, 11 st. 9 lb.	T. Kavanagh	0
Mr. A. Johnstone Douglas' Old Joe, 11 st. 9 lb.	W. Daniells	0
Mr. C. Wardour's Chancellor, 11 st. 5 lb.	Mr. W. H. Moore	0
Baron C. de Tuyll's The Badger, 11 st. 1 lb.	A. Nightingall	0
Mr. L. de Rothschild's Aladdin, 11 st.	Mr. C. W. Waller	0

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H.R.H. The Prince of Wales' Magic, 10 st. 12 lb.

A. Hall o

Mr. T. Brinckman's Kinfauns, 10 st. 10 lb. .

J. Page o

Lord Cholmondeley's The Fawn, 10 st. 6 lb.

Mr. E. P. Wilson o

Mr. Churton's Trap, 10 st. 6 lb.

G. Lowe o

Mr. Abingdon's Jeanie, 10 st. 6 lb.

H. Barker o

Mr. Adrian's Cork, 10 st. 6 lb.

Mr. W. Woodland o

Betting.—7 to 1 agst Usna, 8 to 1 agst Chancellor, 10 to 1 agst The Badger, 100 to 9 agst Ringlet, 100 to 8 agst Frigate, 100 to 6 agst Bellona, 18 to 1 agst Old Joe, 20 to 1 agst Gamecock, Trap, The Fawn, 25 to 1 agst Ballot Box, Savoyard, and Magic, 33 to 1 agst Aladdin and Spahi, 40 to 1 agst Playfair and Johnny Longtail, 100 to 1 agst Kinfauns and Cork, 1000 to 5 agst Jeanie. Won by ten lengths; four lengths between second and third.

Magic tired and dropped out of the race after landing on to the racecourse. Nevertheless he was none the worse for his exertions. Frequently a horse is of little use for a long time after running at Liverpool. Magic, however, was so little affected that he ran three weeks later at Sandown for the Grand International Steeplechase, but failed; to come out successfully, however, at Liverpool in the autumn. It is always a peculiar satisfaction to the owner of a 'cross-country horse if the animal compasses the Aintree fences, and in Magic's next appearance he did this, winning the Grand Sefton Steeplechase in November, run over three miles of the National course, and less than a week afterwards he most appropriately took the Prince of Wales' Steeplechase at Derby, getting home by no more than a neck; but the course this year was akin to a quagmire and anything might have happened. It is noted

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in the *Calendar* that "in consequence of the flooded state of the course near the water jump, the Stewards gave permission for the jump to be missed." Probably bad luck caused him to be beaten in the other 'chase he ran this year, at Leicester. He twisted a plate, and his jockey lost both irons.

There was a doubt as to his ability to stay the long distance at Aintree, but he was trained for it next year, and was at least not very far from victory.

THE GRAND NATIONAL. A Steeplechase of £1500.
About four miles and a half.

Mr. M. A. Maher's b. m. Frigate, by Gunboat, aged, 11 st. 4 lb.	Mr. T. Beasley 1
Mr. B. J. Jardine's b. g. Why Not, by Castlereagh, aged, 11 st. 5 lb.	Mr. C. J. Cunningham 2
Mr. Rutherford's ch. g. M.P., by Minstrel, aged, 10 st. 9 lb.	A. Nightingall 3
Mr. Abington's Bellona, 11 st. 2 lb.	Mr. C. W. Waller 4
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Magic, aged, 10 st. 9 lb.	J. Jones 5
Mr. P. Nickalls' br. f. Ballot Box, 12 st. 7 lb.	W. Nightingall 0
Mr. Abington's Roquefort, 12 st.	Mr. E. P. Wilson 0
Mr. Strong's Gamecock, 11 st. 12 lb.	Dollery 0
Mr. Noel Fenwick's Ringlet, 11 st. 12 lb. (in. 7 lb. extra)	Walsh 0
Baron W. Schroeder's Savoyard, 11 st. 11 lb.	Mr. G. Lambton 0
Mr. H. F. Boyd's Voluptuary, 11 st. 3 lb.	T. Skelton 0
Lord Dudley's Kilworth, 10 st. 13 lb.	Capt. E. R. Owen 0
Count N. Esterhazy's Et Cætera, 10 st. 13 lb.	G. Morris 0
Mr. O. H. Jones' Glenthorpe, 10 st. 10 lb.	Mr. W. H. Moore 0
Lord Cholmondeley's The Fawn, 10 st. 10 lb.	Mr. W. Beasley 0
Mr. W. Fulton's Battle Royal, 10 st. 8 lb.	Mr. H. Beasley 0

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Captain Childe's Merry Maiden, 10 st. 7 lb.

Capt. Lee-Barber 0

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Hettie, 10 st. 5 lb. . A. Hall 0

Lord Dudley's The Sikh, 10 st. 9 lb. . Mr. D. Thirlwell 0

Mr. B. W. J. Alexander's Great Paul, 10 st. . . Ellis 0

Betting.—6 to 1 agst Roquefort, 8 to 1 agst Et Cætera and Frigate, 10 to 1 agst Glenthorpe, 100 to 9 agst The Sikh and Why Not, 100 to 6 agst Voluptuary, 20 to 1 agst Ballot Box, M.P., and Bellona, 25 to 1 agst Savoyard, The Fawn, Battle Royal, and Magic, 33 to 1 agst Gamecock, 40 to 1 agst Kilworth, 66 to 1 agst Ringlet, Hettie, and Merry Maiden, 200 to 1 agst Great Paul. Won by a length; bad third.

It will be seen that the prospects of the Prince's pair—for he also ran Hettie—were not highly esteemed, and this was natural, for the field was a remarkably good one, including, as it did, three previous winners, and another horse who was to win later. Hettie fell at the third fence, but Magic must be esteemed to have done well, as he finished fifth, behind Bellona. It was Frigate's sixth attempt, and she had twice been second.

Magic had been developing remarkable stamina, for the National preparation and race did not enfeeble him, as it does the great majority of horses, and not more than three weeks afterwards he came out fresh and well to win a valuable steeplechase, as prizes in England go.

THE LANCASHIRE HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 1000 sov.

The second to receive 100 sov. out of the Plate. Three miles and a quarter. £875.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Magic, by Berserker, aged,
10 st. 10 lb.

Baron W. Schroeder's Savoyard, aged, 11 st. 12 lb.

T. Skelton 2

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Mr. J. Gubbins' Spahi, aged, 12 st. 5 lb.. T. Kavanagh 3
 Mr. Abington's Bellona, aged, 11 st. 9 lb.

Mr. C. W. Waller 0
 Mr. P. Nickalls' Ballot Box, aged, 12 st. 7 lb.

W. Nightingall 0
 Mr. Noel Fenwick's Ringlet, aged, 12 st. 3 lb. J. Walsh 0
 Lord Dudley's Kilworth, aged, 11 st. 12 lb.

Capt. E. R. Owen 0
 Mr. W. Strong's Gamecock, aged, 11 st. 9 lb. W. Dollery 0
 Count N. Esterhazy's Et Cætera, 5 yrs., 11 st. 2 lb.

G. Morris 0
 Mr. Rutherford's M.P., aged, 10 st. 13 lb.

Mr. W. H. Moore 0
 Capt. E. R. Owen's Halmi, aged, 10 st. 13 lb. . Guy 0
 Mr. J. Canody's Fethard, 5 yrs., 10 st. 12 lb. . D. Canavan 0
 Mr. Fairie's Sorrento, 5 yrs., 10 st. 7 lb. A. Nightingall 0

Betting.—5 to 1 agst Bellona, 6 to 1 agst Et Cætera, 7 to 1 agst Fethard, Savoyard, and Sorrento, 9 to 1 agst Magic, 10 to 1 agst Ballot Box and M.P. Won by four lengths; a length between second and third.

I have mentioned Hettie, by Sir Bevys—Emblematical, the dam one of the family made famous by the distinguished sisters Emblem and Emblematic, who won the Grand National for Lord Coventry in 1863 and 1864. She was a stable companion of Magic, as will have been noted from the record of the race, and immense gratification was expressed when it became known that His Royal Highness had decided to send her to Ireland to run at the Leopardstown Meeting. Mr. H. Beasley, one of the brothers who ranked high among the most skilful horsemen of their generation, was honoured by a command to ride; but though the Leopardstown fences more nearly resemble English ones than any to be found

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elsewhere in Ireland, they seemed strange to the Prince's horse.

THE IRISH INTERNATIONAL HANDICAP of £675 for the first, £50 for the second, and £25 for the third. Three miles and a half.

Lord Dudley's Kilworth, by John Davis, aged, 11 st. 6 lb.

Capt. E. R. Owen 1

Mr. J. A. Canody's Fethard, 5 yrs., 10 st. 13 lb. Canavan 2

Mr. A. E. M'Craken's Lord Chatham, aged, 10 st. 7 lb.

Mr. W. P. Cullen 3

Mr. Oehlschlaeger's Johnny Longtail, aged, 12 st.

Mr. W. H. Moore 0

Lord Cholmondeley's The Fawn, aged, 10 st. 13 lb.

Mr. W. Beasley 0

Mr. W. Fulton's Battle Royal, 5 yrs., 10 st. 12 lb.

Mr. W. M'Auliffe 0

Mr. J. Lyon's Draco, 6 yrs., 10 st. 10 lb. T. Harris 0

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Hettie, 6 yrs., 10 st. 8 lb.

Mr. H. Beasley 0

Mr. H. E. Linde's Mulberry, 6 yrs., 10 st. 4 lb.

J. Hoysted 0

Mr. H. R. Singleton's Ilex, 5 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.

A. Nightingall 0

Betting.—2 to 1 agst The Fawn, 4 to 1 agst Johnny Longtail, 5 to 1 agst Kilworth, 6 to 1 agst Ilex, 100 to 15 agst Battle Royal and Draco. Won by three lengths; six lengths between second and third. Battle Royal fell, and Johnny Longtail broke down.

Hettie's name, it will be observed, does not occur in the betting, significant of the fact that she was not expected to win. She was not altogether profitless, however, for she won steeplechases at Sandown and Kempton later in the year, and tried for the Great Sandown Steeplechase against familiar opponents. Battle Royal and Ilex, just mentioned,

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were first and second, but not much credit can be given to Hettie for getting third, except that it means she safely jumped the course, for there were only five starters, and of the others Kilworth refused and Savoyard broke down.

Among the best amateur horsemen at the end of the last century was Mr. Lushington, who will go down in Turf history as the trainer of Ambush II. It was his skill in the saddle which led to his having the honour of being brought into connection with His Majesty. Safety-Pin had been entered in 1896 for the Andover Stakes at Stockbridge, a race for gentlemen riders, and Lord Marcus Beresford, seeking a jockey, selected Mr. Lushington, who was fortunate enough to win the race. It was one of the Prince's pleasures cordially to express his acknowledgment of services rendered, and often to add something to verbal recognition. Mr. Lushington was in the paddock dressed to ride another race when he was presented to the Prince, who thanked him for what he had done, and handed him a scarf-pin, which, it may be added, was in the circumstances a little embarrassing, as the recipient did not know where to put it at the moment, and Lord Marcus took charge of it till after the race. More than once subsequently Mr. Lushington was privileged to wear the Royal colours, and one day, having the honour to meet His Royal Highness at a house near Newmarket, an enthusiastic lady remarked what a delightful thing it would be if the Prince had a steeplechase horse to run in Ireland. His Royal Highness, who, as we

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have seen, had always taken a particular interest in 'cross-country sport, acquiesced, and told Mr. Lushington to let him know if he heard of a horse that seemed suitable.

As it happened, Mr. Lushington himself owned a colt whom he thought would exactly answer the purpose—a big, good-looking son of Ben Battle and Miss Plant. I am not quite correct in describing this animal, Ambush II., as belonging to Mr. Lushington. As a matter of fact he owned it in partnership with some one else who placed an extremely high value on his share. At length, however, it was agreed that the horse should be put up for auction to dissolve the partnership. Mr. Lushington bought him for 500 guineas, straightway passing him on to His Royal Highness. Ambush II., though he afterwards developed an exceptional turn of speed, was useless as a two-year-old, and did nothing as a three on the flat; but it was for a steeplechaser that he had been acquired, and his trainer set to work to school him over fences. For a long time he was very far from being an apt pupil, giving, indeed, a great amount of trouble before he could be persuaded to do what Mr. Lushington had convinced himself he was well able to accomplish. After infinite pains and patience, however, Ambush II. began to develop into a fencer. Still, a good deal was yet lacking. The promise had not extended far, and, being started for a little race at Navan as a five-year-old in 1898, he scotched at the open ditch, into which he was promptly knocked by a horse following on behind.

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Persisting in his endeavours, Mr. Lushington, to whose control his Royal master had surrendered the colt, entered him for a Maiden Plate at Punchestown, four miles over a course which, as it happened, had shortly before been built up to formidable dimensions. It was agreed that he had no chance—that, amongst other things, he would in all probability refuse the double, and Mr. Lushington went down to see what happened there. As the field approached this fence the colt began to show symptoms of irresolution. His trainer cracked a formidable hunting-crop and shouted out lustily. Ambush knew his voice, but instead of going straight at the obstacle, swerved violently to the right, and when he was pulled round, bolted down the fence towards the left-hand rail. Another crack of the whip and an encouraging holloa persuaded him to go at it; and finally he beat his fourteen opponents by rather more than a length. For a four-year-old to have stayed four miles over this severe country was, of course, a highly promising performance, and in November he was sent to Liverpool to run for the Abbeystead Steeplechase. Here he found two to beat him, and finished a bad third; but it was much that he had safely jumped the fences, and on Boxing Day he easily carried off the St. Stephen's Handicap Steeplechase at Leopardstown.

Since the Grand National was first run in 1839, it had only up to that period been won on four occasions by a five-year-old, few young steeplechase horses having the stamina to last over the four miles and a half of the Liverpool course. But Mr. Lushington

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had formed so high an opinion of Ambush II. that he entered the horse, who was allotted 10 st. 2 lb. In the February preceding Liverpool he was sent to run for the Prince of Wales' Steeplechase at Sandown, and won easily by eight lengths in a field of nine. The Soarer, who had taken the great race at Liverpool three years previously, being one of those behind, unplaced. Liverpool duly followed. This year it was generally supposed that the issue of the race rested between the stable-companions Gentle Ida and Manifesto, favourites at 4 to 1 and 5 to 1 ; but so highly was Ambush II. esteemed that he was well backed at 100 to 12. Anthony, who had ridden him in all his previous races with one exception, had the mount. His Royal Highness' colours were carried prominently but not successfully, Manifesto winning by five lengths from Ford of Fyne. Gentle Ida fell. Ambush II. escaped disaster and finished seventh, that being his last appearance during the year.

That he would in due time successfully fulfil the great ambition of every owner of a steeplechase horse Mr. Lushington had always strenuously believed, and he was of course entered again next year, 1900. It was expected that the handicapper would give him about 10 st. 10 lb., and Mr. Lushington was not a little disappointed when the *Racing Calendar* appeared to find that he had received 11 st. 3 lb. He could only make the best of it, however, and by way of sharpening the horse up it was thought well to let him run for a hurdle race at Kempton Park, where His Royal Highness went to see him. In spite of

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the 11 st. 3 lb., moreover, it was considered worth while to back him to win a substantial stake, and luckily this was done at a time when long odds—the commission averaging little less than 20 to 1—were obtainable. Hurdle racing, of course, was not the business of Ambush II., and the Kempton event fell to General Peace, one of the best exponents of the business that had been seen for many years, and probably a better than has been seen since.

Ambush II. went back to Ireland to complete his preparation, and Mr. Lushington, considering that another outing would do him good, entered him for a National Hunt Flat Race at Baldoyle, determining to ride the horse himself in order that he might see just how he went. A speedy mare called Yellow Vixen was among the runners, a daughter of Gallinule, who has since continued to make so great a name for himself at the stud. It would have been little disgrace to be beaten by her; but Ambush II. won very easily by three lengths, and in due time arrived fit and well at Liverpool.

What horse was the best steeplechaser ever seen is a point upon which there is never likely to be agreement. If the subject were discussed, some experts would vote in favour of Hidden Mystery; as a matter of course Manifesto, twice winner of the great Liverpool race, would have warm adherents; there might be those again who would speak of Cloister, and Mr. Lushington leans to Usna. The children of Ascetic, a son of Hermit, the Derby winner, took naturally to jumping, many of them mightily distinguished themselves, but

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it is generally agreed that there was no better than Hidden Mystery. The 12 st. he had to carry here in 1900 seemed a fair weight, and he was just slightly a better favourite than the Prince's horse ; Manifesto, notwithstanding that he was burdened with 12 st. 13 lb., having such a reputation that his victory was deemed quite possible.

When the flag fell Barsac's jockey naturally made the most of the horse's light weight, Ambush being one of the immediate followers. Hidden Mystery fenced and galloped in a manner which delighted his friends ; so the first round was completed, and after jumping the water Barsac still went on with Ambush II. in attendance. At the very first fence Covert Hack, good jumper as he had always shown himself to be, had fallen, and was careering about riderless. Such horses are always a grave source of danger in a steeplechase ; and as the leaders approached this fence for the second time, having completed the round of the course, Covert Hack bore down on Hidden Mystery and knocked him over, thus no doubt disposing of the most dangerous rival to His Royal Highness' representative, who now went on second to Barsac. From here to the end Ambush was always prominent. He led over the last fence, after something of a race got decidedly the better of Barsac, and won by four lengths, the heavily-weighted Manifesto only a neck behind ; indeed had his jockey not eased him when he perceived that he was sure to be placed, Manifesto might easily have been second.

The dense throng on the Aintree racecourse had

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begun to vent its enthusiasm before the horses reached the last jump, which—as Ambush was to show on a subsequent occasion—is always a very rash proceeding ; but when he was safely over, and it was seen that his victory was certain, the multitude appeared bent upon proving that they could cheer louder than the Epsom crowd had done when Persimmon won the Derby. The Prince of course went down to lead his horse in, a ceremony he, as a strict observer of tradition, never neglected, and one of his first proceedings was warmly to congratulate Mr. Lushington on the success he had achieved. For the trainer it was naturally a proud moment. If Ambush II. had done badly he would have severely blamed himself, little as such blame would have been deserved, for of course no one can tell what a colt may turn out able to do ; but here, by choosing the horse in the first place, schooling and training him afterwards, he had enabled the Prince to fulfil the great ambition of an owner of steeplechase horses, and this, moreover, with the only steeplechase horse His Royal Highness then owned. The Prince extended his congratulations to Anthony, who had ridden a faultless race, and whose hand he kindly shook. When the jockey left the scales, and the “All right” was announced, the cheers burst out anew, and again the Prince expressed his acknowledgment to Mr. Lushington. He was quite aware, His Royal Highness said, that of all races this was the most difficult to win. As a substantial token of his pleasure he presented the trainer with a valuable old Irish Cup,

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sending another also to Mr. Noble Johnson. To this gentleman, Mr. Lushington's skilful lieutenant, no little of the credit of the horse's victories is due. The jockey he rewarded with a cheque for £500. Mr. Lushington's head man was not forgotten ; he received £250 as a token of his Royal master's appreciation, and to the boy who "did the horse" the Prince gave £50. His generosity to all who served him was indeed always princely.

Friday, 30th March. THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE (handicap of 2500 sov., including a piece of plate value 100 sov.), by subscription of 25 sov. each, 15 sov. forfeit, or 5 sov. if declared, for five years old and upwards ; second received 300 sov. and third 200 sov. out of the stakes. Grand National course, 4 miles 856 yards (74 subs., 20 of whom paid 5 sov. each—£1975).

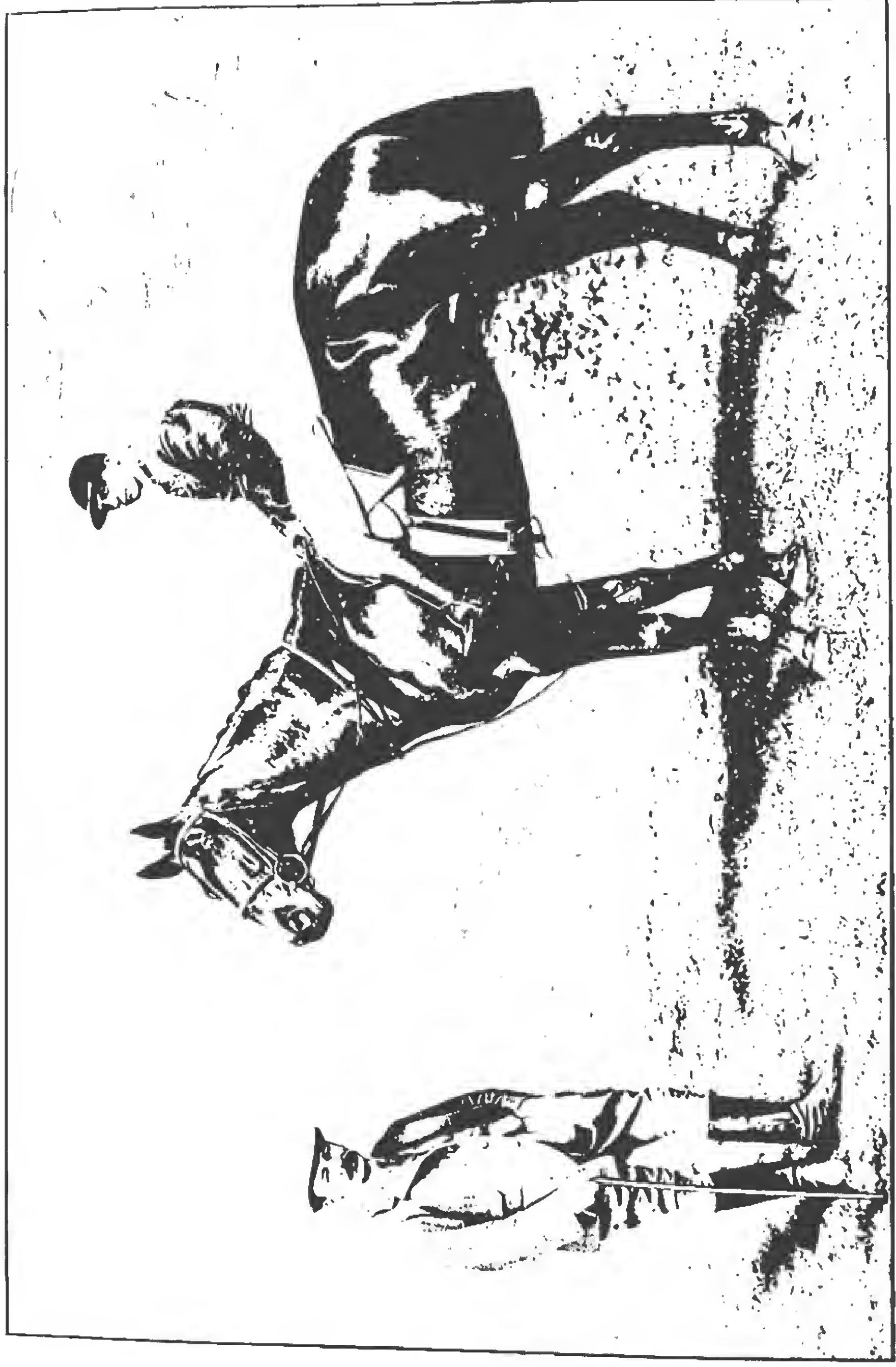
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Ambush II., by Ben Battle,	
6 yrs., 11 st. 3 lb.	Anthony 1
Mr. C. A. Brown's Barsac, aged, 9 st. 12 lb.	Halsey 2
Mr. J. G. Bulteel's Manifesto, aged, 12 st. 13 lb.	Williamson 3
Mr. G. Edwardes' Breemount's Pride, aged, 11 st. 7 lb.	Mr. G. S. Davies 4
Col. Gallwey's Hidden Mystery, 6 yrs., 12 st.	Mr. H. Nugent 0
Capt. Eustace Loder's Covert Hack, 6 yrs., 11 st.	F. Mason 0
Mr. Vyner's Alpheus, aged, 10 st. 10 lb.	Waddington 0
Mr. E. Woodland's Model, aged, 10 st. 7 lb.	P. Woodland 0
Mr. B. Bletsoe's Grudon, aged, 10 st. 5 lb.	Mr. M. B. Bletsoe 0
Mr. Audley Blyth's Elliman, aged, 10 st. 1 lb.	E. Driscoll 0
Mr. Arthur James' Sister Elizabeth, aged, 10 st.	Clack 0
Capt. A. E. Whitaker's Barcalwhey, aged, 10 st.	T. Lane 0
Lord W. Beresford's Easter Ogue, 6 yrs., 9 st. 13 lb.	Hogan 0

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Capt. R. W. Ethelston's Lotus Lily, aged, 9 st. 10 lb.
 (car. 9 st. 11 lb.) Mr. A. W. Wood o
 Mr. G. R. Powell's Nothing, aged, 9 st. 7 lb. (car. 9 st.
 11 lb.) Hoysted o
 Capt. Scott's Levanter, aged, 9 st. 8 lb. T. M'Guire o

Betting.—75 to 20 agst Hidden Mystery, 4 to 1 agst Ambush II., 6 to 1 agst Manifesto, 100 to 7 agst Elliman, 100 to 6 agst Covert Hack, 20 to 1 each agst Breemount's Pride and Barcalwhey, 25 to 1 each agst Lotus Lily and Barsac, 40 to 1 each agst Alpheus, Grudon, and Sister Elizabeth, 50 to 1 agst Levanter, 66 to 1 each agst Easter Ogue and Model, and 100 to 1 agst Nothing. Won by four lengths, a neck between second and third, fourth close up.

In 1901, owing to the lamented death of Queen Victoria, Ambush II. was not seen. He continued to do well, however, and as a matter of course it was fervently hoped that he would repeat his Liverpool achievement. In February 1902 he made his reappearance in the Stand Steeplechase at Kempton Park, which he won by half-a-dozen lengths, and two days later, going on to Hurst Park, disposed of a solitary opponent in the Richmond Steeplechase. Liverpool was early that year, the Grand National being on the 21st March. It seemed scarcely worth while to send the horse back to Ireland when comfortable quarters were ready for him at Marsh's establishment at Newmarket, and thither he accordingly went, Mr. Lushington, of course, going to look after him. Cantering quietly on the Heath one morning Ambush suddenly faltered. Anthony stopped him, and it was found that the horse had split his pastern, in one moment destroying all hopes of a repetition of his brilliant success. Mr. Lushington blamed himself



AMBUSH II., WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL, 1900, WITH ANTHONY

AND MR. G. W. LUSHINGTON, HIS TRAINER

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for not having taken his charge home ; but it was utterly impossible to foresee such an accident, and for the matter of that, had he gone home it is always possible that worse might have befallen him, as the going at Newmarket was as good as it could have been anywhere. It is strange that the disaster should have occurred when the horse was not even galloping.

In 1903 Ambush II. was again sound, and, entered for the Liverpool, received the unwelcome compliment of 12 st. 7 lb. At the end of January he came to Kempton, where, however, he was beaten for the Stewards' Steeplechase, the probability being that he was not yet quite fit to run. A task was before him prior to the Grand National. His Majesty hoped to win the Grand Military Gold Cup at Sandown, and the necessary soldier-jockey was secured in the person of Captain Reginald Ward, who went to Ireland to ride the horse in his work and to become thoroughly acquainted with him. Captain Ward, one of the best of amateur horsemen, was unfortunately lacking in strength. Two races preceded the Gold Cup ; Captain Ward won the first of them, rode again in the next, finishing second, and when he went to the weighing-room to prepare for his third ride, he was evidently suffering from the effect of his exertions. His muscles, indeed, seemed quite to have gone. There were only four starters, Ambush got badly off, being a long way behind when they came past the stands, and Mr. Lushington ran out on to the course to urge the rider to pull himself together. One cut of the whip sent Ambush up much nearer to his horses ; but

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Captain Ward could really give him no assistance, and he finished a bad third to Major Eustace Loder's Marpessa, beaten some twenty lengths ; which was the more exasperating as Mr. Lushington, who had long been intimately associated with Major Eustace Loder's horses, well knew Marpessa's form, and was convinced that Ambush could have given him at least a stone.

Manifesto had won the Grand National twice, on the first occasion with 11 st. 3 lb., the same weight as had been carried by Ambush. It was, of course, hoped that the winner of 1900 would emulate Manifesto's achievements. As already mentioned, the Prince's horse was in the race with 12 st. 7 lb., with which Manifesto had won a second time, and the general opinion was that the burden would prove too much. This was not, however, much feared by Mr. Lushington, who knew the capacity of the horse better than any one else, and was convinced that if he had the luck to escape the manifold dangers of the Liverpool course he would win again in spite of the Sandown failure.

Anthony resumed his place in the saddle. This year there were twenty-three runners, the favourite being Mr. J. S. Morrison's Drumcree, and at the start the substantial odds of 100 to 6 were laid against Ambush II. It is always considered desirable to avoid the crowd at the first fence, where a horse is often brought to grief through no fault of his own, and Anthony accomplished this by at once taking the lead. Ambush cleared the fence in advance, and, making light of his burden, was always easily able to hold his own.

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Again he jumped perfectly throughout the two circuits of the course, and approaching the last fence it seemed almost inevitable that the experiences of 1900 would be repeated. All the jockeys who rode seemed to be in agreement that the Prince's horse had decisively beaten them, and again the cheers began to hail what it appeared must be another Royal victory. It unfortunately happened, however, that strongly as the Liverpool fences are built up, a gap had been made in this, the last of all. Anthony was riding straight at the obstacle when the horse, whom Mr. Lushington describes as having been artful as a monkey, caught sight of the gap, and, thinking it would be easier for him, suddenly swerved towards it ; the result was that he jumped sideways and rolled over, leaving Drumcree to finish three lengths in front of the lightly-weighted Detail, with Manifesto, now fifteen years old, third, twenty lengths away, a head in front of Kirkland. Details may be appended :—

THE GRAND NATIONAL of £2000. 4 miles 856 yards.		
Mr. J. S. Morrison's b. g. Drumcree, 9 yrs., 11 st. 3 lb.		
	P. Woodland	1
Mr. White Heather's b. g. Detail, 7 yrs., 9 st. 13 lb.		
	A. Nightingall	2
Mr. J. G. Bulteel's b. g. Manifesto, 15 yrs., 12 st. 3 lb.		
	G. Williamson	3
Mr. F. Bibby's Kirkland, 7 yrs., 10 st. 8 lb.	F. Mason	0
His Majesty's Ambush II., 9 yrs., 12 st. 7 lb.	A. Anthony	0
Mr. H. Tunstall Moore's Fanciful, 8 yrs., 11 st. 7 lb.		
	Mr. W. P. Cullen	0
The Duke of Westminster's Drumree, 7 yrs., 11 st. 4 lb.		
	J. Phillips	0
Lord Coventry's Inquisitor, 8 yrs., 10 st. 13 lb.	R. Matthews	0

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Mr. T. Bates' Fairland, 10 yrs., 10 st. 13 lb. . W. Morgan o
 Major Loder's Marpessa, 6 yrs., 10 st. 11 lb. . Mr. Persse o
 Mr. H. Bottomley's Cushenden, 8 yrs., 10 st. 10 lb.

F. Cole o
 Mr. J. R. Cooper's Kilmalog, 6 yrs., 10 st. 9 lb. T. Moran o
 Mr. J. G. Bulteel's Deer Slayer, 7 yrs., 10 st. 11 lb.

E. Piggott o
 Mr. Owen J. Williams' Pride of Mabestown, 7 yrs.,
 10 st. 8 lb. W. Dollery o
 Mr. W. Nelson's Patlander, 7 yrs., 10 st. 7 lb. M. Walsh o
 Mr. John Vickers' Mathew, 7 yrs., 7 st. 7 lb. Mr. Widger o
 Mr. W. Haven's Expert II., 6 yrs., 10 st. 5 lb.

J. Woodland o
 Mr. B. W. Parr's Aunt May, 7 yrs., 10 st. . . . Read o
 Mr. J. Moleady's Benvenir, 7 yrs., 9 st. 12 lb. Mr. Hayes o
 Mr. B. W. Parr's Orange Pat, 7 yrs., 9 st. 10 lb.

R. Morgan o
 Mr. R. C. Dawson's Pawnbroker, 8 yrs., 9 st. 9 lb.
 J. O'Brien o
 Mr. G. C. Dobell's Saxilby, 6 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb. G. Goswell o
 Mr. C. B. Barron's Gillie II., 11 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.

A. Wilkins o

Betting.—13 to 2 agst Drumcree, 100 to 14 agst Detail,
 10 to 1 agst Pride of Mabestown, Aunt May, and Mathew,
 100 to 8 agst Kirkland, 100 to 6 agst Ambush II., Fanciful,
 and Inquisitor, 20 to 1 agst Marpessa, Fairland, and Kilmaloo,
 25 to 1 agst Manifesto, Drumcree, and Deer Slayer, 40 to 1
 agst Patlander, Expert II., and Orange Pat, 50 to 1 agst
 Saxilby, 100 to 1 agst Cushenden, Pawnbroker, Benvenir, and
 Gillie II. Won by three lengths; twenty lengths between
 second and third. Time, 10 min. 9 $\frac{2}{8}$ sec.

His Majesty's disappointment was, of course, severe, for every one imagined that Ambush II. had won; his remark, however, when he saw the horse fall was, "I hope Anthony is not hurt! Is he up?"

Next year, with 12 st. 6 lb. to carry, Mr. Lushington was again more than hopeful. The horse was in great

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form, though on his first appearance that season in the Sutton Plate at Baldoyle he had failed by a neck to give 24 lb. to an animal called The Unknown. So little was thought of this that Ambush started a warm favourite for the National at 7 to 2 in a field of twenty-six ; but hopes were soon to be dissipated. At the third fence he made a mistake and fell, the race being won by Mr. Spencer Gollan's New Zealand-bred Moifaa, a wonderful fencer, who started at 25 to 1, and rather astonished his owner by carrying his 10 st. 7 lb. into first place, ridden by A. Birch, eight lengths in front of Kirkland (F. Mason), who was giving him 3 lb. Of the twenty-six starters, no fewer than seventeen fell. Ambush was not to win again. He was beaten at the Ward Hunt Meeting, again for the Prince of Wales' Plate at Kildare, and once more in a hurdle race at Cork Park. He was, indeed, not at his best that season, nor was he successful at Kempton in the Stewards' Steeplechase on the 3rd February in 1905, failing in a race won by that good horse Leinster.

But when Mr. Lushington got him home again he soon gave evidence that he was rapidly coming to hand, and it was confidently anticipated that he would make amends at Liverpool for the failures of the two previous years. Shortly before the National of 1905 he went out for his usual work on the Curragh, Mr. Lushington intending to ride him for a long gallop on the flat. As his trainer was about to get up he changed his mind, decided that it would be better for Anthony to ride, while he himself, on

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Flaxman, would jump in to bring Ambush along for the last mile and watch how the horse moved. He did so, and though the question was unnecessary, as he galloped along he asked Anthony how Ambush was going? "Never so well in his life!" the jockey replied. A moment afterwards Mr. Lushington suddenly heard a loud crack, like a pistol shot, and saw the horse falter: he gave a whinny and pitched over, Anthony underneath him. It was of course some little time before Mr. Lushington could stop Flaxman, and when he rode back Ambush, stone dead, was lying on his jockey, nor was the trainer able to release the rider. Obtaining assistance, however, the horse was pulled away and Anthony set free, most happily having sustained no serious injury, though completely "knocked out."

It was a melancholy telegram which Mr. Lushington despatched to His Majesty, who promptly replied that he was much distressed, and gave instructions that the horse should be examined by a veterinary surgeon to ascertain what had been the matter with him. Meantime, knowing that His Majesty would like to preserve the horse's feet as souvenirs, the trainer had them cut off and also caused the unfortunate animal to be decapitated. It was ascertained that he had broken a blood-vessel in the lung, and seeing that the remains of Ambush were buried, Mr. Lushington was not a little perplexed to receive instructions from His Majesty to have the skeleton set up, as the King designed to present it to a museum. The horse was disinterred

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accordingly, the feet fastened on, and His Majesty's commands obeyed.

Ambush II. was not only an extraordinarily fine fencer, but, according to Mr. Lushington, the very best flat-race horse he ever rode ; and this is high praise, for very few men have ever had such a varied experience, or ridden with more sustained success. When well, his trainer declares that he simply paralysed the horses who galloped with him. Steeplechasers of repute have on one or two occasions run for the Cesarewitch and shown up ignominiously against flat racers ; but, fully aware of this, Mr. Lushington is convinced that Ambush's speed was so remarkable that had he been entered for the long distance Newmarket handicap he must have made a great show, had it been possible to find a boy to do him justice ; for naturally he would not have been set to carry a great deal of weight. He was much better on a left-handed course than on a right, and Liverpool therefore suited him. The split pastern had completely healed, or he would never have been able to do what he did afterwards, but the fracture is plainly perceptible in his skeleton.

His Majesty had been so struck with the performance of Moifaa when he beat Ambush in 1904, that he directed Lord Marcus Beresford to buy the horse. Mr. Spencer Gollan was willing to sell, though he had no idea at the time that the King was the purchaser. Moifaa was sent to Marsh's stable at Newmarket, and it need hardly be said that it could not have been in better hands, for Marsh had

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been exceptionally successful as a rider and trainer of steeplechase horses. The big gelding, however, had seen his best days, and never carried the Royal colours to victory.

His Majesty desired to find something to replace Ambush. Mr. Lushington was instructed to search, and ascertained that for 2000 guineas he might buy a particularly promising young horse called Flaxman, a son of Hackler and Circe. The King hesitated about paying so heavy a price; Mr. Lushington strongly recommended the purchase, and at length His Majesty commanded his veterinary surgeon to go to Ireland and examine the colt. The report was most favourable, and Flaxman passed into the King's possession. As a four-year-old he only ran once, in a Maiden Steeplechase at Baldoyle, and he did as well as was expected in running third in a field of eleven, he being scarcely ready at the time, though it had seemed desirable to introduce him to the racecourse. As a five-year-old he reappeared at Baldoyle in a Novices' Plate on February 21, and won from eleven others. Going on to county Down a fortnight later, he cantered away with the Dufferin Plate, and at Baldoyle again easily won a Qualifying Steeplechase. He was also to have run at Punchestown, and the King, who had not yet seen him, made the journey to Ireland in order to be present; but Flaxman, who was to be an unfortunate horse, began to cough and could not run. It was naturally intended to make him acquainted with as little delay as possible with the Liverpool fences, the great idea of course being to win the Grand National, and

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he was sent in the autumn of 1905 to run at the Liverpool Meeting, in which he had been entered for two races, Mr. Lushington not even fearing Hack Watch, another son of Hackler, who had been out in half-a-dozen races without ever being beaten. On the morning of the day on which he was to fulfil his first engagement Flaxman went to canter, the ground being at the time in perfect condition ; suddenly he faltered, much as Ambush II. had done on the Cambridgeshire hill, and it was found that he had split his cannon-bone.

That, of course, was the end of Flaxman for a considerable time to come. His race at Baldoyle had been run on the 18th March 1905, and it was not until the February of 1907 that he was sound enough to reappear, as he did again at Baldoyle in a three-mile steeplechase, the Sutton Plate. The probability is that Flaxman was never really himself after his accident. Here he started favourite at 2 to 1, finishing third in a field of twelve. His Majesty always liked to start a horse for the Grand Military Gold Cup at Sandown, if he had one to run, and Flaxman was sent to the post on the 1st of March. That he was not much fancied—that, indeed, he was fancied very little—is shown by his place in the market ; 100 to 8 was offered against him, and the race fell to his own brother, Old Fairyhouse, ridden by his owner, Mr. Calverley Bewicke.

Still Flaxman kept sound, and started for the Conyngham Cup at Punchestown, ridden by Mr.

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Harry Beasley. This is a four-mile race, which owners are always specially keen to win. Sweet Cecil was favourite, notwithstanding that he had to give Flaxman 19 lb., and the King's horse beat him, being beaten, however, by Teddie III., who cantered in by twenty lengths. History repeated itself next year. Flaxman went to the post for the Sutton Cup at Baldoyle, and was again third. Oddly enough on both occasions Excelite was second, but in 1908 Paddy Maher won by half-a-dozen lengths. It was a very long time since Flaxman had carried the Royal colours to the front, his last win having been on 18th March 1905; but three years after, within a day, on the 17th March 1908, he won the Free Plate at Baldoyle by a dozen lengths from Excelite. When they had met over the same three-mile course a month before, Excelite had been giving 28 lb. Here he was trying to give 30 lb., and it was evident therefore that the King's horse was coming on. A week later he made his first appearance in the Grand National, in which he was handicapped at 9 st. 12 lb., Anthony, of course, riding. Little was generally thought of his chance, and, meeting Mr. Lushington just before the race, I sympathetically observed to him that I feared his prospects were remote, for odds of 100 to 3 were being offered. I was agreeably surprised, therefore, when he replied that, though he did not suppose Flaxman could quite win, he was certain to do well, and would, in all probability, run into a place, for he was an admirable fencer, and had shown that there was no doubt about his staying.

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This was an extraordinary race. Mr. F. Bibby's Kirkland was favourite at 13 to 2, Flaxman having found no new friends when the field came out to parade. Mr. Fred Withington, a gentleman who trains at Danebury—a stable famous in the history of the Turf, notably when the horses belonging to the Marquess of Hastings were in it—had two engaged, Sir William Cooper's Mattie Macgregor, a good, game mare, who was supposed to have excellent prospects with 10 st. 6 lb., and Major Douglas Pennant's Rubio, a hopeless outsider, the possibility of whose success Mr. Withington did not for a moment contemplate. This horse had for a time been turned out of training, and had done arduous service in single and double harness at the establishment of a jobmaster, the idea being that road work would render his legs callous, for he had been unsound. Trainers who had been in charge of him agreed that at his best he was of no use beyond three miles, or, at most, three miles and a half; and it is the last mile of the Liverpool course that proves so severe a test for a steeplechaser who does not really stay—as so few can do, that being why, year after year, the same animals are frequently found prominent.

-I happened to watch the race, in company with Mr. Withington, from the top of Lord Derby's private stand, and the trainer's amazement was extreme when, approaching the last fence, it was seen that Rubio must win if he did not blunder. Landing safely, he cantered home ten lengths in front of his stable companion. Flaxman looked likely to justify Mr.

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Lushington's opinion and at least to finish third ; but he was just kept out of the place by The Lawyer III., ridden by his owner, Mr. Percy Whitaker, a former Master of the Oakley Hounds.

This was to be the last appearance on a racecourse of the son of Hackler and Circe. He was nine years old, by no means a prohibitive age for a steeplechaser—Mr. J. G. Bulteel's Manifesto, winner of the Liverpool in 1897 and 1899, made his last appearance in 1904 when sixteen. But Mr. Lushington found that Flaxman would not stand another preparation. In due course he was sent home to Sandringham, and confided to the charge of His Majesty's agent, Mr. Beck, M.V.O., who proposed to hunt him with the West Norfolk Hounds. Mr. Lushington had warned Mr. Beck that the horse wanted knowing and might very likely be awkward the first few times he was ridden, and the estimate proved correct. His Majesty graciously allowed me to visit Sandringham soon after Flaxman's arrival, when Mr. Beck had been out on him for the first time. He had started with the intention of going some four miles, but the expedition had extended to about five times as far—Flaxman in fact having run away. Since then, however, he has done good service as a hunter.

In 1903 Azeeza had a foal by Nunthorpe, who was called Bahadur, but showing little promise had no engagements made for him. Marsh could make nothing of this colt, and he was turned out of training. His existence was generally altogether forgotten, and when, as a five-year-old, his name appeared on the

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card at Lewes in the Rothschild Plate, few people had any idea what Bahadur was and whence he came. Lord Marcus Beresford, thinking there were remote possibilities about him, had sent him to be trained by Escott at Lewes. There were seven runners, one, Blind Hookey, supposed to be vastly superior to the rest, especially as he was ridden by Mr. George Thursby, the most skilful and experienced amateur horseman of the day. Odds of 4 to 1 were laid on this three-year-old, who had won five consecutive races earlier in the season; against Bahadur, ridden by Mr. V. P. Misa, Master of the Southdown Hounds, wearing the light blue and black cap of Lord Marcus Beresford, 50 to 1 was offered; and to the general astonishment Bahadur won easily by four lengths. When it was seen that the animal was not without promise, he was schooled over fences, and, doing fairly well, was returned to the King in the hope that he might have a chance for the Grand Military Gold Cup at Sandown Park. He did not quite succeed, though he amply justified the experiment.

THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP of £345.

Three miles.

Capt. Christie-Miller's Sprinkle Me, aged, 12 st. 3 lb.	
	Mr. C. Banbury 1
His Majesty's Bahadur, 6 yrs., 11 st.	
	Mr. O'Brien Butler 2
Mr. Dermot M'Calmont's Johnstown Lad, aged, 12 st.	
3 lb.	Owner 3
Mr. M'Gillicuddy's Irish Wisdom, aged, 12 st.	
	Capt. R. C. de Crespigny 0
Mr. J. H. Charters' Ross, aged, 12 st. 3 lb.	Owner 0

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Lord Gerard's Silent II., aged, 12 st. Owner o
Mr. J. M. M'Gowan's Balavil, 5 yrs., 10 st. 9 lb. . Owner o

Betting.—5 to 2 agst Ross, 100 to 30 agst Sprinkle Me, 7 to 2 agst Bahadur, 7 to 1 agst Johnstown Lad, 100 to 12 agst Irish Wisdom, 20 to 1 agst others. Won by eight lengths. 6 min. 42 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec.

Bahadur could not have won, but he would have been nearer had he not made a bad blunder, and Sprinkle Me, the winner, was an exceptionally good horse over the distance—in all probability as good a three-mile steeplechaser as was to be found in England. Johnstown Lad won many races, and must be rated as good also; but it will be observed that His Majesty's six-year-old had an advantage in the weights. This was the first animal of the King's breeding that had ever run for him over fences.

In the previous chapter I have described how Nulli Secundus, who had been so much admired and had excited such hopes at Sandringham, failed to win a flat race of any description. Lord Marcus advised a course of hurdle jumping, and the colt was sent to Captain Dewhurst to be schooled. He had, however, an engagement in the Princess of Wales' Stakes, worth nominally at this time (1907) £6000, and he had progressed so satisfactorily under Captain Dewhurst's care that it was thought advisable to run him. Polymelus won easily enough by two lengths; His Majesty's colt, in receipt of 20 lb., finished second. The seven whom he beat were of indifferent quality, but he earned £800, and showed that he was a racehorse. He was second again, odds being

The King's Steeplechase Horses

betted on him, for the Non-Stayers' Plate at Lingfield, and then was set to work for his new career.

He took kindly to it at first. It is what may be described as a mongrel sport, neither one thing nor the other. Jumping hurdles is a knack which some horses acquire wonderfully well, clearing the flights in their stride as if the obstacles were not there, and it may or may not prove a step towards honest steeplechasing, for a different style of leaping is required when fences have to be crossed. It was in the middle of October that Nulli Secundus ran at Lingfield, and a month later, taking an interest in the colt, I went to Newmarket, at Captain Dewhurst's invitation, to see him do a schooling gallop. No horse could have gone better, and he was so good-looking that he seemed likely to distinguish himself in his new occupation. Captain Dewhurst kindly asked me to go to Aldershot, where Nulli Secundus was to make his first appearance in a hurdle race, and he ran against ten others, starting at even money and winning easily. To us, standing on the hill and watching, he seemed to go smoothly and resolutely enough. A course of hurdling sometimes gives an animal courage, and, looking on at the race, remembering the Princess of Wales' Stakes, it appeared just on the cards that Nulli Secundus might presently return to Marsh's stable and win good races. The jockeys who rode at Aldershot, however, and saw more of what was happening than spectators could do, were not favourably impressed, declaring that he exhibited some of the old signs of

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shiftiness, and was not likely to do much when the novelty of jumping had worn off. A few days afterwards he went to Birmingham, and it need hardly be said how the renewed participation of the King in sport under National Hunt rules was welcomed. But the colt was incurable. In the following March, at Hurst Park, he allowed himself to be beaten; was third at Sandown a few weeks afterwards; ran badly, or rather would not run, at the same place in the following November; and, after one failure as a five-year-old, was sold for 500 guineas.

The last horse to carry His Majesty's colours in a steeplechase was Bahadur, on the occasion of his second attempt for the Grand Military Gold Cup, in 1910.

THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP of £395. Three miles.

Captain Christie-Miller's Sprinkle Me, aged, 12 st. 7 lb.	
	Captain Banbury 1
Mr. D. M'Calmont's Vinegar Hill, 5 yrs., 12 st.	Owner 2
His Majesty's Bahadur, aged, 11 st.	
	Major D. G. M. Campbell 3
Mr. C. C. Astor's Schwarmer	Owner 0
Colonel George Holdsworth's Safety-Pin, aged, 12 st.	
	Captain Lawson 0
Mr. Noel Newton's Downpatrick, aged, 12 st.	Owner 0
Mr. E. P. Brassey's Barbed Head, 6 yrs., 11 st. 9 lb.	
	Owner 0

Betting.—Evens agst Sprinkle Me, 3 to 1 agst Bahadur, 100 to 12 agst Vinegar Hill, 100 to 7 agst Barbed Head, 20 to 1 agst others. Won by a length and a half; 4 lengths between second and third. Time, 6 min. 50 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

CHAPTER VII

THE KING IN THE HUNTING FIELD

[LORD RIBBLESDALE, Master of the Royal Buck-Hounds, 1892-5, and the author of an extremely interesting book, *The Queen's Hounds and Stag hunting Recollections*, had kindly undertaken to write this chapter. A severe accident when out with the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds most unfortunately obliged him to relinquish the task. He was good enough to give me the material he had collected, and upon this the following pages are mainly based.—A. E. T. W.]

There is abundant evidence to show that early in his life King Edward rode straight to hounds. As a matter of course his education in the saddle began at the earliest possible age. It was perfectly certain that His Royal Highness would have to perform various functions on horseback ; in the natural train of events he would be in command of regiments, and be called upon to fulfil the duties consequent on that position at inspections and reviews ; whether he rode well or not would depend upon that seat on a horse which is partly a natural gift, partly, however, a matter of acquisition, and no time was lost in starting the necessary lessons.

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It happens to most riders that they are at times taken along faster than they wish to go, and it was not long before the Prince of Wales underwent this experience. As a boy of six or seven he was run away with in Windsor Park. Either he succeeded in stopping the pony, or it stopped of its own accord after having had enough of the frolic, happily without creating in its youthful rider any disinclination for his canter next day. Thus early it became evident that his nerve was good.

So far as can be gathered, King Edward's introduction to hunting was with the pack which used to be called "The Prince Consort's Harriers." The Prince Consort does not appear to have taken any active part in their control. The first Master was General Wemyss, and after the Prince Consort's death the Mastership was undertaken by Colonel Hood, afterwards Lord Bridport, the title of the pack being also changed to that of "The Prince of Wales' Harriers." They were kennelled at Cumberland Lodge, and His Royal Highness often went out with them. It will possibly shock devotees of this comparatively mild sport to suggest that the man with a real taste for the chase is not likely to be long satisfied with harriers only, admitting, as one must do, that on occasions followers may be fortunate enough to enjoy a vigorous run. The hunting man usually wants to ride after a fox, and it was to this pursuit that the Prince presently directed his attention. It may be suspected that, though the Prince Consort had his harriers, hunting was not much encouraged in the Royal household at

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this period, and in order to enjoy it the Prince of Wales went farther afield.

There is a record of early sport as long since as January 27, 1860, when the Prince was still in his teens. He had yet to make acquaintance with the Shires, for this hunt was with the South Oxfordshire, the Master of the period being the Earl of Macclesfield. Scent was bad to begin with on the morning in question, and much apprehension was felt that His Royal Highness' first day with the pack would prove a blank. One never knows what to expect with hounds however, and, as it happened, the afternoon produced the best run of the season over what is stated to have been a stiff country, posts and rails, single and double, being so numerous and formidable that the followers gradually diminished in number till a select band only was left. The Prince and the Master rode the line side by side. After an hour and twenty minutes the hounds ran into their fox, and the Prince, who was well up at the finish, was presented with the brush—a compliment which, according to the description from which I am quoting, His Royal Highness appeared greatly to appreciate. It is added that he "rode boldly and well," that his appearance in the field was "hailed with great delight"—though this was indeed a matter of course—and that "the run must be regarded as an epoch in the history of the sport."

Another day in this country was more exciting, though less satisfactory from the hunting point of view. His Royal Highness was out attended by Colonel Keppel, Mr. Herbert Fisher, his private tutor,

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Lord Brownlow, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Mr. Henry Chaplin, and others. Hounds could do nothing, and it was determined, by way of getting a little jumping, to lark home across country. There was a very cantankerous farmer in the district—an agricultural counterpart, if it may be so described, of what is known as a “sea lawyer.” He had no sympathy with the sport, was exceedingly irate when, in the course of their gallop, the party rode into his farm-yard, and declared that they should not leave until they had paid one pound each for damages. It was naturally imagined that when the farmer heard the name of his illustrious prisoner he would adopt another tone; but this was scarcely the case, and tribute was paid him before his visitors took their departure, the Prince being particularly amused at the incident. His Royal Highness hunted from Cambridge as well as from Oxford. With the Cambridgeshire he had so good a run in the year 1861, that, as a token of satisfaction, he presented Press, the huntsman, with a five-pound note. The gift was appreciated more by reason of the donor than for its intrinsic value, and Press declared that he would never allow it to leave his possession. It was consequently framed and glazed, and a member of the Hunt who sympathised with Press’s action gave him another note of the same value to spend.

There is reason to suppose that at one time devotees of the chase entertained the hope that the Prince would be pleased to devote himself sedulously to fox-hunting, and would take some place for the

The King in the Hunting Field

purpose in the neighbourhood of Melton or Market Harborough. For this hope there was never any justification, however. It would have been impossible for him to neglect Sandringham, and though hunting in Norfolk is not quite the same thing as hunting in Leicestershire, there was good sport to be had with the West Norfolk Hounds. At a meet soon after the season began in the year of his Royal Highness's marriage he was out, and graciously expressed his intention to hunt when circumstances allowed. As a matter of course, sportsmen from all parts of the country assembled at this meet, close to the village of Snettisham, which had been decorated for the occasion with flags and devices. The Prince arrived about eleven o'clock, driving from Sandringham, his hunter having been sent on, and it is unnecessary to describe the enthusiasm with which he was greeted. For a long time sport was disappointing, but in the afternoon a good fox gave his followers a burst of thirty minutes before he was killed in Snettisham Hollow, Mr. Villebois presenting His Royal Highness with the brush. Fox-hunting necessarily benefited; journals of the period note that meets of the West Norfolk Hounds had never been so well attended, which indeed was sufficiently natural. The Prince was out constantly, and there was a meet on the 16th February at Sandringham, when, to His Royal Highness' disappointment and surprise, his woods were drawn blank.

Before this season of 1863 was ended the Prince went to Northamptonshire as the guest of Lord

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Spencer at Althorp. The meet at Holdenby is said to have been attended by more than two thousand horsemen, including a small concourse of Masters of Hounds. When a straight-necked fox had been halloed away, those who were mounted on horses bad at water had an uncomfortable time, a considerable number of big brooks having to be jumped. The Prince is reported to have held his own with the best of the field, which must assuredly have contained a number of superbly good horsemen.

It is not clear what took the Prince to Sussex in February in 1864, but His Royal Highness attended the meet of the East Sussex Hounds, accompanied by the Princess, who drove him to Sidley Green, where he mounted a chestnut mare purchased from the then famous dealer, Robert Chapman, of Cheltenham. The sport seems to have been fair, though the ground is described as dreadfully heavy, and some big fences, encountered almost as soon as hounds got on to the line of their fox, caused several falls, the Prince himself coming down at the second jump. He was immediately up again, and the mare's speed soon enabled him to regain his place in the front rank.

His Royal Highness was never long absent from Sandringham, and in April he honoured a meet of Mr. Bircham's Harriers at Fitcham Abbey. The Princess was also out, and a chronicler comments with admiration on her "graceful, easy seat in the saddle." It was about this period that there was some discussion about converting the Royal Buck-Hounds into Fox-Hounds, an idea which was afterwards revived.

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NORWICH GATES ENTRANCE TO SANDRINGHAM

The King in the Hunting Field

Amongst other reasons which led to the abandonment of the project, if it had ever at this time seriously existed—during Lord Ribblesdale's Mastership it was much debated—was disinclination to interfere with Mr. Garth, who, to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, hunted the country over which the Buck-Hounds ran. General Hood remained Master of the Prince's Harriers at Cumberland Lodge, and continually showed good sport. We frequently also read of His Royal Highness, and sometimes of the Princess, hunting with the West Norfolk. Early in 1865 there was a meet at Merton, the Royal Party being received by Lord and Lady Walsingham at breakfast. Not far short of five hundred horsemen were present, the only drawback being the weather, a good deal of snow having fallen early in the morning. It is not surprising that scent should have been bad. Shortly after, one of the most brilliant meets in the history of the West Norfolk took place at Sandringham. Breakfast was served in the dining-room, and presently the hunt proceeded down the avenue, through the Norwich gates, the Princess of Wales driving Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary in a phaeton and pair. Frequently the Princess drove to various meets, and when possible saw something of the sport—so much as could be seen from the roads when hounds got away. Meets at Sandringham too were not infrequent, His Royal Highness receiving his guests with what may be called old-fashioned hospitality.

In January 1865, the Prince and Princess were at Osborne. The winter was severe, sufficiently so to

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stop hunting ; but on the last day of the month the country is described as having been "passably rideable," and the Isle of Wight Foxhounds met at Rowborough. It is proof of His Royal Highness' keenness that he should have come out, for the sky was still threatening, and the ground was actually dangerous owing to the partially thawed banks and deep snow-filled ditches. The Prince arrived in an open carriage and pair driven by himself, and mounted the hunter which had been waiting for him. To describe the gratification of the Master on such an occasion as this would be superfluous, and I do not repeat what will be readily understood. A fox was soon afoot, going at his best pace for the vale below, His Royal Highness having been one of the first to view him away, and he held a leading position in the run which followed. The going was so heavy that only the best mounted men were able to live with hounds. They ran for fifty minutes without a check, when scent failed, and the imaginative reporter observes that "the fox succeeded in retaining his brush, which but a few minutes previously he must have considered as no more fairly belonging to him." The animal who carried His Royal Highness on this occasion was a powerful brown, but his favourite hunter at the time appears to have been a chestnut, and one of the finest fencers in the country, his powers being tested at a meet, soon after the Isle of Wight hunt, at Anmer, a property which, as noted elsewhere in this book, was subsequently purchased and added to the Sandringham estate.

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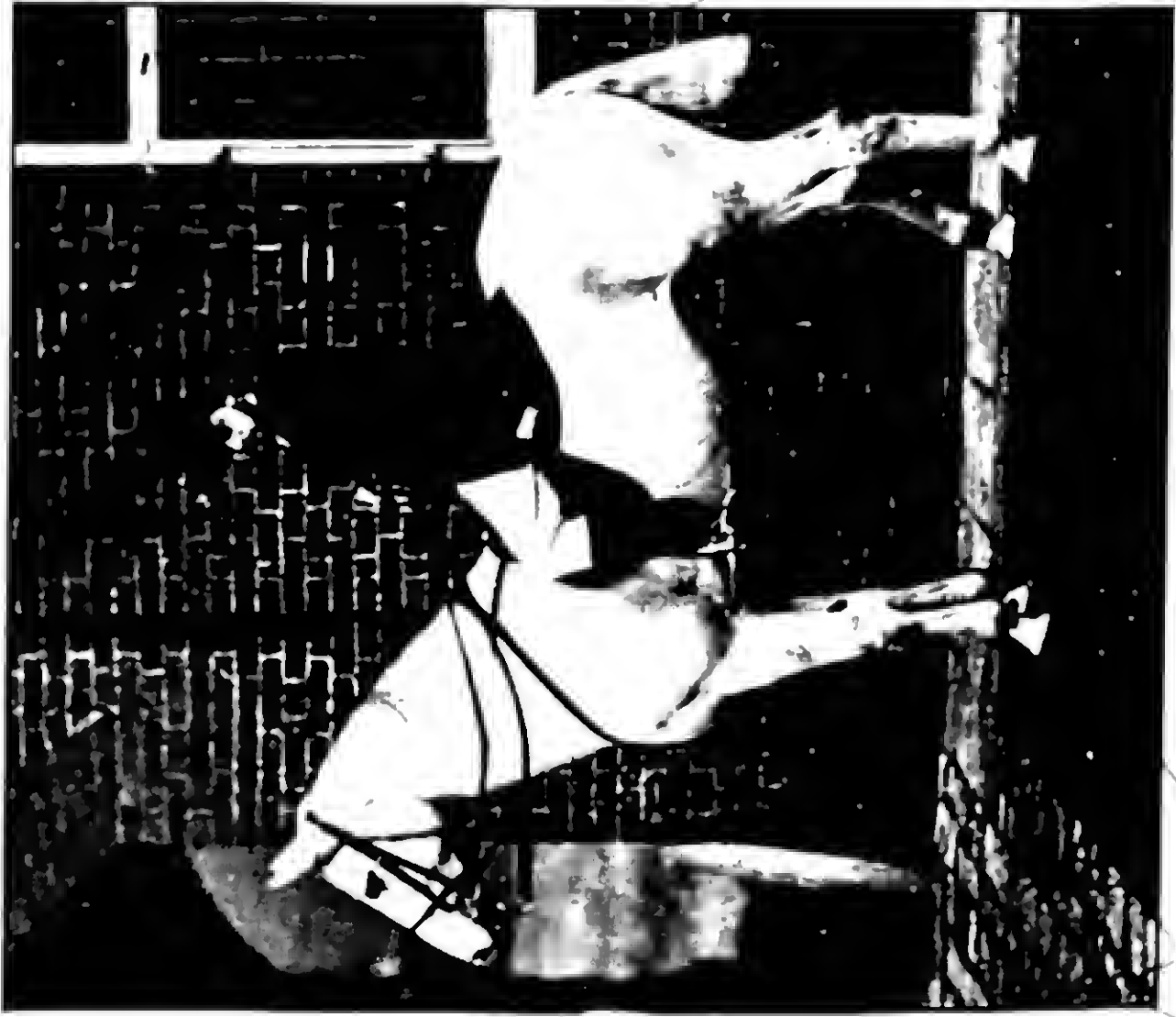
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THE PRINCE MOUNTED



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES
READY TO HUNT

The King in the Hunting Field

On the 4th of January 1866 we read of another meet at Sandringham, when about five hundred horsemen and two hundred carriages assembled, the crowd, for there were also foot-people innumerable, seriously hampering sport. The Prince was hunting regularly at this period. Two days afterwards hounds met at Badgthorpe, some eight or nine miles from the Royal residence. The Princess was also out, and, after a fast thirty minutes, an unfortunate incident happened at a check. One of the followers, mounted on a young horse which he could not hold, charged straight into the Prince, knocking him out of the saddle. He was on his favourite chestnut, and the animal, terrified, made off at top-speed. Happily His Royal Highness was uninjured, and it is easy to imagine the sincerity of the apologies offered by the luckless offender, who also begged the Prince to make use of the animal that had done the mischief—not, perhaps, in the circumstances, a very tempting suggestion. The chestnut was soon caught, and the Prince remounting was well up in the subsequent run. We hear of His Royal Highness not long afterwards with the South Oxfordshire again, where he had what at first looked like an ugly fall; but no harm was done, and three days afterwards, on the 15th March, he was at Badminton, the guest of the Duke of Beaufort. The meet was at Swallett's Gate, but as it was not generally known that His Royal Highness would be out, the usual throng did not assemble. After a morning's slow hunting the hounds ran to near Dauntsey House, where Captain and Mrs. Bill had the honour of entertaining the party at luncheon.

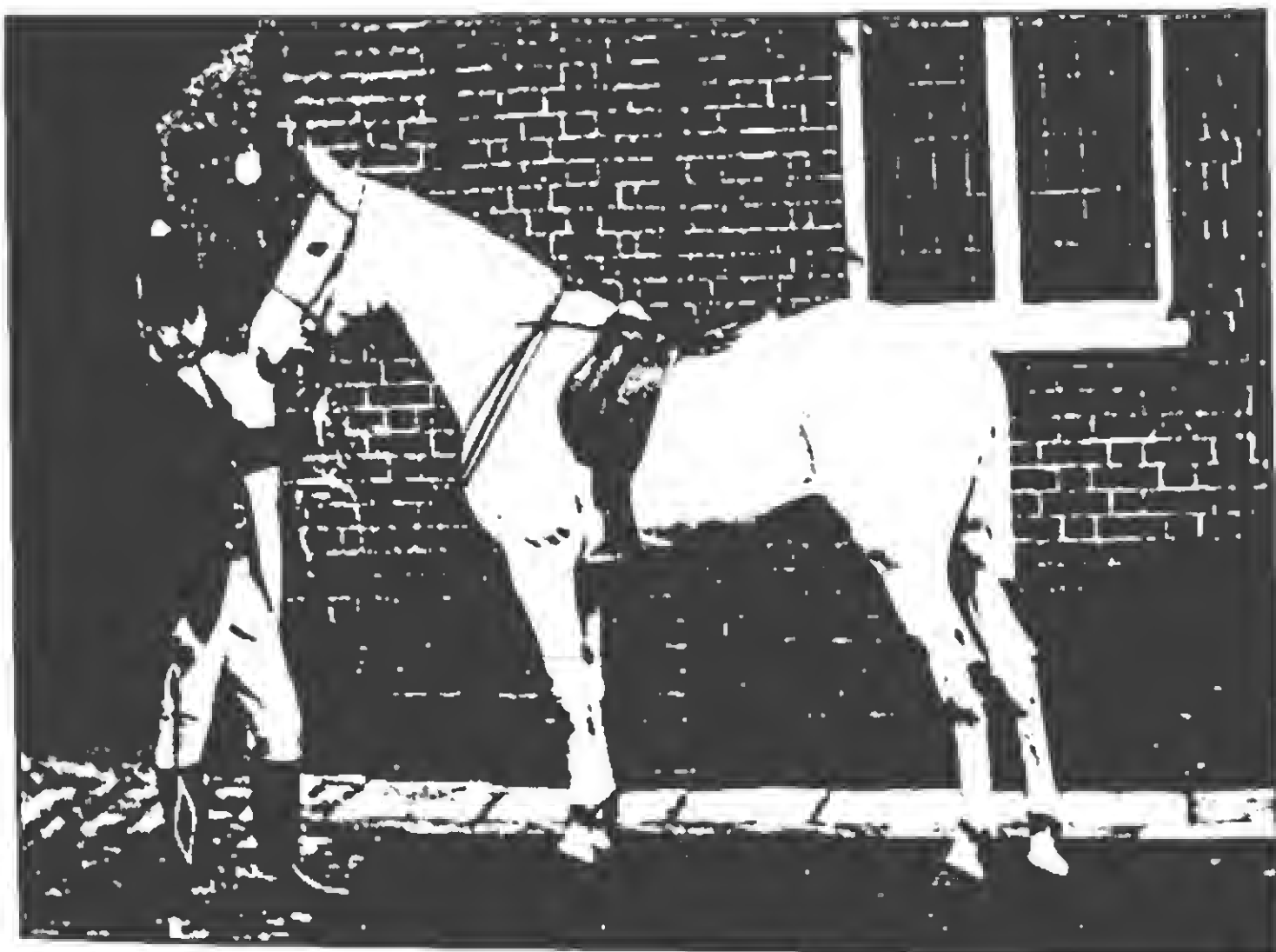
King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

Lord Colville was at this time Master of the Buck-Hounds, and the Prince was a frequent follower. "Catching your own again," is a description of "stagging," according to some hypercritical fox-hunters, but the deer at the Royal paddocks were stout and carefully selected, and His Royal Highness delighted in the gallops which they afforded. We constantly read of his presence, and few of the names of towns and villages in the district are absent from the accounts of the various runs, an almost invariable comment being that His Royal Highness was well up at the take. The Harriers, too, hunted regularly, sometimes having a turn with a deer. The season of 1867 was thus finished, winding up with a good run of two and a half hours to Chalfont St. Giles. In 1868 the Prince divided his attention between the West Norfolk and the Queen's. There is record of two hours and fifty minutes with the latter pack, the first forty-five minutes at racing pace, the consequence being that the field became very select at the finish. This day the Prince went particularly well, and was one of the leaders throughout. The distance from point to point is given at twenty-eight miles, and most of the scanty band who saw it out had been down at least once.

The man who hunts often is extraordinarily lucky if he escapes a fall now and then, however good a horseman he may be, and however well he may be mounted. The Prince naturally rode the best horses obtainable, but, like other people, was put down occasionally. It is evident that his nerve was not in the



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS READY TO
HUNT, 1866



THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH ONE OF HIS
HUNTERS, 1866

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The King in the Hunting Field

least affected. On a day in 1868, out with the Queen's, he is described as being on an animal who "did not seem to understand the big banks and ditches." He was down twice, but was none the worse.

In 1869 surprise and regret were created when it was known His Royal Highness had decided to give up the Harriers. They were purchased by Sir Robert Bateson Harvey, of Langley Park, near Windsor, and on his death, it may be added, were taken over by Lord Desborough, who alternately hunted hare and deer. There was no question, however, of giving up the Buck-Hounds, and the Prince continued to go out with them, as also, when possible, to enjoy the sport elsewhere.

In the March of 1871 the author of *The Quorn Hunt and its Masters* records that His Royal Highness went to Melton to stay with Sir Frederick Johnstone to hunt with that famous pack. It was His Royal Highness' desire to have a quiet day, and to escape from the crowd of an advertised meet at which it would be known he intended to be present; so Mr. Coup-land arranged a bye-day from Ragdale, on Thursday, March 16, the fixture being kept so close a secret that very few were aware of what was in prospect. The morning, however, was not by any means suitable for hunting, as much snow had fallen, and it was not till somewhere near three o'clock that anything could be done. A fox was found at Thrussington Wolds, but was soon lost, when the hounds were taken to Cossington Gorse, some three miles distant, and from

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there a merry little run took place. On Friday, March 17, Baggrave Hall was the fixture, when Colonel Burnaby gave a breakfast. The magnificence of the entertainment has perhaps never been exceeded. At the entrance to the park was a triumphal arch, on which were inscribed the names of every Master who had hunted the Quorn country for the previous hundred years. The hounds were in front of the house; the Prince of Wales drove up punctually at twelve o'clock, and, after he had spent a few minutes at Baggrave Hall, he came forth to sow the first seeds of a new covert, which Colonel Burnaby had resolved to present to the Hunt in commemoration of the occasion. The initials "A. E." were cut in the turf, and the Prince laid what may be called the foundation of the "Prince of Wales' Covert," now one of the institutions of Leicestershire. A fox was soon afterwards found, and a very good run ensued.

In 1873, soon after the Prince's serious illness which spread such consternation throughout the Empire, he seized an early opportunity of a day with the Buck-Hounds, and a week later had an excellent run with an untried Scotch stag, which was eventually named "The Prince" as a recollection of the occasion. The animal was uncartered near Wokingham Church, went away at a strong pace, and, running a perfect ring, was taken at Binfield an hour later. The Prince had not had enough of it, and a second deer, "The Duchess," was accordingly enlarged. She would have taken a line through Reading, but was headed more than once, presently settling down and leading the



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE MEET OF THE BURTON HOUNDS, "GREEN MAN," LINCOLN HEATH

[Reproduced from "*The Illustrated London News*," 1870]

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The King in the Hunting Field

field through a pretty but difficult country by Brick-bridge to Hollyport and to the Thames near Bray, where she crossed the river, ran through the Cleveland Woods, and was taken at Northtown in one hour twenty minutes. The pace was very fast. Goodall, the whippers-in, and some half-dozen others, were the only ones up at the finish, with the Prince, however, only a little way behind. "Although His Royal Highness is not so light as he was, he rides with undiminished pluck, and appears to enjoy the chase more than ever," a chronicler records.

In 1873, His Royal Highness visited Belvoir, arriving on the 4th of March, and next day the Duke of Rutland's Hounds met at Croxton Park. The news was spread abroad that the Prince would be at the meet, and an enormous gathering was the result. The day's sport consisted of a couple of fair hunting runs, the Prince holding his place in the first flight. Soon afterwards, on the 1st of April, he was out with the Quorn, Mr. Coupland, the Master, having arranged a bye-day. The meet was at Gaddesby Hall, the seat of Mr. Edward Cheney, a member of the Hunt, and one can well realise that the hounds, standing on the lawn by the little church, with about four hundred horsemen, mostly in pink, besides carriages of all descriptions, made a most picturesque spectacle. John o' Gaunt, usually a sure find, was drawn blank, and they trotted on three miles farther to the famous Billesdon Coplow, when Tom Firr's view-halloa was soon heard. Scent was excellent; hounds speedily settling down, carrying such a head and going at such

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a pace that there was no over-riding them. After a check the fox was run to ground near Quenby Hall. The field then trotted off to Scraptoft, found immediately, and a gallop ensued over the cream of the Quorn country, His Royal Highness throughout both runs being in the first flight, with, as a matter of course, some of the very best men in England. He had a fall at what is described as a "very nasty, boggy, wide drain," but was speedily in the saddle again and resumed his place, remaining out until the hounds went home at six o'clock.

In 1874, for the first time since Her Majesty's accession, Queen Victoria appeared at a meet of the Royal Buck-Hounds, on Tuesday, March 10th, Lord Hardwicke wearing the couples as Master. The newly-married Duchess of Edinburgh accompanied the Queen, as did the Prince and Princess of Wales, Her Royal Highness driving a pair of ponies. The Prince left the carriage to mount his white-faced chestnut St. Patrick. There had been a hard frost, which had made it doubtful whether hounds would be able to hunt; but the sun was shining brilliantly, and the stag "Captain" was enlarged for his last run, it having been decided that he should never be hunted again, but restored, full of years and honours, to Windsor Park. "Captain" jumped a big fence heading for Hawthorn Hill, and gave a splendid run to Windsor Great Park, where he was left outlying after an hour and a half. The last fence, a park paling, was jumped by His Royal Highness, followed by his Equerry, no one else attempting it. Another good run after

The King in the Hunting Field

“Highlander,” a stag of whom Goodall used to say that “he was worth his weight in gold,” came a few days later; and within the week we find the Prince again at Sandringham taking part in a fast hour and seventeen minutes. In 1875, in mid-January, the Queen’s met at Salthill, where the hind “Miss Headington” gave them a good two hours’ run; and a few days later about a dozen, of whom His Royal Highness was one, out of a field of some two hundred, saw another stag taken.

Next year the Prince was on his Indian expedition, an account of which is given in another chapter, but on the following New Year’s Day he was home again at Sandringham, and, as had become the custom, welcomed the members of the West Norfolk Hunt. Rain fell heavily and persistently, but the Prince never regarded the weather, and amongst other gallops was a fast thirty minutes, to the seat of Sir William ffolkes, where the fox was lost. A few weeks later His Royal Highness visited Kimbolton Castle, and hunted with the Fitzwilliam, riding his favourite hunter Paddy, who, though by this time a veteran, carried his master as well as he had done a decade before. Another of the Royal hunters of whom we hear at this time is Cockney, a horse that had been taken to India. Amongst other packs with which His Royal Highness hunted this year was the Cotswold, but they did not do much on the occasion of his visit, snow falling heavily. He also paid another visit to Melton, honouring the late Colonel Owen Williams with his presence at the New Club, and here he hunted

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with the Cottesmore as well as with the Quorn. The latter hounds drew Prince of Wales' Gorse, the planting of which by His Royal Highness has been already mentioned. It was by this time growing into a very good covert. A fox was soon afoot with the pack close to his brush, and was rolled over after a fast fifteen minutes. Hounds then went on to Barkby Holt, where they again found, and raced over a stiff country, two big brooks having to be crossed, in the first of which a horse was drowned ; so that it will be easily understood it must have been a formidable obstacle.

As the years advanced, records of the Prince's hunting days become fewer. One cause for this doubtless is that his duties became more absorbing and occupied increasing time. In 1878, however, he hunted at home—that is to say, with the Queen's and the West Norfolk, as also abroad ; amongst other packs with Lord Portman's, who met at Crichel, where more than thirty years later His Majesty went to shoot. The date, memorable in Dorsetshire sport, was the 31st January. The weather had been so severe that there were grave doubts as to whether hunting would be possible, Mr. Portman, the Master, having no little difficulty in making up his mind ; but the occasion had been anticipated with so much pleasure, and so many people would have been sorely disappointed, that the hounds were brought out. It is calculated that between 2000 and 3000 horsemen assembled to do honour to the Prince and Princess, for Her Royal Highness was also present. The number of pedes-

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trians was incalculable. Carriages were drawn up in long rows, the horses being taken out to economise space.

A move was made, headed by the Prince and Princess, through Chettle Wood to Launceston Down, a spot admirably adapted for pictorial effect, the Down being in the form of a horseshoe on which were now gathered all who had found anything on four legs to ride, as well as the neatly-turned-out members of the Hunt and sturdy farmers of the district. The picture as the Master swung his hounds down the hill at a canter, and up to the 'vantage ground where their Royal Highnesses were waiting, is described as not likely to be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to see it. The Blackmore Vale, the East Dorset and South Wilts, Mr. Radcliffe's, the New Forest, the Cattistock, and the Taunton Vale Hunts were all numerously represented. It would be pleasant to tell the tale of an exciting run, but though it was not a blank day the sport appears on the whole to have been somewhat poor. Hunting was seriously interfered with this winter by continual frost. Time after time we read of there having been doubts as to the possibility of sport, but a week or two later the Prince was out again with the Queen's, the noted stag "Baron" being enlarged close to Wokingham Church. He gave his followers a fast spin over a good line of country, till, after passing Eversley, he made for an open country with nothing but heath and fir trees, and the Prince was contented with the fast forty minutes he had enjoyed, during which he had been at the tail of the hounds. The stag was left outlying. This

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was on Friday. On the following Tuesday the hounds met at Beaconsfield, near to which village, as related in another chapter, His Majesty fired his last cartridge rather more than the third of a century afterwards. "Sir Robert" was the stag, named after his former owner, Sir Robert Harvey. Hounds ran for close on two hours, when the deer was taken in Wycombe Park. The Prince Imperial was out on this occasion, and went well, for he was an admirable horseman. It is mentioned that he came to grief jumping a hurdle while the stag was in the water, a little mishap that might have occurred to the best of riders.

There is record of His Royal Highness presiding at a banquet to the farmers over whose land the Queen's hunted. This was held at Willis's Rooms, on Thursday, November 7, hunting costume being worn by more than half of the three hundred who were present, the others being in black coats, breeches, and boots. Lord Hardwicke proposed the toast of "The Prince and Princess of Wales," His Royal Highness replying in gracious terms, and expressing the keen pleasure he derived from meeting the supporters of the Hunt, over whose lands he had ridden for so long, many of them being friends whom he had known personally from childhood. That the evening was a brilliant success need scarcely be said.

After this, little is discoverable about His Royal Highness in the hunting field. Whilst on a visit to Mr. Christopher Sykes at Brantingham Thorpe, the Prince had a day with the Holderness on January 27,

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1882, and on various occasions he was out with the West Norfolk, presenting a testimonial to Mr. Anthony Hammond on his retirement from the Mastership of these hounds on March 17, 1883.

It will be seen there is abundant evidence that King Edward rode to hounds not only boldly but skilfully; for though courage does much, it does not enable a man to hold his place in the front rank consistently year after year, and the Prince, it will also have been perceived, was not content with sport in what are called "the provinces." It was over the cream of Leicestershire that he distinguished himself amongst first flight men. There is scarcely any one who has seen more of His Majesty in the hunting field than Mr. Henry Chaplin, and also there is no one who understands sport better and speaks with more authority. In a letter to Lord Ribblesdale, which has passed through my hands, Mr. Chaplin writes: "I always thought hunting was the sport in which the King excelled, far more than in shooting, or in anything else, and I have no doubt that, if he had lived in a hunting instead of in a shooting country, he would have continued to do so. He thoroughly enjoyed it, and with more experience would have become as much a master of hunting as he was of everything connected with shooting. What this means is shown by his own shooting at Sandringham, which I have always thought displayed better management all round than I ever saw anywhere else, unless, perhaps, in the old days of Stamford's great shoots at Bradgate and Enville."

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Throughout His Majesty's life he was served devotedly as stud-groom by J. W. Prince, who states that his Royal master was a regular visitor to his hunting stable, delighting to look at his horses. If anything prevented his going to inspect them, Prince constantly received a message from the Equerry seeking for detailed information as to how the animals were. Prince accompanied His Royal Highness to India in charge of the horses, where they often had hard work; and it is vastly to the credit of this faithful and most efficient servant that he brought them all back again, not having lost one. The King, he declares, knew a good horse when he saw one, had excellent hands, and took the keenest interest in all the details of the chase, being greatly amused at the humours which it occasionally presented.

Some time since I was driving to the Household Brigade Steeplechases at Hawthorn Hill with Colonel J. A. T. Garratt, formerly of the Coldstream Guards, and a member of the National Hunt Committee. I asked him if he had ever seen anything of His Majesty when out hunting? For a few moments the Colonel was silent, but presently, pointing to a hedge and ditch which we were approaching, he answered: "More than thirty years ago we jumped that fence side by side; I well remember it, for just before he had been reproving me for not coming out in pink." Throughout his life King Edward was scrupulously particular on the subject of attire, paying strict attention to detail. He felt displeased, for instance, if any men with whom he might be

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brought into contact at a race meeting at which Queen Alexandra was present did not wear a silk hat. Some racegoers would have been disinclined to adopt this formal headgear far away in the country, as at Goodwood, but it was the rule. I recollect, indeed, noticing Lord Durham on the way to an Epsom Spring Meeting, at which tall hats were almost unknown, and commenting on the innovation, for he was so bedecked. He told me that the King had issued a command, though I do not think that on this occasion the Queen was visiting Epsom.

On a former page I have referred to a revival of the suggestion that "The Queen's" should be turned into fox-hounds, and on this subject, about which no one can now speak with more authority than Lord Ribblesdale, he has very kindly sent me what follows:—

"At the time that I was appointed Master of the Buck-Hounds in the summer of 1892, the agitation against that institution, and against hunting the carted deer, was at its height. It waxed and waned during my tenure of the office; invaded the press, especially the Radical papers, and penetrated the walls of Parliament. 'Your foes are alive again,' Mr. Gladstone, our best friend, wrote to me one evening in 1893, when a question hostile to the Buck-Hounds and to my emoluments appeared on the notice paper of the House of Commons.

Led by a sincere clergyman, the agitation at one time assumed the complexion of a Holy War. All

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kinds of people, biscuit-makers, poets, men of science and letters, an Archbishop and vigilant suburban taxpayers, joined in the fray, signed protests and petitions, and kept things going. Charges of systematic cruelty were brought against this particular sort of hunting, and the countenance given it by Royalty and by Public money was vehemently condemned.

I do not think the cruelty arguments ever weighed with our late King, but, like a great many fox-hunters and sterling sportsmen, His Majesty never struck me as an enthusiastic stag-hunter. In those days he often spoke to me of the good fun he had enjoyed in former years with the Queen's Hounds, but always rather as a ride and a pastime than as a sport.

As Prince of Wales he had got to know too much about the real thing, fox-hunting, to do otherwise. At the time of my Mastership the King also recognised that wire in Middlesex, the villa in Berks, high-farming in the Thames Valley, and the exigencies of residential amenity and expansion, had changed the face and the habits of the Queen's country. Only the forest and the heather meets, little to the liking of the ride-loving propensities of the Queen's field, provided the free and wild conditions essential to stag-hunting; the Harrow country he had known and admired only survived as a memory.

On the other hand, the King liked the tradition and the idea of a Royal pack, and he from time to time admonished me agreeably on the responsibilities and the prestige of being the 'Grand Veneur,' a title he had brought back from his huntings with

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Napoleon III. at Fontainebleau and Compiègne, and which appeared to be much to his liking.

Swayed then by these several considerations, a suggestion to do away with the Buck-Hounds, to turn them into a fox-hunting establishment, and to undertake to hunt the Garth country, found great favour in his eyes, and was entertained at Windsor. I do not remember—if I ever knew—who now made the suggestion; but it was not the first time an arrangement and change of this kind had been mooted and abandoned.

It is useless now to go back to the various negotiations and *pourparlers* which ensued; it could not be done without risks of indiscretion and inaccuracy. Suffice it to say that they came to nothing; but, as is often the way with inconclusive affairs, all ended amicably with assurances of mutual goodwill and understanding.

At the time our late King did me the honour of talking over the possibilities of the general proposal, and even the details of what could and should be done if the project matured. But the Prince of Wales, as he then was, quickly realised—though with some reluctance—the Protean difficulties to be surmounted, which neither he nor Sir Henry Ponsonby had foreseen. Objections were made to the proposal in all kinds of different quarters, from all kinds of different standpoints, and by all kinds of different people.

His Royal Highness stuck to the main position as long as he could; but not having had to do with the

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domestic politics of a long-established fox-hunting country, a number of elements in the case were novel and unexpected, and he found some difficulty in appreciating the incidence and effect of the undefined arrangements, precedents, and prejudices which are affected by any such proposals as those under consideration. But with a pliant readiness and courtesy, Edward VII. respected not only the authority of these impalpable ordinances, but the independence of the Conscript Fathers who represented the Garth country, and with whom the issue really rested.

After a certain amount of informal correspondence and an exchange of views, it was quite clear that nothing would or could come of this well-intentioned attempt to attach a fox-hunting establishment to Royalty."

CHAPTER VIII

KING EDWARD AS A YACHTSMAN

BY CAPTAIN THE HON. SIR SEYMOUR FORTESCUE, K.C.V.O.

THE late King Edward's connection with yachting began at a very early age. It is on record that on the 23rd of August, 1851, as a lad ten years old, he was present with his parents on board the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, to see the finish of the first race for the America Cup. The Royal yacht was anchored for the occasion off Alum Bay, and from her deck the Royal party had the opportunity of watching the famous schooner *America* round the Needles with a long lead of all the English competitors.¹

In 1863 the then Prince of Wales, to quote the words of the joint authors of *Memorials of the Royal Yacht Squadron*, "repaired the loss which the Club had sustained by the lamented death of the Prince Consort, by becoming its patron and by presenting an annual cup to be raced for at the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta at Cowes."

Two years later, at the annual meeting held at Willis' Rooms—a meeting which marked the jubilee

¹ On the passage from the Needles to Cowes, when the race finished, the wind fell so light that eventually Commodore Steven's *America* only won by 8½ minutes from a small cutter of 47 tons, viz. the *Aurora*, belonging to Mr. Thomas le Marchant.

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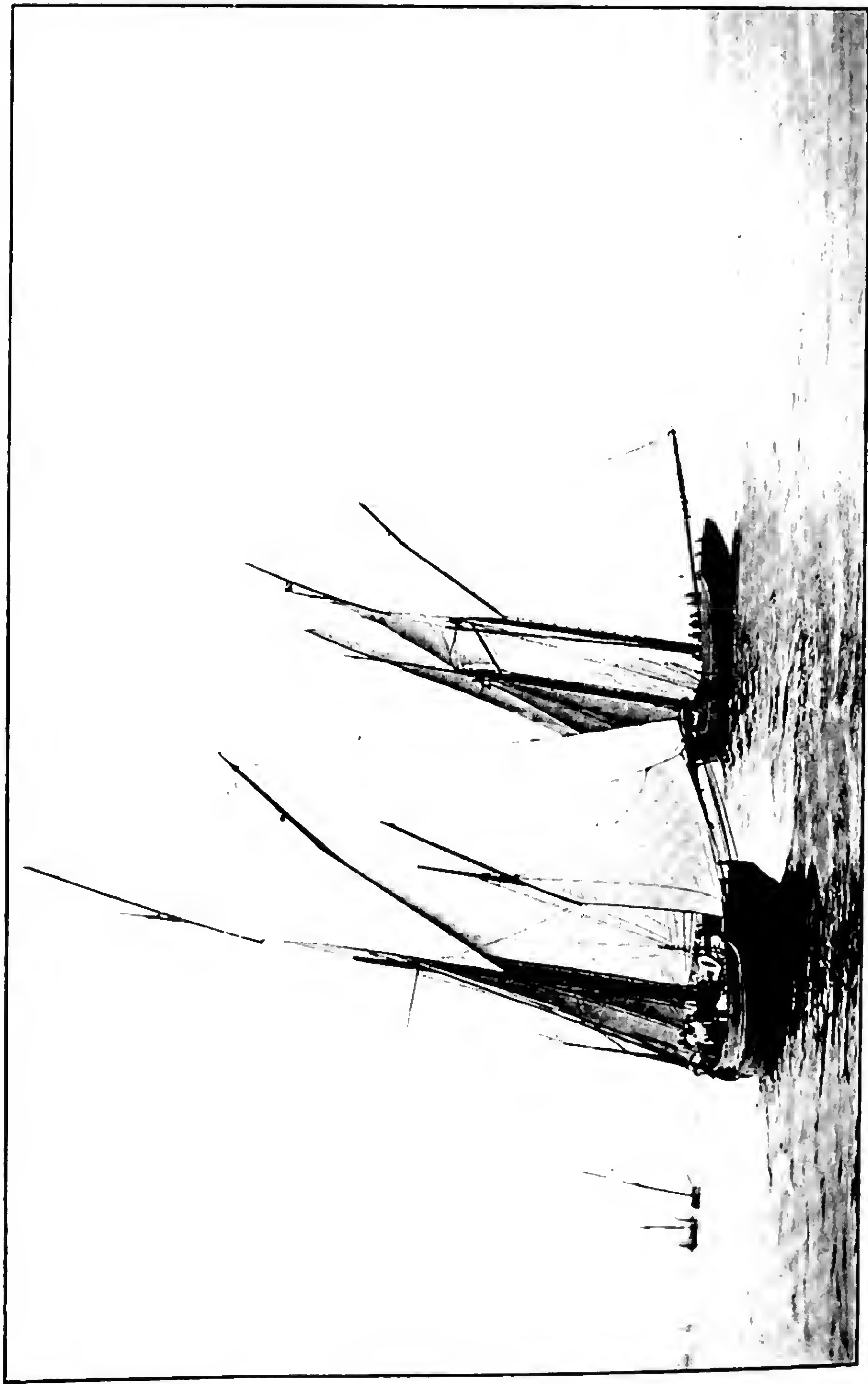
of the Squadron—the Commodore (the Earl of Wilton) announced that the Prince of Wales intended to honour the Club by active participation in its affairs as a member. On the 8th of July, 1865, His Royal Highness was selected a member by acclamation, and from that time forward he never ceased to take an active interest in the Club and in yachting in general, becoming as he did Commodore in 1882, after the death of Lord Wilton, and Admiral of the Club in 1901, shortly after his accession to the throne.

Between the years 1866–1876 King Edward was the owner of three small yachts. The *Dagmar*, a cutter of 37 tons, which he parted with in 1869, was succeeded in turn by two small screw-steamer yachts of about 40 tons, the *Princess* and the *Zenobia*. In 1874, it may be noted, he became Commodore of the Royal Thames Yacht Club; in 1876 His Royal Highness began yacht racing, his first essay in that branch of sport being the purchase of a racing boat, the schooner-yacht *Hildegarde*. The *Hildegarde*, with John Nicholls as skipper, made her first appearance in Solent racing in the Queen's Cup of that year, but was not destined to be successful; later in the week she won the Town Cup after a close finish from two good schooners, the *Egeria* and *Olga*, and the following year the King won his first Queen's Cup at Cowes, when, in a mixed race and in very heavy weather, the *Hildegarde* was victorious by 3½ minutes, beating, among other competitors, the crack rival cutters, *Vol-au-Vent* and *Kriemhilda*. The *Memorials of the Royal Yacht Squadron*, before quoted, tell us that on this occasion "even the cast-iron

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"SATELLITE" AND "ALINE" (KING EDWARD'S YACHT WHEN PRINCE OF WALES)
RACING AT COWES

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rules of the Squadron were relaxed to allow ladies to rush on the platform to witness the exciting finish," and the yacht racing reporter of the day wrote that "His Royal Highness' victory is held to reflect the greatest credit on his judgment in the selection, not less of his craft, than of John Nicholls to sail it. Although there was half a gale of wind blowing, the Prince sailed on his own craft, and the ovation he received when he came ashore will be one of the brightest dreams of his life."

Towards the end of 1879 the Prince of Wales parted with the *Hildegarde*, replacing her by the famous cutter *Formosa*, which he bought from Mr. Sloane Stanley, and in 1880 he won his second Queen's Cup at Cowes with his new racer.

The years 1879 and 1880 mark the close of what may be called the first era of large-cutter racing. In 1881 the schooner *Aline*, of 216 tons, was acquired, and for many years flew the broad pennant of the Royal Commodore. The *Aline* had been a crack racing schooner in her time, and was originally built for Captain C. S. A. Thellusson in 1866 by Camper and Nicholson of Gosport. Captain Thellusson parted with her in 1872, and she passed through the hands respectively of Sir Richard Sutton, the Earl of Hardwicke, and Lord Hastings. The *Aline* had fairly held her own during those palmy days of schooner racing, and in 1871 she sailed a very close and interesting match for the Prince of Wales' Cup at Cowes with the *Livonia*, a new schooner which had just been completed by Mr. Ashbury, who was determined to have another

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try for the America Cup. The race was sailed in a strong breeze over a course 120 miles in length, quite half of which was a dead beat, and *Aline* eventually succeeded in crossing the winning line a minute and a half ahead of her big rival. But schooner racing began to decline in the early eighties; except for a few Royal Yacht Squadron races at Cowes, the *Aline* did but little racing for her Royal owner until the year 1887, when she took part in two extremely interesting contests.

To commemorate Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1887 the Royal Thames Yacht Club instituted an ocean race round the United Kingdom from the Thames to Dover, the first prize for which was 1000 guineas, besides a commemorative gold medal to every yacht that duly sailed the course. It may be of general interest that the sailing directions of such a prolonged contest should be handed down to posterity, and they are accordingly reproduced from the original race-card:—

SAILING DIRECTIONS.

1. The Sailing Rules of the Y.R.A. to be observed in all matters not specially provided for in the following regulations:—

2. *Course*.—Round the United Kingdom, leaving the mainland of Great Britain and Ireland on the port-hand, starting from Southend and finishing at Dover.

3. At *starting*, the yachts must cross a line (defined by two flagstaffs in transit) in prolongation of Southend Pier, and they must pass between the pier head and the Club steamer.

4. At five minutes before noon, the flag officer of the day will hoist the Blue Peter at the mast-head of the Club steamer, and at noon the Blue Peter will be hauled down and a gun fired as the signal for the yachts to start. Any yacht crossing

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the line before gun-fire will be liable to recall or disqualification. Yachts can either start flying or from their anchors at choice.

5. The time of the yachts finishing the race will be taken as they cross a line between the light at the head of the Admiralty Pier, Dover, and the South Foreland High Light (this line bearing ENE. and WSW.).

On arrival by day each yacht is to show her signal number. By night to show three blue lights horizontally and report her name as soon as possible to the signal station on the Admiralty Pier.

6. (a) The time allowance will be regulated by the time of the first yacht arriving at Dover.

(b) For this purpose the time of the first yacht is to be reckoned to the nearest hour between the Greenwich mean time of starting and arrival.

(c) The time allowance will be made upon a length of course which is to be taken as 2000 knots, in case the first yacht arrives in ten days, and this length of course will be increased 100 knots for each day under ten days, and will be decreased 100 knots for each day over ten days, in the time of the first yacht, hour by hour.

If first yacht's time is ten days, time allowance on 2000 knots course; if fifteen days, on 1500 knots; if twenty days, on 1000 knots; if thirty days, no time allowance, and so in proportion to each hour of the first yacht's time.

(d) Each yacht will allow each other yacht the Y.R.A. time allowance for the length of course thus ascertained according to her rating, determined by the rule $\frac{\text{Length} \times \text{Sail Area}}{6000}$, augmented or reduced according to her Y.R.A. class. (See Appendix, Y.R.A. Rules.)

7. Every competing yacht must have on board throughout the race either the owner or his authorised representative (any member of a recognised yacht club), who shall sign and deliver to the Club secretary a properly kept log of the passage, as well as the declaration, according to Y.R.A. Rule 9.

8. There is no limitation to the number of persons on board each yacht, but sufficient boat accommodation for all on board must be available. Each yacht competing in the race must obtain a certificate from an appointed officer, that

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such boat accommodation has been provided and carried throughout.

9. Yachts competing are allowed to enter any port and to communicate with the shore, care being taken to conform to Y.R.A. Rules 24, 25, &c.

10. Owners are at liberty to disembark and to re-embark themselves or any of their friends, at their option, consistently with these rules.

11. To determine the boat accommodation required for the race on the 14th June, it is decided that the length of the boat added to the beam, and the result divided by two, shall show what each boat can carry—

For instance, a boat $21 + 5 = 26$, $\frac{26}{2} = 13$ men's accommodation.

12. The Committee reserve the right of making any alteration in the above.

As will be seen from the race-card, there were twelve competitors, all of whom actually started. Thanks to the kind courtesy of the Marquess of Ormonde, who was in charge of the *Aline*, we are able to publish the log of her fifteen days' race. It is curious to note how closely the three schooners, *Aline*, *Gwendolin*, *Selene*, kept together for nearly the first ten days of the run, none of the three ever being outside signalling distance from each other. The race was eventually won by the cutter-yacht *Genesta*, the property of the late Sir Richard Sutton.

The other important race alluded to, in which the *Aline* took part, was the Royal Yacht Squadron Jubilee Race that was sailed on 8th August of the same year, and the following account of it is taken from *Recollections of Schooner Racing*, by Lt.-Col. Sir George Leach, K.C.B.

The race was open to all yachts above 30 tons,

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English and foreign, but no foreign boats entered. The prizes were £500 for the first vessel within her time allowance, £200 for the second vessel of a different rig within her time, and £100 for the winning vessel of the third rig. The course was from Cowes round the Nab Lightship, Cherbourg break-water, and the Eddystone Lighthouse, returning to Cowes round the south side of the Isle of Wight and the Nab Light, a distance of about 330 miles.

The entries were :—

SCHOONERS.

	Rating.	Owner.
Enchantress . . .	281	General Owen Williams.
Aline . . .	149	H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.
Cetonia . . .	157	Sir Edward Guinness.
Egeria . . .	118	Mr. John Mulholland.

CUTTERS.

Irex . . .	93	Mr. John Jameson.
Lorna . . .	90	Mr. S. Hope Morley.
Genesta . . .	88	Sir Richard Sutton.
Moina . . .	85	Captain Bainbridge, R.N.
Sleuthhound . . .	54	Lord Francis Cecil.
Arethusa . . .	54	Mr. Stuart Lane.

YAWLS.

Atlantis . . .	—	Mr. L. M. Ames.
Dauntless (ketch) . . .	108	Mr. F. L. Popham.
Anemone . . .	58	Mr. E. Liddell.
Viking . . .	—	Earl of Caledon.

The ratings given are those of the yachts under the new length and sail-area of measurement, which is altogether different from the old tonnage rule.

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The time allowances settled by the Royal Yacht Squadron were as follows :—

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
<i>Irex</i> . . .	0	0	0	<i>Moina</i> . . .	2	43	32
<i>Lorna</i> . . .	0	4	57	<i>Egeria</i> . . .	3	13	50
<i>Genesta</i> . . .	0	6	15	<i>Arethusa</i> . . .	4	15	10
<i>Enchantress</i> . . .	0	59	22	<i>Dauntless</i> . . .	5	29	21
<i>Sleuthhound</i> . . .	1	31	8	<i>Viking</i> . . .	5	43	6
<i>Cetonia</i> . . .	2	28	21	<i>Anemone</i> . . .	6	30	30
<i>Aline</i> . . .	2	36	36				

The yachts were started at ten o'clock on the morning of 8th August before a light WSW. breeze, making it a run to the Nab, which the cutters rounded about two hours after the start, some ten minutes ahead of the schooners. The day being beautifully fine and the sea smooth, the sail across the Channel close-hauled on the starboard tack was very enjoyable. The east end of Cherbourg breakwater was rounded by the *Irex* at 7.30, just at dinner-time, with *Genesta* and *Lorna* only a few minutes astern.

Then followed *Egeria* at 7.50, with *Cetonia* in close attendance, and *Moina* and *Aline* respectively 16 and 35 minutes behind. The *Irex*, as soon as she passed the west end of the breakwater, stood away close-hauled for the English coast, and the other cutters followed her lead ; but *Egeria* and *Cetonia* tacked to the westward along the French coast, with the view of getting an easier tide when working to the westward, and it was not until about 11 P.M. that they started off to cross the Channel. The yachts had a nice breeze all night, and in the morning *Irex* made the English coast somewhere to the west of Portland. *Egeria* found

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herself about one and a half miles to windward and nearly abeam of *Cetonia*, both heading a good deal farther to the westward. Unfortunately *Egeria* had to bear down upon *Cetonia* to request Sir Edward Guinness to allow his steamer *Ceto*, which was accompanying the race, to take one of the former's passengers, who had broken his arm by a fall, back to Cowes, which he very kindly did. This delayed *Egeria* fully an hour, and more than lost her the advantage she had gained ; but she picked it up again during the day. The weather throughout was fine and bright, but the wind very paltry. The yachts were widely scattered, and as there was a good deal of haze it was difficult for them to make each other out. *Irex* did not get round the Eddystone until about 10 P.M., *Egeria* and *Cetonia* about 11.30, and the other two schooners some time afterwards.

The next day the wind continued light : the *Irex*, however, being lucky with the wind, managed to save the tide round all the headlands, and reached Cowes at 3 hours 51 minutes, nearly eight hours before any other vessel. *Egeria* and *Cetonia* made an exceedingly close race of it the whole day, never being as much as a gunshot apart. The wind had headed them off the Isle of Wight, and several tacks had to be made after they passed Dunnose. The *Egeria*, when making her last board off on the port tack to round the Nab, found she could not quite weather *Cetonia*, and had to bear away under her stern. *Cetonia* was also obliged to tack, and when they again crossed was in the same predicament, which put *Egeria* round the Nab a minute

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or two before her. The *Aline*, which had not been seen by the others for some time, had stood more out to sea, got a better wind, and, to the surprise of the others, rounded the Nab only a short distance astern of them.

The run to Cowes was an exciting one, as they were all very evenly matched, but *Egeria* managed to keep the pride of place and crossed the winning line at 1.15 A.M., one minute ahead of the *Cetonia* and six minutes ahead of the *Aline*. The *Enchantress* arrived about two hours later. It was a curious sight to see the three schooners come in so close together after so long a race, and the fact of *Egeria* and *Cetonia* rounding the three principal points, Cherbourg breakwater, the Eddystone, and the Nab, almost together was also remarkable. *Egeria*, of course, thought she had won the schooner prize, but, to the surprise of her owner, he was told that the *Dauntless* ketch had been classed with the schooners, and that, as she arrived at 2 hours 56 minutes within her time, she had been awarded the prize for the schooner rig. It was pointed out to the Sailing Committee that no intimation had been given that the *Dauntless* was to sail as a schooner, that the race was sailed under the rules of the Yacht Racing Association, and that a recent decision had been given by the Council of that Association, that ketches were to be classed as yawls; but the Sailing Committee adhered to its decision and declined to refer the question to the Association.

After the close of the season 1887 the *Aline* ceased to take part seriously in racing contests, though her

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racing flag was occasionally flying during the Cowes week up to the end of 1902, but in the autumn of that year the Prince gave the order to build his famous yacht *Britannia*. A year or two later the *Aline* passed into the hands of Prince Ibrahim Halim Pasha, and to the best of the writer's belief is, in her fiftieth year, still to be seen in the harbour of Alexandria.

91. Log of R.Y.S. *Aline*. Commodore H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, K.G.

Jubilee Yacht Race, 1887.

June 14th.—A special train left Victoria at 9 A.M. conveying T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales to witness the start at Southend.

The Duke of Roxburghe, Lord Suffield, Lord Alfred Paget, and self accompanied them.

On arrival at Southend, D. of Roxburghe, Ld. Suffield, and I shipped on board *Aline* R.Y.S.

At 6 hours 15 min. the starting gun was fired from R.M.S. *Norham Castle*.

Fine weather and pleasant breeze E. to ESE.

5 P.M. Fog and thick weather, which continued all night, with light breezes.

Passed R.M.S. *Norham Castle* and *Athenian* anchored near Sunk Lightship.

June 15th.—Fog cleared early, with light SW. breezes and fine weather, spinnaker and top-sails set.

At noon Lowestoft bore NW., distant 10 min.

Spoke fisherman, who took letters and informed us that a schooner and two cutters passed up at 8 A.M.

Wind NE., light, and fine weather.

7 P.M., wind fell off.

9 P.M., abreast Harboro' Lightship.

June 16th.—Pleasant breeze NE. in early part, falling light in middle of the day. 9 A.M., spoke S.M. *Forth*. 2.30 P.M., spoke S.M. *General Havelock*, both bound N. Light

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breeze S. in afternoon, which freshened at night. Fine weather throughout.

June 17th.—Light wind SSE. in early part, which freshened with fine weather. Lat. obs. 55 deg. 20 min. 30 sec. N. Spoke steam trawler, who took letters. Pleasant breeze S. throughout afternoon and night.

June 18th.—Light breezes and calms. Lat. obs. 57 deg. 15 min. N.

June 18th.—12.30 P.M., breeze NNE.

2.40 P.M., tug from Peterhead alongside, took letters and telegrams, and reported schooner *Selene* and another yacht ahead.

3.30 P.M., sighted schooner *Gwendolin* about 3 min. to leeward. Fog and fresh NNE. breeze throughout the evening.

June 19th.—3 A.M., tacked ship off Noss Head. *Gwendolin* close to windward. *Selene* in sight ahead. Dodged ship off John o' Groat's House, waiting for tide to carry us through Pentland till 9 A.M., light airs NNE. 10 A.M., breeze N., beat through Innes Sound. At mid-day made our man number off Dunnet Head. *Selene* about 2½ min. ahead. *Gwendolin* 5 min. astern.

Fresh breeze NNW. Rounded Cape Wrath 6.30 P.M. and carried a fresh NE. wind down (?) all night.

June 20th.—4 A.M., off Glass Island, wind falling, light, and fine weather. *Selene* in sight ahead and *Gwendolin* astern.

P.M., becalmed off Barra Head.

June 21st.—Pleasant breeze SSE., passed *Selene*. 11 A.M., *Selene* and *Gwendolin* in sight astern about 3 min. and 5 min. respectively.

Lat. obs. 55 deg. 25 min. N.

Drank Queen Victoria's health.

12.30 P.M., set spinnaker, wind hauling to ESE. Breeze all night, falling light towards morning.

June 22nd.—Light airs and calms in early part. 11 A.M., becalmed off Achill Head. *Selene* 1½ min. ahead, *Gwendolin* about same distance astern.

2 P.M., light N. airs, freshening, and veering E. (?), set spinnaker. Fresh wind at night off the land.

King Edward as a Yachtsman

June 23rd.—Fresh breeze in early part gradually heading us. In spinnaker, set square sail. In square sail and square top-sail. Lat. obs. 51 deg. 41 min. N. Spoke *Gwendolin*. *Selene* 5 min. or 6 min. to leeward. Light airs and calms throughout afternoon and evening.

11 P.M., Dursey I. light bore E. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. 7 min.

June 24th.—Fresh wind and increasing ESE., with considerable sea. Lat. obs. 50 deg. 30 min. N. Long. acc. 9 deg. W. In top-sails, lowered top-masts, and shifted jibs.

8 P.M., in first reef main-sail. Strong wind ESE. and heavy swells at night; less wind.

June 25th.—Fresh breeze E., falling lighter as day came on; out reef, up top-masts and top-sails, shifted jibs. Lat. obs. 50 deg. 22 min. N. Long acc. 7 deg. 10 min. W. Light, variable breezes E. to ENE. afternoon and evening, at night calm. SE. swell.

June 26th.—2 A.M., breeze from N.

5 A.M., rounded the Bishop Lt. Ho. Scilly Islands.

9.15 A.M., passed Wolf Lt. Ho.; breeze fell off.

11 A.M., pleasant breeze SSE. backing.

4 P.M., beat up to Lizard and made our number.

Becalmed between Lizard and Black Head.

10 P.M., light breeze W.

Set spinnaker.

June 27th.—Fog, with fresh W. breeze. Mid-day, abreast the start.

4 P.M., fog cleared, but still very hazy.

9 P.M., wind fell light.

11 P.M., fresh breeze N., which continued all night.

June 28th.—7.30 A.M., Beachy Head abeam, wind falling light and veering to E.

10 A.M., fresh breeze E., which continued all day. Beat up to Dover by 7 P.M. Gun fired 7.20 P.M.

Time, 14 days 7 hours 20 minutes.

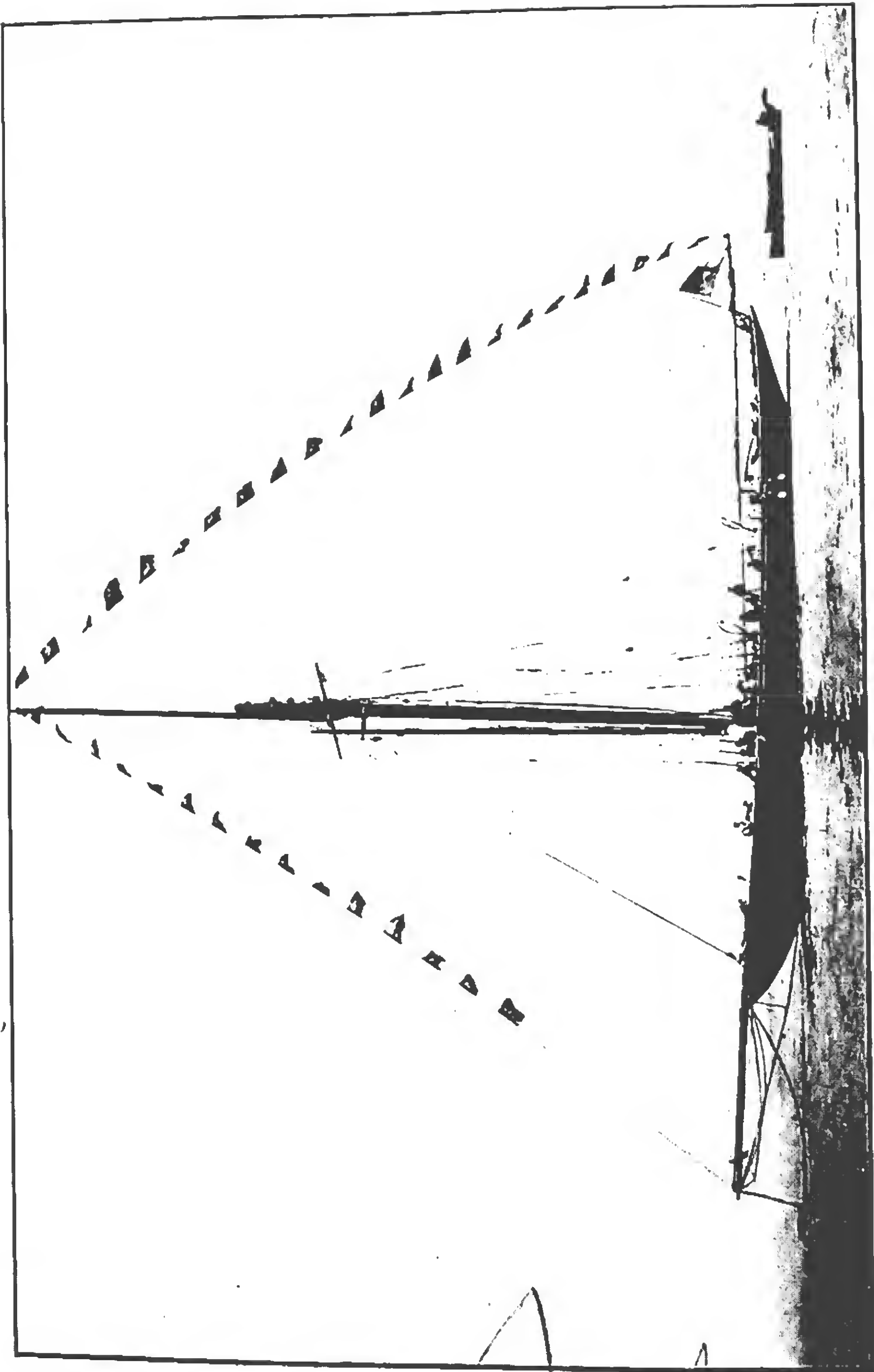
June 29th.—Went up to London in charge of ship's log and delivered the same to Secretary, Royal Thames Yacht Club.

(Signed)

ORMONDE.

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

As mentioned before, it was in the autumn of 1892 that the late King Edward decided on building a racing cutter for himself, and the result of this decision was the famous *Britannia*, certainly the most successful cutter-yacht that has been raced in European waters since the days of the almost invincible *Arrow*. She was designed by the late Mr. G. L. Watson, built by Messrs. Henderson on the Clyde, and was almost an exact replica of the *Valkyrie*—the two yachts were in fact built side by side in Messrs. Henderson's yard at Partick, the only substantial difference between them being that the *Britannia* was about two feet longer than her sister on the water-line. During the whole of her racing career *Britannia* was sailed by Mr. W. Jameson and the late John Carter, about as strong a combination of racing talent as it was possible to have, for it might be truthfully asserted that what those two men did not know about cutter-racing was not worth knowing. Not only did the *Britannia* under their direction prove herself to be the most successful of the modern racing cutters; she was also a most comfortable and seaworthy yacht, and at this moment, with slightly reduced spars, would make an ideal cruiser. Owing to her great beam and depth of floor, there was ample accommodation on board for her crew of twenty-eight men as also for her owner and two or three guests. As a matter of fact, King Edward's yacht was his home when on the Riviera, and he made passages in her from port to port whenever it suited his convenience. It was indeed at the various regattas that were held in the French Mediterranean ports from Marseilles to



BRITANNIA

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King Edward as a Yachtsman

Mentioned that he witnessed most of his yacht's racing performances, and it was in a French port that he received his most illustrious visitor ; for so interested did Queen Victoria become in *Britannia's* successful career, when her late Majesty was in residence in Cimiez, that she paid a visit to her son on board when *Britannia* was lying in the port of Nice—a fact that is still testified to and recorded by an inscription on a brass plate in the fore part of her companion hatch.

Owing to the Prince of Wales' multifarious engagements in the summer, he was rarely able to be present when his yacht raced at the English regattas before the opening of the Solent fortnight, the only exception being an occasional race on the Thames at the beginning of the season. But at Cowes there never was a day on which His Royal Highness' racing flag was flying that he was not on board, nearly always accompanied by his son, the present King George ; moreover, it was at her masthead, from 1903 onwards, that he flew his broad pennant, and subsequently his flag, as Commodore and Admiral of the Royal Yacht Squadron. It was whilst at Cowes that he, Queen Alexandra, their family and friends, enjoyed many a delightful sail on the waters of the Solent during non-racing days and after *Britannia's* racing career had come to an end.

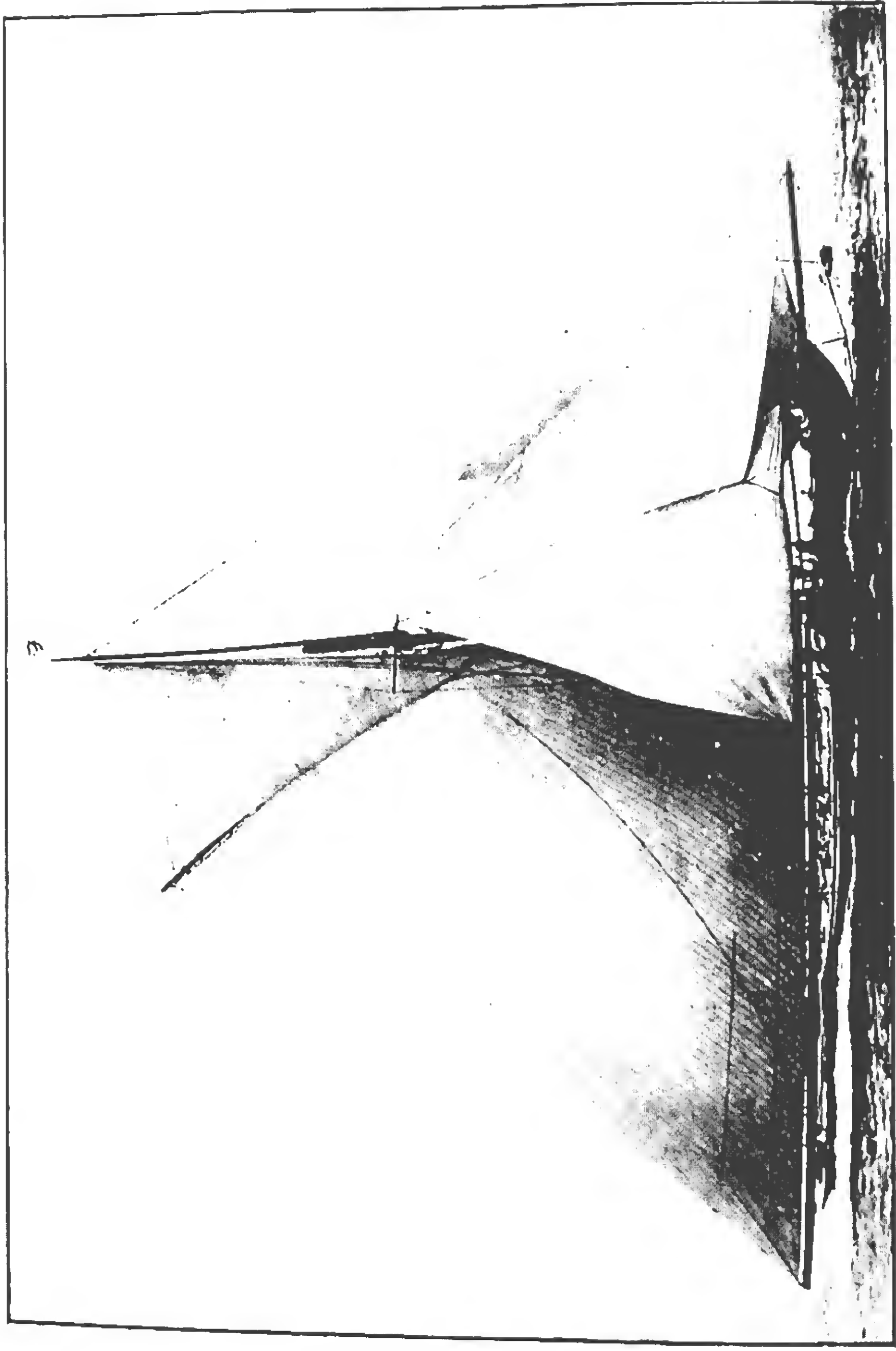
It would be impossible to mention by name the numerous patrons and patronesses of the sport of yachting who at various times, both at home and on the Riviera, had the honour and good fortune to race on board *Britannia*, but it may be mentioned that the

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

German Emperor and his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, both keen yachtsmen, have sailed in her on several occasions.

King Edward was present on board *Britannia* when she flew his racing flag for the first time at the Royal Thames Regatta, May 25, 1893, thus inaugurating one of the best seasons of big-cutter racing ever known in England. The yachts taking part in this, the first event of the year, were *Britannia*, *Valkyrie*, *Calluna*, and *Iverna*. Allusion has already been made to *Britannia* and *Valkyrie*, and it is only necessary to add that *Valkyrie* had been laid down a month or two before *Britannia*, to the order of Lords Dunraven and Wolverton, for the express purpose of contesting the America Cup. *Calluna*, designed by Mr. W. Fife, junior, was built on the Clyde for a Scotch syndicate, and was principally remarkable for great breadth of beam. *Iverna*, an older cutter that had done yeoman service for Mr. John Jameson in the past, was raced more to enable her owner to estimate what advance had been made in boat-designing than for any hope of doing much good in the way of winning with three new opponents in the "field," and with the possibility of two or three more to follow. The steady breeze gave the yachts a fair trial, and after a rather close finish the race was won by *Britannia*, *Valkyrie* being second. Though the actual result would have been unchanged, the finish might have been a still closer one had not *Valkyrie* unfortunately carried away her bowsprit when nearing the winning mark-boat.

Two more races were sailed on the two following



BRITANNIA RACING AT COWES

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King Edward as a Yachtsman

days, of which *Britannia* won the first, the other going to *Iverna*, who, taking advantage of a luffing match that was in progress between the two leaders, *Britannia* and *Valkyrie*, saved her time and won her race from *Britannia*, who thus had beaten *Valkyrie* three days running.

Early in June a new competitor joined the racing fleet, viz. the *Satanita*, built at Southampton for Mr. A. D. Clarke on a design of Mr. J. Soper. Owing to her great length on the water-line, *Satanita* showed terrific speed on a reach—given the exact weather required, she was in her day almost invincible ; and in the following month the list of racing cutters was further supplemented by the American yacht *Navahoe*, the property of Mr. Carroll, who brought her out for the first time during the Cowes week. Shortly after the end of the Solent fortnight, *Valkyrie* withdrew temporarily from racing, so as to prepare for her long sea passage to New York as challenger for the America Cup. *Britannia* raced right up to the end of the season, and a most successful one it was for her.

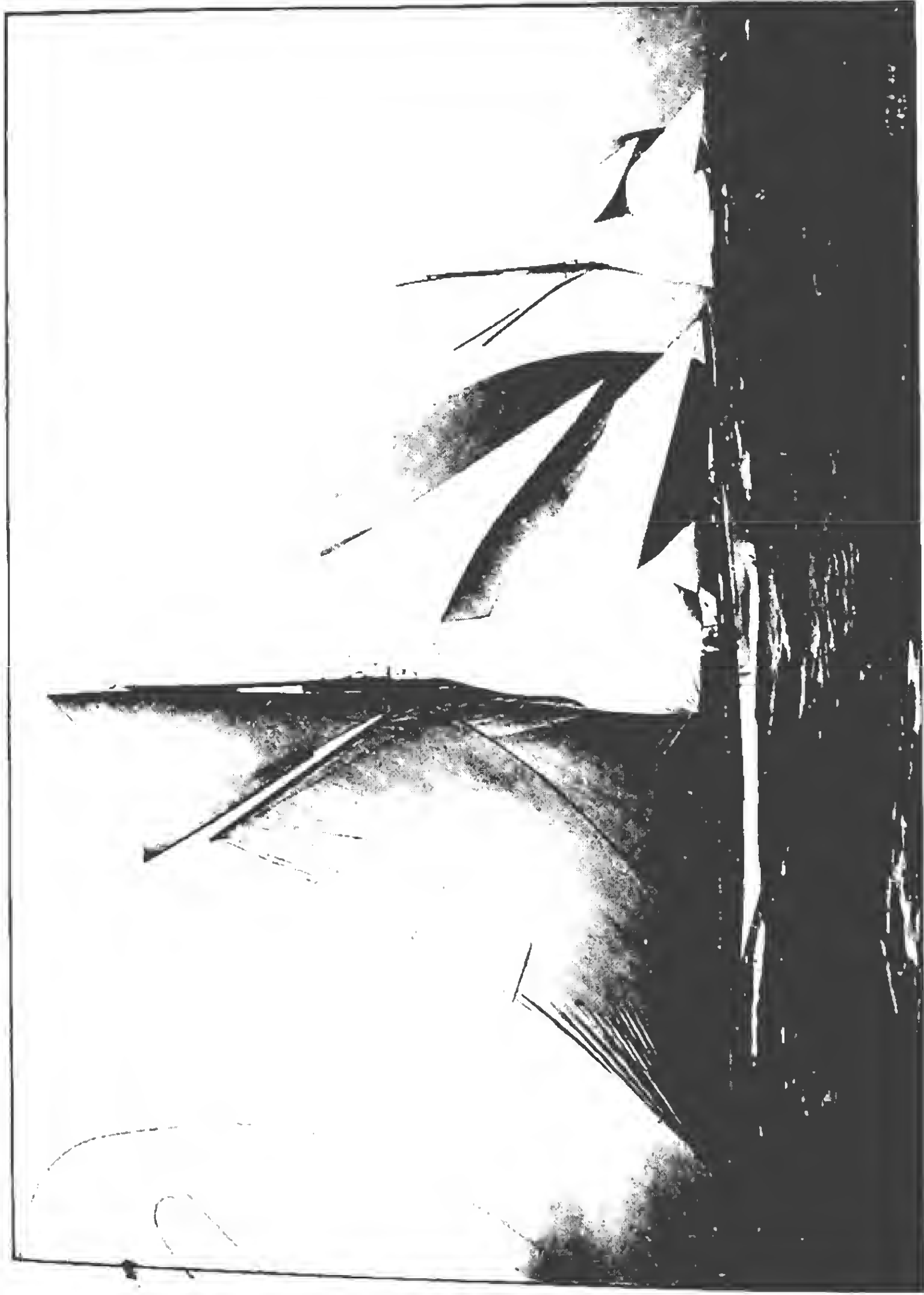
As will be seen by referring to the list of her races given in an Appendix, she started in all forty-three times, winning twenty-four first and nine second or third prizes.

Good and interesting as the cutter-racing had been in 1893, the season of 1894 was a still more exciting one as far as *Britannia* was concerned ; for it was in July 1894 that she met her great rival *Vigilant* for the first time. *Vigilant*, designed by Mr. Hereschoff and owned by Mr. Gould, after holding the America Cup against

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

the challenging cutter *Valkyrie* in the autumn of 1893, arrived in the Clyde the following summer to compete with the English boats in their own waters. Owing to an accident, the honour of upholding the British flag devolved almost entirely upon *Britannia*, and right worthily she performed her duty. It certainly was no small satisfaction to the English world of sport in general, and to English yachtsmen in particular, to see a genuine English yacht, owned by the leading sportsman of the country, the Prince of Wales, competing more than successfully against an American racing machine with the honours of the America Cup still thick upon her, and admirably sailed and handled by the redoubtable American skipper, Captain Hank Haff.

The two great rival boats met for the first time in the Corinthian match of the Mudhook Club on the Clyde, two other competitors, *Valkyrie* and *Satanita*, forming the remainder of the "field." It was a dismal morning, blowing fresh from the southward; and while *Britannia*, *Vigilant*, and *Satanita* carried whole mainsails, *Valkyrie* had the small reef down, jib-headed top-sails being aloft on all. Unfortunately, while manœuvring for the start, *Satanita*, who was always rather difficult to handle in narrow waters, collided with *Valkyrie*, cutting into her on the port side nearly amidships with such violence that in less than ten minutes she was a sunken wreck. To make matters infinitely worse, one of her crew received fatal injuries, and the wonder was that this should have been the only casualty. *Satanita's* bows were badly



"VIGILANT" AND "BRITANNIA" ON A BROAD REACH IN THE SOLENT

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King Edward as a Yachtsman

damaged, and it was some weeks before she could race again.

Britannia got away with a fine start from *Vigilant*, and, after having most of the luck of the race, won an exciting match by thirty-three seconds. Two or three days later, in the Queen's Cup match of the Royal Clyde Club, the two cutters met again in fine weather, with a wind which gave them a true dead to windward and leeward trial. *Britannia* got the better of the start, and weather-bowing her rival all the way, ran home and finished the first round with a lead of seventeen seconds. The same tactics were pursued in the second half of the race, but *Vigilant* wrested the lead from *Britannia* when gybing round the Kilcreggan mark after the run back, and finished with a lead of sixty-seven seconds ; however, *Britannia's* time allowance gave her a comfortable victory. The scene of enthusiasm both ashore and afloat at the finish of this race was something quite unparalleled in the annals of yacht racing in Great Britain. The huge crowd that had collected to view the race cheered both winner and loser alike. The critics agreed that this had been one of the finest matches ever sailed, and that both victor and vanquished richly deserved the tribute of applause they received from the multitude of spectators.

Altogether *Britannia's* performances in the North were more than satisfactory. In all she scored seven consecutive victories over her American antagonist.

Another most exciting race that the writer well remembers was one which took place a month later, on the opening day of the Squadron Week at Cowes.

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

The yachts (*Britannia*, *Satanita*, and *Vigilant*) were to start to the eastward and sail round the Isle of Wight ; and on this occasion *Britannia*'s Royal Owner and several of his friends were on board. *Satanita* began well, and was leading off Bembridge ; but at the back of the Island the breeze became paltry, and *Satanita* dropped back, while *Britannia* and *Vigilant* were engaged in a battle-royal. After getting round St. Catherine's and heading for the Needles, *Britannia* picked up a fresh breeze off the land, and was leading by some lengths with the *Vigilant* tearing up astern of her. *Vigilant* gradually forged ahead, and came up inshore of *Britannia* on her weather. The obvious course was to luff up and prevent her from forcing a passage ; but unhappily there was not sufficient depth of water, so up went the *Britannia* on a shoal, and in another moment *Vigilant* took the ground also. The latter had now all the best of it, as by pulling up her centre-board she was able to get off almost at once, and away she went for the Needles with *Britannia* left on the shoal. It was a good ten minutes before *Britannia* was floating again, and by that time *Vigilant* had gained a lead of a couple of miles. However, a yacht race is never lost until it is won ; and owing to the wind falling light, and a useful fluke or two, by the time the Needles were passed the two yachts were neck and neck. The wind had fallen light again, and what there was blew from the westward, so it was a case of up helm and set spinnakers. All on board were now full of hope, as running in light winds *Britannia* was rather the faster of the two ; so with a

King Edward as a Yachtsman

gentle westerly breeze and a fair tide to take them along, the two rivals headed for the mark-boat at Cowes. But hope had almost to be abandoned when it was seen that instead of *Britannia* having the advantage, *Vigilant* was streaking away as if she were in tow, while *Britannia* dropped farther and farther astern. *Vigilant* eventually won in hollow fashion by eight minutes.

Mr. W. Jameson and Carter had their suspicions about the cause of *Britannia's* sluggishness, so next day she was sent over to Southampton to be docked, and then the cause was apparent. The result of her grounding was that a quantity of her copper plating, instead of being polished and smooth, was standing out in rolls, and, moreover, large pieces of rock were actually sticking out from her lead keel. No wonder poor *Britannia* could not sail! On the other hand, *Vigilant*, thanks to her centre-board keel, had got off the rocks quite uninjured. However, the disappointment and damage done were alike transitory, and two days later she was sailing as well as ever again. At the end of the Solent regattas, *Vigilant* retired from the contest. She had sailed seventeen times against the *Britannia*, and of those races *Britannia* had won eleven outright. The rest of the season of 1894, except in mixed races, resolved itself into matches between *Satanita* and *Britannia*, of which *Britannia* won the lion's share.

In 1895 a new competitor appeared on the scene, the *Ailsa* cutter, designed by Fife to the order of Mr. Barclay Walker. She began her racing career by opposing the

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

Britannia in the Riviera regattas, and some splendid contests followed between the two cutters, *Corsair*, a forty-rater, belonging to Admiral the Hon. Victor Montagu, also taking part in many of the races. On the whole, the *Ailsa* had rather the best of it as long as the two yachts remained in southern waters. As poor John Carter used regretfully to say to Mr. Jameson : "There's no *weight* in the wind here, Mr. Willy." And probably he was right, for *Britannia* never seemed to do herself full justice in the Mediterranean. But close and keen as the racing was, the following anecdote, for the details of which I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Tom Ratsey, of Cowes, will show the fine spirit and generosity with which it was conducted. In March 1895 the *Britannia* and *Ailsa* were racing at Cannes in a strong wind, with a considerable jump of a sea rolling in from the south. *Britannia* had the best of the start, and kept her lead to the first mark, *Ailsa* being close up after her. As they reached with booms to port to the second mark off the Bocca Point, Wringe, the skipper of *Ailsa*, went for *Britannia*'s weather, *Britannia* luffing in the usual way to defeat her rival's purpose. This luffing match continued until the mark-boat was broad under the lee, when both boats broke away, and running by the lee were preparing to gybe. The two cutters were so close that *Britannia*, who was to leeward, got her mainsail becalmed and gybed over unexpectedly before the *Ailsa* had done so ; with the result that the first thing seen on the *Ailsa*, on board of which Mr. Ratsey was sailing, was the Prince of Wales' feathers (on the

King Edward as a Yachtsman

Britannia's boom end) coming through the mainsail just above the boom, tearing the sail from foot to head. To make matters worse, *Britannia* drew away, and her boom scraped along the top of *Ailsa's* boom, making a hole in *Ailsa's* mainsail that measured 90 feet by 15 feet before she got clear. The lee shore was now uncomfortably close for a yacht with a mainsail in shreds, but by a fine piece of seamanship Wringe succeeded in getting the *Ailsa* to stay round, thus pointing her head away from the shore. The mainsail was then lowered, and a friendly tug towed *Ailsa* back to Cannes.

For the moment it looked as if the big-boat racing was finished as far as sport was concerned, the *Britannia* appearing certain to gain a series of easy victories, by sailing over for the many rich prizes that would be at her mercy along the Riviera coast. But King Edward raced for sport and not for prizes, so directly the *Britannia* arrived back in port His Royal Highness telegraphed to the Préfet Maritime at Toulon asking for the assistance of sailmakers to repair *Ailsa's* mainsail. Meanwhile the mutilated sail had been landed and stretched out in the ball-room of Colonel Halford's villa. Mr. Ratsey had only two sailmakers with him, but every man on board the two yachts who could use a needle was pressed into the service, and, to make a long story short, by working all night the sail was actually repaired in time for the *Ailsa* to race on the following day before a single workman had arrived from Toulon. Colonel Halford not only gave up his ball-room, but supplied the workers with their meals,

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

and one of his daughters insisted on putting on a sail-maker's palm and working a few stitches, so that she might say that she had had a hand in the repairs. These same repairs were so successfully executed that the writer well remembers, when the yachts were again racing together on the following day, hailing Mr. Ratsey that the mainsail actually set better than it did before, and was confirmed in his judgment by Mr. Ratsey himself, and, it may be added, by the subsequent performances of *Ailsa*.

Britannia continued to hold her own against all comers right through the English season of 1895, and through the foreign and English seasons of 1896; it was not until the advent of the German Emperor's cutter *Meteor* that it could be said she had been out-built. The *Meteor* was a very large cutter designed for His Imperial Majesty by Mr. G. L. Watson, and in many respects was simply a much larger *Britannia*. In 1897 *Britannia* went abroad again for the Riviera season, when she again met *Ailsa*, and, as usual, in the light breezes of the Mediterranean, *Ailsa* had rather the better of it. On returning to England she was laid up temporarily, and fitted out for the last time as a racing vessel for the Cowes Regatta of 1897. She started three times, and won two first prizes, one of which was for a match sailed round the Isle of Wight for the German Emperor's Shield against the new cutter-yacht *Aurora*, which had just been completed for Sir C. D. Rose.

Later on, as mentioned before, King Edward constantly used her to sail about in on the Solent during

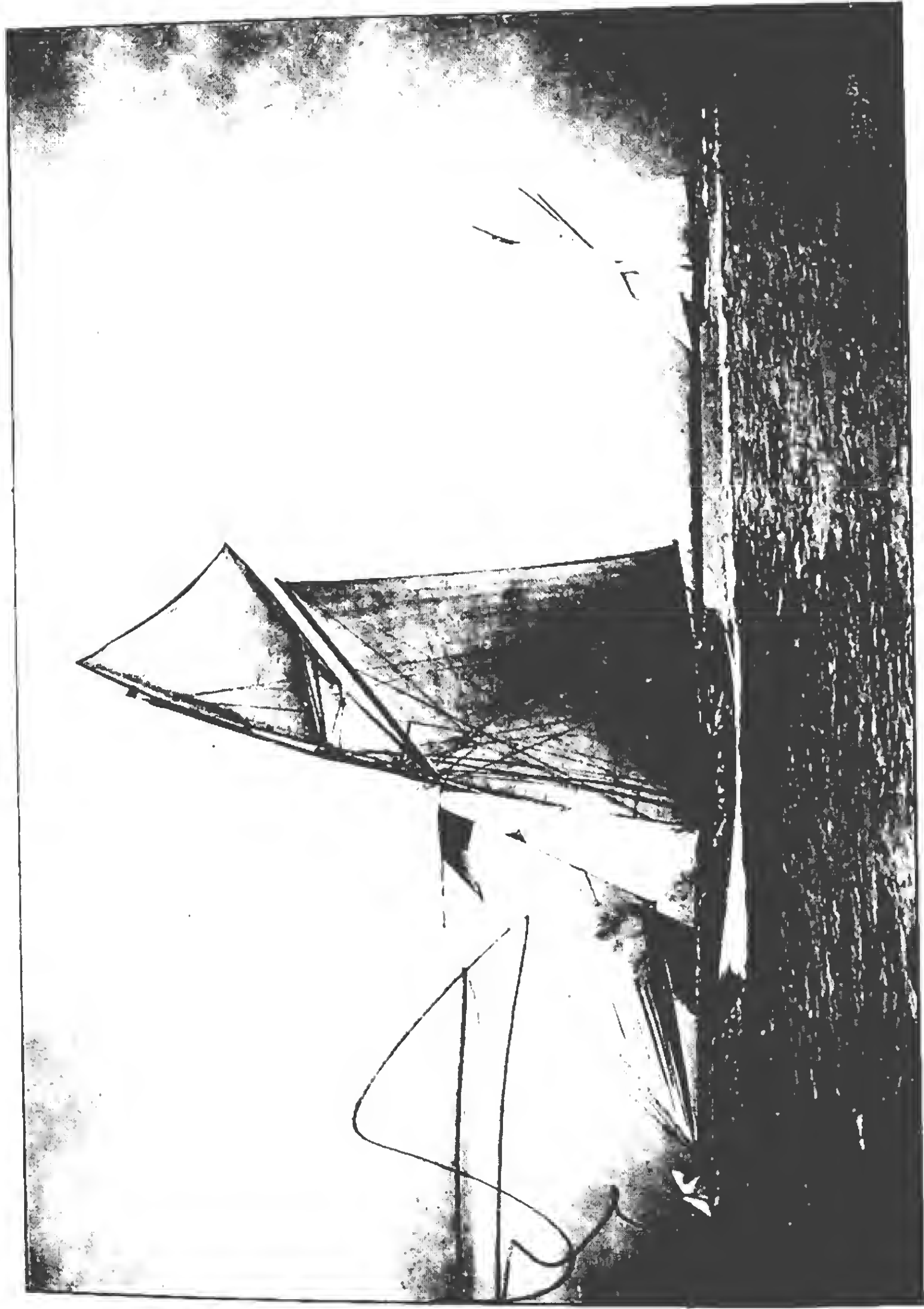
King Edward as a Yachtsman

the Cowes week, and she occasionally started in handicap races, such as the Queen's Cup in the Royal Yacht Squadron Regattas ; but, practically speaking, her racing career as the crack English cutter came to an end in the autumn of 1897.

Mr. Ratsey was commanded to sail on the *Britannia* in some of her first races on the Thames, and amongst other stories tells one which shows the coolness with which His Majesty was accustomed to comport himself. "One day," Mr. Ratsey writes, "His Royal Highness was sitting just abaft the companion in a deck-chair reading the morning papers, *Britannia* manœuvring about for the start. I could not take my eyes away from the Prince, as owing to the heeling of the yacht from side to side his chair was constantly on the balance, and he looked as if he might roll over the side, chair and all, at any moment. At last the *Britannia* heeled over still more, to a decidedly dangerous extent, indeed. Fortunately His Royal Highness realised the danger, grasped the companion, and stood up just as the chair and all the papers rolled over the side into the river ; and in a very few seconds were a considerable distance astern. The Prince was asked if the chair, &c., should be picked up, to which he replied, 'Yes, pick up the papers.' *Britannia* was gybed over, the dinghy launched, chair and papers retrieved, and the latter sent down into the forecastle to be dried. I have often wondered how many of the crew would have jumped to the rescue had His Royal Highness gone overboard with the chair. It would have been amusing to see half the crew over the side and only a dinghy to rescue the lot."

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

As will be seen in the list of her races at the end of the book, her principal antagonists were one first-class older boat, the *Iverna*, five cutters of her own year, namely, *Vigilant*, *Valkyrie*, *Satanita*, *Navahoe*, and *Calluna*, two later cutters, *Ailsa* and *Aurora*, as well as, in mixed races, the crack forty-raters, *Caress*, *Isolde*, and *Corsair*; and that she more than held her own with them all individually and collectively, finally only succumbing to the *Meteor*, who was four years her junior, must oblige every one to admit that the *Britannia* was absolutely worthy of the illustrious Sportsman under whose racing flag she was so uniformly successful, and whose burgee and flag she flew for so many years on the Riviera, and at the headquarters of the yachting world—Cowes.



A DEAD BEAT—"VIGILANT" AND "BRITANNIA" IN THE SOLENT

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CHAPTER IX

THE KING AS GUEST

FOR years before his death the King had not walked up partridges ; indeed his shooting in England was really limited to a few weeks in November, December, and January, twelve days at Sandringham, and nine at Windsor, leaving him comparatively little time in the midst of his multifarious engagements to stay in the houses of his friends. But among those whom he regularly honoured with his presence was Lord Burnham of Hall Barn, Beaconsfield. Often when conversation about shooting arose, His Majesty declared that in his annual experiences he always specially enjoyed the days he spent here. His first visit was paid in 1892, and except during the two years when he was incapacitated by illness he shot at Hall Barn every season without intermittence to the time of his death. It was here that he fired his last cartridge, having had what he described as one of the best days he had ever known (January 24, 1910). On this occasion 2400 pheasants were killed, all of them good high birds, some indeed as high as they well could be. The other guns were His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales (now King George), Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, Count Gleichen,

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

the Marquess of Ripon, the Hon. Harry Stonor, and Sir Charles Cust.

In former years His Majesty used to spend two days at Hall Barn ; after he succeeded to the throne he was in the habit of coming from Windsor, on almost every occasion accompanied by the then Prince of Wales. Shooting began at 10.30, and went on till lunch at 1.30, was resumed at 2.30, and finished at 4.30. It was a great day for the district as well as for those connected with the estate. Jack Westropp, the runner of the Old Berkeley hounds, was accustomed to appear—decked in a tall hat which Lord Burnham had given him, and which he kept to wear on extra-ceremonial occasions—to carry the King's cartridges. The bag was, of course, mainly pheasants ; partridges are scarce, the wooded district of Beaconsfield being unsuitable ground for them. Among Lord Burnham's most treasured possessions is a bust of King Edward, which occupies a pedestal in the hall. One day, when His Majesty was bidding his host good-bye, he said, "I am going to send you a bust of myself, in memory of the many happy days I have spent at Hall Barn." Another gift from the King is a beautiful silver pheasant, which was sent, the King said, "as a recollection of the best day's shooting I ever had," and he particularly advised his host to put it on his dinner-table. His Majesty was indeed always ready with acknowledgments of services rendered and kindness received. On the Christmas before his death he sent Lord Burnham a handsome old

The King as Guest

gold snuffbox, which is valued the more as the King addressed the package with his own hand. The manuscript is carefully preserved.

It is no vain compliment to say that King George ranks high among the very best shots of the period; but it is of late years that he has acquired the skill. Lord Burnham recalls one day when the then Prince of Wales had been altogether unsuccessful, and, seating himself in the study when the party had returned to the house, exclaimed, "I can't hit a feather! But I have been at sea for a good many years, and one doesn't see many pheasants there!"

King Edward was always greatly interested in the historical incidents associated with the houses and neighbourhoods he visited, and Beaconsfield is remembered as the residence of Edmund Burke. On the wall of the entrance hall is the dagger which the great orator tragically threw down in the House of Commons during the peroration of his famous speech. The effect which this episode had upon the House is well known; but it did not appeal to the minor officials who were then in service at Westminster. The dagger was left where it fell, to be picked up by one of the attendants. Edmund Burke's servant was at the House next day, and the finder of the weapon handed it to the man, prosaically remarking: "Oh! here's that knife your master dropped on the floor last night."

A great scare arose one day, due to the mistaken enterprise of some of the London evening

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

papers, when the Prince, as he then was, had been shooting at Hall Barn. "Accident to the Prince of Wales" was the sensational announcement in the heaviest type on the contents bills, and much consternation naturally arose. Some powder had blown into His Royal Highness' eye, temporarily blinding him and causing severe pain. The sport was at once stopped, but there was no question of loss of sight, and all was well in a few days.

One of His Majesty's favourite resorts was Castle Rising. In the year 1887 the estate was taken by the Duke of Fife and Lord Farquhar in conjunction. In 1895 the Duke retired from the partnership, and since then His Majesty was every year the guest of Lord and Lady Farquhar. Sport there was of special interest to King Edward, as for some years prior to the acquisition of the place by the Duke of Fife and its present owner His Majesty had leased the shooting. It was his custom to stay at Castle Rising for a week towards the latter end of November. He would arrive on the Monday, leave on Saturday, shoot three days out of the four, and occupy the fourth day by expeditions about the neighbourhood. Often he went to a curiosity shop in a town not far off, to purchase articles which would serve as gifts for his friends; for, knowing how much these remembrances were valued, His Majesty was always anxious to gratify all who were in any way associated with him, and the number of presents he made annually amounted to thousands. Partridges are numerous at Castle Rising,

The King as Guest

and the pheasant shooting in the large wild coverts exceptionally sporting. From fifteen to twenty woodcock were usually added to the bag. His Majesty looked forward much to this visit, and declared that it was one which he would on no account miss.

Lord Farquhar it may perhaps be almost needless to say was Master of His Majesty's Household from the beginning of his reign to the July of 1908, and during the last year fulfilled the duties of Lord Steward. The visit was an event anxiously anticipated by all who were connected with the estate. One day, as the King was passing the beaters, one of them exclaimed with great gratification, "We look every year to see the flag put up on the castle, Your Majesty, and then we know you are here!"—a kindly greeting at which the King smiled. It would be wrong to say that King Edward sought popularity, but he keenly appreciated the affection of all classes of his subjects.

Castle Rising, although a small manor, is rich in historical interest. The old castle, the ruins of which are in the grounds, was occupied for a time by Queen Isabella, wife of Edward II., who indeed lived there for some years prior to her death, and was at least once visited by her grandson the Black Prince. The manor house was a pocket borough up to the time of the Reform Bill of 1832, the "borough" apparently consisting of the drawing-room. The constituency numbered two, the gardener and the agent, and Sir Robert Walpole sat for it during all the time he was Prime Minister.

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A former member was Samuel Pepys, the immortal diarist, when Secretary to the Admiralty. His present Majesty King George has been a guest at Castle Rising on many occasions.

Duties of State necessarily occupied King Edward wherever he might be. During his last visit to Castle Rising an investiture of Royal orders was held, among those honoured with the M.V.O. having been two neighbours, Sir William ffolkes and Sir Somerville Gurney, who are mentioned in the chapter on "Sandringham."

Twice His Majesty shot at Crichel. It being understood that Lord Alington much desired the King to honour him with a visit, it was intimated to him that he would be privileged to entertain the Royal guest. Good sport was a matter of course. In order that the host might be put to no inconvenience, the King brought his own motors, in case they might assist in smoothing the arrangements, but I gather from Lord Alington that nothing noteworthy occurred.

It had been His Majesty's custom to honour Lord Burton with an annual visit during his tenancy of Glenquoich, one of the most delightful estates in Scotland ; for here all varieties of sport can be enjoyed in about as near an approach to perfection as is anywhere obtainable. The King was usually able to spare a week for Scotland after his week at Doncaster, and was somewhat freer from the cares of State, for wherever he might be numerous matters continually demanded his attention ; there was often work to be

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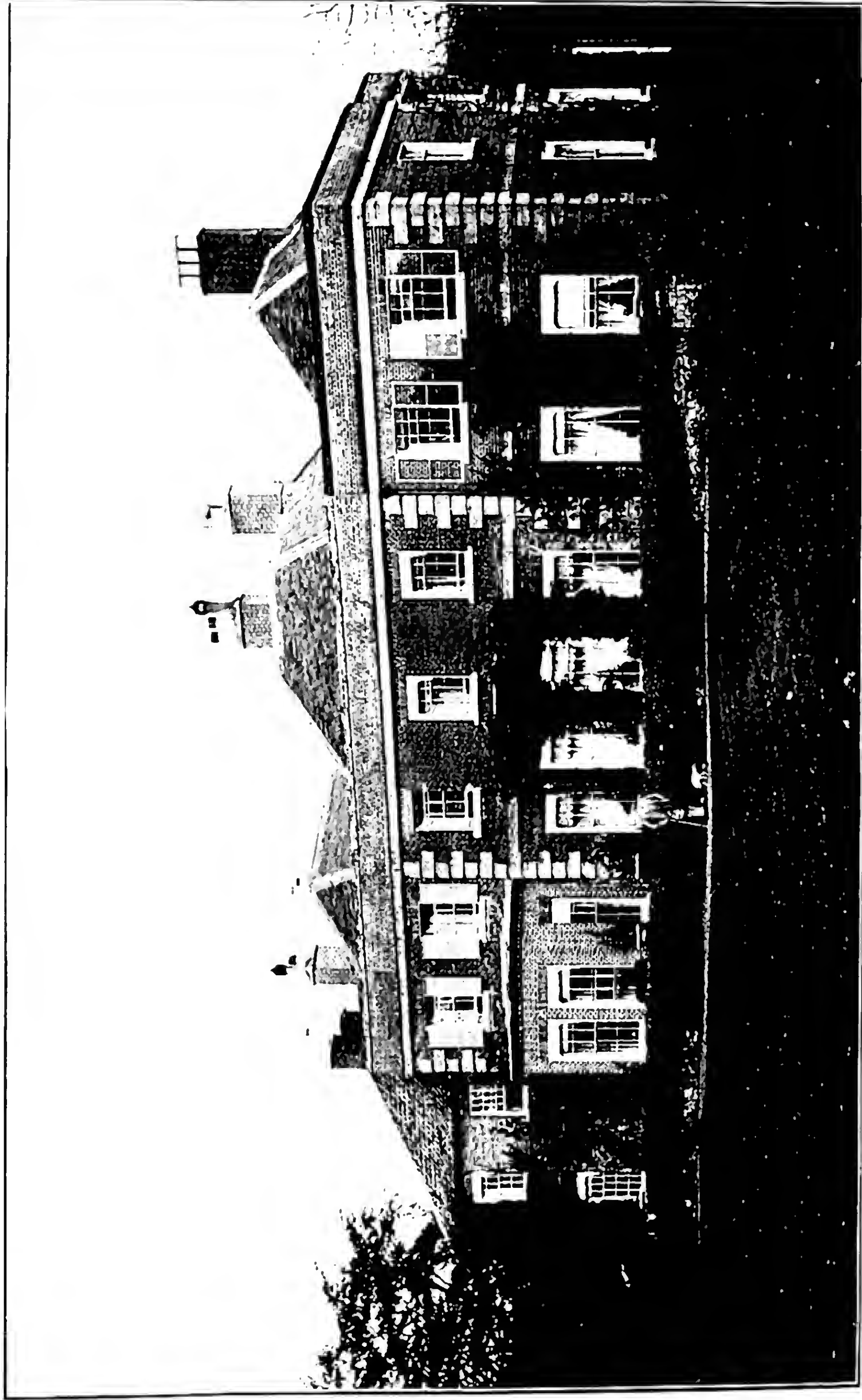
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CASTLE RISING HALL, THE RESIDENCE OF LORD FARQUHAR

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done during his Doncaster visit to Lord Savile, who had the gratification of acting as His Majesty's host for the St. Leger week for several years before the King's death ; but when in Scotland it seems to have been understood that he should be as little disturbed as possible.

When the Glenquoich visits came to an end Mr. Arthur Sassoon, the tenant of Tulchan Lodge, the interesting and picturesque estate at Advie, begged that he might be privileged to entertain His Majesty, and twice before his accession to the throne, four times afterwards, the King went there on the Monday after Doncaster, to remain until the Monday following. There is no forest here, so stalking was not part of the programme, and, as before mentioned, for fishing His Majesty cared little ; he was indeed accustomed laughingly, but not altogether without something like acquiescence, to quote Dr. Johnson's description of angling : " a worm at one end and a fool at the other," heresy as this will appear to devotees of rod and line. But the grouse are very good at Tulchan, if naturally not so good in mid-September, when the King was there, as earlier in the season before they begin to pack. His Majesty derived extreme pleasure from the shooting, and had some excellent days there. It is always difficult accurately to appraise the skill of a Royal personage. On some hands there may be a tendency to exaggerate it ; others will be inclined to think that undue credit is bestowed because of the shooter's personality. That driven grouse are difficult to kill, however, is beyond question, and in a day at

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Tulchan, when close on 100 birds fell to the King's gun, he certainly killed thirty-five at one drive, all of which were duly gathered ; and this is beyond the power of any but a shot who has distinct claims to be considered good. His Majesty was delighted, and with boyish enthusiasm announced the result, "I've got thirty-five down !" to Mrs. Sassoon while she was some way from him, approaching to lunch with the guns.

In one respect the King was fortunate ; the weather was always fine during his weeks at Tulchan. Of course sport varied. One day the birds had been particularly vexatious. There was a fair show, but they resolutely refused to come over the guns, and His Majesty's total was poor. After the last drive a snipe appeared, very high up, the King fired and the bird fell. He was so pleased that he requested it might be taken home and cooked for dinner. It was his habit when on a visit to devote a day to motoring to some spot of interest in the neighbourhood. From Tulchan he went to lunch at Cawdor, some thirty miles away, also to Cullen, and to the Duke of Richmond at Gordon Castle, which is some forty miles from Mr. Sassoon's. One of his days when staying at Tulchan was always spent at Castle Grant, Lady Seafield's place, where he shot on the Dava Moors. He rode from the Castle, and on a certain afternoon while returning, his pony, trotting along, got into a bog and came down heavily ; but the King was immediately on his feet again, laughing at the spill. Happily there was no one near to send

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a sensational story of an "Accident to the King" to the evening papers.

There are also reminiscences of His Majesty at Invercauld, where Mr. Sigismund Neumann has for some years been the tenant of one of the most delightful forests in Scotland. The estate marches with the Royal domain, and, as it happens, Mr. Neumann is also a Norfolk neighbour, owner of the sporting estate of Raynham, which is situated between Sandringham and Cromer. Here, too, King Edward shot in the season of 1910, greatly enjoying his day, for the 1000 odd pheasants killed were all exceptionally high birds, and His Majesty was in good form. The ducks also particularly pleased him. Of these 870 were shot, and they came so well that the King made special inquiries as to the methods adopted for managing them so effectively. At the time of King Edward's visit to Invercauld he had given up stalking, and the deer were driven. This is not the place to criticise the two styles of shooting. That the stalk is the more sporting every one will admit, but it involves exertion and fatigue, which late in life His Majesty could not risk, and there is sound sport in the other practice. One day a combined drive of the Royal forest and Invercauld was organised, and came off most successfully. Mr. Henry Stonor declares it to have been one of the most charming sights he ever witnessed to watch the two bodies of deer gradually approaching from different directions and presently uniting as they came forward, luckily just to where they were wanted.

Prominent among those honoured with His

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Majesty's friendship in early days was Sir Frederick Johnstone, who was at Oxford with the then Prince of Wales, and privileged to be much in his company. No one was more faithful in his friendships than His Majesty, and to the end of his life he often paid visits to Sir Frederick at his residence, The Hatch, Windsor, it being his regular custom to call on the Saturday in Ascot week and to discuss the sport. In the Oxford days the Prince was very strictly supervised by Generals Grey and Bruce. He was not allowed to smoke, or rather was forbidden to do so, for, having early acquired a taste for tobacco, the edict was by no means rigidly obeyed. On one occasion, indeed, His Royal Highness had just started a big cigar when his guardian appeared in the distance. The cigar was too good to be thrown away, and the Prince put it in his pocket—as a hole in his coat presently gave evidence.

Sir Frederick supplies testimony to the fact that the Prince was a bold rider, and recalls an incident which was certainly more than alarming at the time. Riding with the Prince one day a tolerably stiff fence was before them, and His Royal Highness offered to bet a pony that he was over first. The two rode at it, took off at the same moment, but Sir Frederick's horse jumped it cleverly, the Prince's pecked on landing, and gave him a bad fall. He lay motionless, certainly knocked out, possibly, as it seemed, seriously injured. His Royal Highness was carried to a neighbouring farm-house, but most happily soon recovered and was none the worse. There was not quite such

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emulation when out one day with the Pytchley. An apparently impracticable bullfinch was reached. Sir Frederick, pulling up, took off his hat and politely said, "After you, sir?" But His Royal Highness was not in a hurry, and replied that on this occasion he would allow Sir Frederick to go first. A reckless stranger solved the difficulty—whether from innate boldness, a desire to be useful, or in order that he might have something to talk about—and rammed his horse at the obstacle, getting over with a fall, but making a hole which rendered the fence jumpable.

I have heard of an interesting occurrence while His Majesty was shooting with the late Duke of Devonshire, and sought information from the Hon. Evan Charteris, who I chanced to know was one of the party. He was good enough to write to me as follows: "The incident is, I fear, of the slightest description. It happened at Chatsworth, where a hanging wood terminates at the lower end in a blunted point. Close by is a road on which the public, to the number of 200 to 300, were assembled. The King, for whom this particular rise was reserved, arrived late, driving up in a Bath chair drawn by a pony"—this was soon after the Windsor accident already mentioned—"and was wheeled into position in the centre of the front row of guns. The beat had hardly begun when a single adventurous pheasant, starting from the high part of the wood, came sailing straight over the King at an altitude which made the bird look very small. The

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King, still in his Bath chair, raised his gun, pulled, and to the amazement of every one, the pheasant fell dead behind the second row of guns. It was one of the highest pheasants I ever saw killed. The crowd cheered, the other guns murmured approval, and then, as the shooting became general, I was unable to see whether the performance was repeated."

For the last eight years of his life the King stayed for the Doncaster Meeting with Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey, some thirty miles from the Town Moor. His Majesty had intended to be present at the St. Leger of 1900, as indeed need scarcely be said; for Diamond Jubilee, after winning the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby, was rightly regarded as being practically certain to add his name to those of the few colts who have carried off all the three "classics"—West Australian, Gladiateur, Lord Lyon, Ormonde, Isinglass, and Flying Fox. The death of the Duke of Edinburgh prevented the King's attendance to see the triumph of his horse, who, as noted elsewhere in this book, started at 7 to 2 on, and won with ease. He had nothing in the great race next year, when he was happily present. At this time a special train conveyed the Rufford Abbey party to Doncaster, it being therefore necessary to drive to the course. A dense crowd lined the streets, and the cheering of the hearty Yorkshiremen was so vociferous that Lord Savile declares, speaking without exaggeration, he was actually stone-deaf for some time after the Royal box had been reached.

Latterly, instead of going to Doncaster by train,

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His Majesty motored to the course, and as he approached it from the other direction at an uncertain time, whereas formerly the hour of his arrival had been known, the crowd which greeted his coming was comparatively small. The King always went racing on three days of the meeting, devoting the Thursday to visits to houses in the neighbourhood—that is to say, within a radius of some forty miles. He motored to Newstead, Welbeck, Clumber, Belvoir, Sandbeck, and Wentworth. It was many years since he had been to this last, but Lord Fitzwilliam tells me that his recollection of the house was extraordinary.

Rufford was among King Edward's favourite resorts ; indeed he declared that to go there was "like coming home," and he took a close interest in everything connected with the place, especially perhaps in the gardens, which are of remarkable beauty. His Majesty was pleased to make suggestions, one as to the desirability—or rather the undesirability—of the herbaceous border which used to be before the house, and of which he did not entirely approve. But on the whole the Rufford gardens pleased him so much that he sent his own gardener to see them and derive hints, which were utilised at Sandringham. He was always anxious to give substantial evidence of his recognition of any service done him, and every year the Rufford servants received tokens of his gratification. The head gardener is the possessor of a number of handsome presents, doubly valuable, of course, seeing from whom they came. The affection entertained for the King was so warm and sincere that, at

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the memorial service held after his death, many of those present in the chapel broke down and sobbed bitterly.

For the Goodwood Meeting His Majesty was for many years accustomed to honour the Duke of Richmond with his presence at Goodwood House, and it was a pleasant sight, as one drove through the park, to see the Royal Standard floating above the building.

When visiting Liverpool, the King was the guest of Lord Derby at Knowsley, and from the comfortable and convenient stand on the course, in which hospitality is dispensed to the Earl's friends, the Royal owner of Ambush II. watched the triumph of his horse—as also its defeat on a subsequent occasion, when it fell at the last fence after having practically won the race, if the expression be admissible. The circumstances are described in another chapter. Lord Derby is good enough to write to me from Knowsley: "The King has been here twice on official visits, one of which he paid in my father's time, for a ceremonial at Manchester, the other in 1909, when he reviewed the Territorial Force of West Lancashire in the park here—he reviewed the East Lancashire in Lord Ellesmere's park at Worsley. He was here on several occasions for the Grand National. He also shot here twice, if my memory serves me right; but he certainly never sailed on the lake in the park." I was informed that a picture existed representing His Majesty in a boat on the lake, and therefore asked Lord Derby a question on the subject. The artist, it appears, must have drawn upon his imagination.

Some years before His Royal Highness' visit to

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India, in 1876, he had an experience of what may be called big game shooting ; for when the guest of the late Lord Tankerville at Chillingham Castle, Northumberland, the Prince was successful in obtaining one of the wild bulls, now almost the sole relic of our old British fauna. It is declared that these cattle are the direct descendants of the original *bos Scoticus* which in the time of old FitzStephen haunted the wood of St. John and the other forests then surrounding London. A writer of the period, who had taken pains to investigate the subject, strenuously maintained that "the noble beasts which roam in Lord Tankerville's beautiful park are the lineal representatives of the huge herds which strayed over the Scottish moors, and through the desolate pine-forests, before there were any Scotsmen in existence, and when the northern part of our little island was but a land of crag and mist, of morass and fog, wilder than Iceland itself, desolate as the grim coasts of Baffin's Bay." He grows eloquent about the beautiful Chillingham bulls with their creamy skin, black muzzles, and pink ears. Of their fierceness there is no doubt, the late Earl, while riding in the park, having been suddenly charged by one of these animals ; and he would not improbably have lost his life but that a keeper, who was providentially near by, shot the bull at the critical moment. These creatures have a remarkably acute sense of sight, of hearing, and of smell, and are, as a consequence, extremely hard to approach. Once alarmed, moreover, it is impossible to say to what part of the enormous park they may rush.


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The method adopted on the occasion of the Prince's visit was stalking by means of a cart, the animals being accustomed to the sight of such a vehicle and so not always taking alarm. It was nevertheless found difficult to get within shot. The herd divided, one portion led by the "king bull," a magnificent specimen with wide-branching horns and a noble head, going off at a great pace, and it was determined to track this lot. After three hours His Royal Highness found his opportunity. By careful management he got within little more than seventy yards of the bull, and with a single shot dropped it dead, the bullet entering the neck about six inches from the base of the horn and severing the spinal cord. The rest of the herd bounded away, and no further attempt was made to molest them. The king bull, it may be remarked, acquires his position by virtue of his own prowess, and must be prepared to maintain it against all comers. This was one of the most magnificent specimens of the Chillingham wild cattle that had ever been seen. Among other sports, besides shooting, which His Royal Highness enjoyed during his visit to Lord Tankerville's domain, was a hunt with the pack of foxhounds then kept by Major Browne.

It is many years since the King shot much abroad—indeed it cannot be said that he ever shot much. I believe that when in France he has taken part in the sport at Rambouillet, in the oak-carved study of which old château the first Napoleon planned his great campaigns, and whose forest glades have rung with the sounds of battle—five centuries ago an English

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Im Sauteu wurden eilegt.

Königs-Wusterhausen, den 13. Januar. 1874.

Druck von Joseph Neumann, Neudamm.

CARD SHOWING RESULT OF SHOOTING AT KÖNIGS-WUSTERHAUSEN ON
JANUARY 13, 1874

The Prince of Wales (King Edward VII.) and Prince Arthur of England (the Duke of Connaught) were the guests of Kaiser Wilhelm I.

Reproduced by the courteous permission of Baron von Heintze, Master of the Royal Hunt

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Duke led his forces against its walls. The park consists of nearly 3000 acres, some ninety of which are taken up with small lakes and artificial bodies of water. Except Compiègne, the preserves are perhaps the best stocked in France. Pheasants, partridges, rabbits, red and other deer are plentiful, and there are also some wild boar. Till lately timber wolves were included in the bag. Over a hundred keepers in uniform of blue corduroy with silver braid, their guns slung on their backs, do duty. Since the days of Napoleon III. the Presidents of France have occupied the château, and some of them, notably perhaps Félix Faure, have striven to maintain the sporting reputation of the place. Not all the methods appeal to Englishmen, especially the practice of taking up the smaller deer and placing them in boxes, to be let out for the drive. But the pheasant shooting is excellent.

King Edward also shot in Germany. As long since as 1874 he was the guest of Kaiser Wilhelm I., whose son the Crown Prince Frederick-William, father of the present Kaiser, entertained His Royal Highness at a Royal boar hunt in the Forest of Hammer, which, with the other Forest of Dubrow, comprises 2000 morgen, some 12,000 acres. There are many fallow deer and wild boar. I am enabled to give a card of the shoot which took place on the 13th of January of the year mentioned. The Royal party included, besides H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, the Princes Carl and Frederick Charles of Prussia, Prince August and Duke William of Würtemberg. Frequently in

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Germany the boar is hunted on horseback, with hounds ; boars are also driven, as was the case on the occasion of the Prince's visit. Two drives used to take place, luncheon being served in a tent in the forest, and on returning to the Schloss the party dined in shooting costume. No record was kept of what the individual guns killed in this January shoot.

In the chapter on Sandringham it has been noted that the system of remises was adopted from the plan utilised on the estates of Baron Hirsch in Hungary, where, on more than one occasion, His Majesty went to shoot. Here things are done on a huge scale. The bag of partridges was often something like 3000 a day. Not fewer than 200 beaters were employed. They started in a circle of about seven miles in circumference, driving the birds to the guns, who stood about sixty yards apart in a circle, which perhaps extended over three acres. Each gun was stationed in a box walled in with branches of fir, so that all the shots must be directed upwards, for the birds fly high. It is thus impossible that a neighbour or a beater can be struck. The movements of the beaters were directed by a head keeper posted in a high tower from which he had an extensive view over the country, and notes on a horn indicated to the leaders of the beat when to advance and what they were required to do. I have not been able to obtain cards showing the shoot which took place when His Majesty was present, but Mr. Harry Stonor has kindly allowed me to copy from his private game-book the head of game shot during a visit of four weeks which he paid to the

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Baron in 1894. On different days the guns varied in number from six to eight, and the party shot :—

Partridges	22,996
Pheasants	2,912
Hares	11,346
Rabbits	357
Roe	23
Various	30
Total							<hr/> 37,654 <hr/>

Rabbits, it will be seen, are not encouraged.

There is shooting of a particularly sporting description in Corfu, and I had an idea that the King had taken part in it. The only visit to the Island that I can trace, however, is when His Majesty went there to meet the Prince of Wales on his return from India. It was a bad time of year, and moreover a revolution in Albania rendered the interior unsafe. A few ducks were obtained, but an expedition after pigs was impossible in the then state of the country.

Amongst other sports of which His Majesty saw something on the Continent was elk shooting. In October 1864 their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales were entertained by the King of Sweden at Gripsholme Castle, on the Mälar, about forty miles from Stockholm. They arrived near midnight, did not go to bed, but started an hour or two afterwards by special train on the Northern Railway to Orebro, whence they were to proceed next morning in quest of elk in the neighbouring forests. One was killed, but not by the Prince of Wales ; the beast

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fell to the rifle of Count Wrede, one of the King's Chamberlains. It was struck in the region of the heart, ran a hundred yards, and dropped in the shadow of the forest, which was so deep that the elk was sought in vain for half-an-hour. Ultimately it was discovered in one of the glades. The Prince had also some elk stalking on Baron Dickson's estate at Skeppsta, and shot wild swans while visiting the château of Ekolsund.

It has been mentioned that the King was always scrupulously particular as to attire, the wearing of Orders, &c., and of this fact the following anecdote affords an instance :—

The late Duke of Devonshire—who was very careful in everything—once entertained the King at a ball at Devonshire House, which was the talk of London. As His Majesty went away, he complimented the Duke on the magnificent manner in which everything had been done and the way in which the evening had passed off. He said he could not suggest any change for the better, save in one little thing, which he hoped His Grace would not mind his mentioning. “What is it, sir?” inquired the Duke with much anxiety, “pray tell me?” “You have got your garter on upside down,” replied the King.

I can bear my own humble testimony to the genial kindness of His Majesty, and the delightfully happy manner in which he put at their ease those who had the honour of being brought into his presence. During the four years that the 10th Hussars, which he commanded, were stationed at York, I was privileged

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to be a guest of the regiment. On one occasion the Prince, as he then was, had been expected to dinner, and indeed to remain for a couple of days. To the disappointment of his expectant hosts he did not come. After dinner I was in one of the ante-rooms, not knowing that the Prince had arrived, and was entering the room in which he was seated, when I saw him and drew back. He sent Lord Downe, who was Colonel at the time, to say that he wished me to be presented, and was graciously pleased, amongst other things, to speak of the satisfaction it had given him to accept the dedication of the "Badminton Library," which I had edited in conjunction with the late Duke of Beaufort—a fact which I should not have ventured to suppose he would have remembered. Some time afterwards he gave me permission to visit Sandringham and Windsor, for the purpose of writing articles for the *Badminton Magazine* dealing with the Royal residences as "Homes of Sport." I ventured to present copies of the publication, and, seeing me in the Club enclosure at Epsom shortly afterwards, His Majesty condescended to send an Equerry to thank me and to express his approval of the work. I mention this as an instance of his generous recognition of the merest trifles, he having such an infinity of things to occupy his mind.

CHAPTER X

SPORT ABROAD: THE INDIAN TOUR

SPORT was a prominent feature of the then Prince of Wales' famous tour in India, and, indeed, had he not been devoted to the gun and rifle, the expedition would in many respects have been carried out on widely different lines. There can be no doubt, moreover, that the skill and adroitness with which His Royal Highness adapted himself to entirely new surroundings, particularly in the Terai, and the success which happily attended his efforts, had their effect on all classes of the Indian community. More than once, it is no exaggeration to say, the Prince was in danger of his life, as will be made clear from some of the incidents which have to be recorded, notably in one elephant hunt, details of which will follow. It has happened of late years that some leading English politicians and prominent personalities have had no sympathy with the sports which used to be pursued by English gentlemen, almost as a rule. The Socialistic disposition to abuse sport has, however, only sprung up in comparatively recent times ; nor is it to be supposed that the Prince would have been in any way affected by it. In any case, as regards his Indian journey, it is certain that affectionate reverence would have marked his reception ; but it is equally certain that

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the manner in which His Royal Highness comported himself in the jungle largely increased the admiration with which the natives regarded him.

The full description of the journey, written by the late Sir William Howard Russell, the great Crimean correspondent—on which graphic narrative I am drawing largely for the material utilised in the following pages—shows in what fashion His Royal Highness was welcomed, and we may be sure that the impression was vastly strengthened by the courage and address which he consistently displayed, because, in fact, they were characteristic of him. Not long after the publication of this book His Majesty King George is to visit the Empire in which memories of his father remain, and it is fervently to be hoped that in all respects the journey will be equally successful.

It was in the winter of 1874 that the project of a tour in India was first mooted. On the 16th of the following March the Marquess of Salisbury officially announced to the Council of India that the Prince intended to visit the country, and on the 22nd of the month a paragraph appeared in *The Times* confirming the rumour which had become current, and stating that if no unforeseen obstacle arose His Royal Highness would leave England in the following November. The announcement was warmly acclaimed in England, for, as a writer in *The Times* remarked: "An immense respect is due from the conquerors of India to the venerable kingdoms, institutions, and traditions, of which they have become the political heirs, and an adequate manifestation of

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this feeling has always been one of the great wants of our Indian administration." The utmost enthusiasm reigned throughout what was to become the Indian Empire at the prospect of the Royal visit. Some debate followed as to the precise capacity in which it should be paid ; and Mr. Disraeli, as he then was, carefully pointed out that the Prince did not go to India as "the representative of the Queen," but as "the Heir Apparent to the Crown," a distinction however which does not seem to have been of primary importance, though it arose from questions asked and pressed in the House of Commons.

On the 16th of October, His Royal Highness, with his suite and attendants, boarded the *Serapis*. The late Duke of Sutherland had been graciously commanded to make one of the party ; Lord Suffield, then head of the Prince's household ; Colonel Ellis, Equerry to the Prince ; Major-General, now Sir Dighton, Probyn ; and Mr. Francis, now Lord, Knollys, the Prince's Private Secretary, completed the list of selections from members of the Royal household ; Lord Alfred Paget, Clerk-Marshal ; Lords Aylesford and Carrington ; Lieutenant, now Admiral, Lord Charles Beresford ; the Rev. Canon Duckworth, Chaplain to the Prince ; Lieutenant, now Colonel, Sir Augustus FitzGeorge of the Rifle Brigade ; Sir Bartle Frere and his private secretary, Mr. Albert Grey ; General Owen Williams ; and Sir William Russell, temporarily attached as the Hon. Private Secretary to the Prince, made up the suite.

The Royal party, after visiting Egypt, reached

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Bombay on the 8th November, and soon grew somewhat perturbed by rumours that cholera was rife in various places which had been included in the itinerary; fear of the dire disease more than once afterwards causing alterations in the routes which had been planned. It is with the sport which was enjoyed by the Prince, however, that we are here concerned, and much that is of great interest must necessarily be omitted, though it is impossible not to say a word in recognition of the grateful homage which was done to His Royal Highness. Rich gifts were humbly offered for acceptance, the Raja of Kolhapoor being singularly happy in his choice of the manner in which the honour bestowed on him should be signalised, for, besides the ancient jewelled sword and dagger, of which he begged the Prince's acceptance, he assigned a sum of £20,000 for the purpose of founding a hospital, to be called after His Royal Highness, as a memorial of his presence in the dependency. The account of the reception by the Gaekwar of Baroda reads more like a dream of the East than a record of an actual event. A clang of drums, trumpets, and clarions announced the arrival of the Royal party, and then Sir William Russell continues: "The Prince took the little Maharaja by the hand, sat down, and talked with him for a short time. He then passed outside to the steps leading from the entrance to the station, before which towered an elephant of extraordinary size; on his back was a howdah of surpassing splendour which shone like burnished gold in the morning sun, and

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which was either made of gold or of silver gilt. It was covered with a golden canopy. This exquisitely finished carriage, reported to have cost four lakhs of rupees, was placed on cloth of gold and velvet cushions fastened over the embroidered covering that almost concealed the outline of the great elephant, which stood swaying his painted proboscis to and fro as if it kept time to the music of the bands outside. His head was coloured a bright saffron, and on this ground were traced quaint scrolls. His proboscis was especially ornamented in different coloured patterns, and his ears were stained with a pale yellowish green. His tusks had been sawn off to the length of three feet, and false tusks of greater diameter, also shortened, were wedged over them by bands of gold. His painted legs were encased in thick round coils of gold. The mahout was attired in a costume befitting such a gorgeous charge. Attendants stood by with State umbrellas, fans of peacocks' feathers, yaks' tails, and streamers of scarlet and cloth of gold, which they waved before the Prince. Others held the silver ladder for him to ascend to the howdah. After a short pause to survey the scene, the Prince and the Gaekwar descended the steps. The beast in the golden raiment, in a succession of convulsive heaves and jerks, dropped down. The ladder was placed against the howdah, and the Prince, carefully helped, stepped up; the Gaekwar followed and sat by his side. Sir Madhava Rao, in a small white turban and velvet purple robe, took his place. At the word to rise,

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the mountainous creature swayed to and fro while establishing itself on its four legs. The attendants clung by the sides. Then, as the elephant made its first stride, the clamour of voices and of sounds deepened and grew and spread onwards, and the artillery began a salute which announced that the Prince and the procession had set out."

It was here that the Prince saw his guns for the first time and shot a few parrakeets, woodpeckers, orioles, &c., which were given to the naturalist who accompanied the expedition, in order that they might be set up for the collection which was to be formed. Here, too, the Prince witnessed sport of a kind, much of which, it may be perhaps assumed, did not greatly appeal to him; but it had been arranged in his honour, and he appreciated the desire to give him pleasure. The Gaekwar's wrestlers showed their prowess, there were fights between elephants, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, and rams — none fatal. Amongst other things produced for His Royal Highness' edification was a Royal Bengal tiger which had been captured, and was brought in bound with ropes, held by ten men at arm's length on both sides, but still unsubdued. Here, too, the Prince was introduced to the sport of hunting black buck with cheetahs. These beasts, with eyes hooded, are taken in carts to the neighbourhood of the buck, when the hoods are withdrawn, and they dash at their prey—that is to say, dash after it. The first of them, at any rate, after bounding off with amazing springs across the plain, gave up the chase after

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going some 500 yards. This appears to be about as far as they will pursue if their task seems a hard one. A second buck was less fortunate, for, being engaged in a fight with another of his species, he was not aware that his enemy had approached till too late.

Here the Prince tried stalking. The practice is to drive until within a certain distance of the buck, then to get out of the cart and walk by its side towards the herd. The morning expedition was unsuccessful, but after the long rest, which was a necessity in view of the heat of the sun, His Royal Highness accounted for a fine buck, which he shot at a distance of 200 yards. On the following day several hours were passed in shooting small game, chiefly quail, of which there are three sorts, known as the grey, the rain, and the button quail. The Prince brought down a crane, and the bag included partridges, hares, and a peacock, in all 111 head.

This was on the 22nd November; on the 23rd His Royal Highness was inducted into the mysteries of pig-sticking. In consequence of the thickness of the crops the animals did not show as it had been hoped they would, but at length the Prince obtained a chance of "getting his spear," and killed a pig. Two days afterwards the Royal party bade their host adieu, and cruising down the western coast reached Goa. It has been said on a former page that King Edward never cared much for fishing, but he was sufficiently interested in it to try his hand in these waters, the attempt being made the more exhilarating because, in conse-

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quence of the surf, there was always a good chance of upsetting—indeed one of the boats of the *Raleigh*, which accompanied the *Serapis*, was swamped in the course of the day. His Royal Highness escaped this mishap, but a breaker struck the stern of his boat and he was thoroughly drenched. It would perhaps be in the nature of an exaggeration to describe this fishing as sport, for nets are employed, in drawing which, however, the Prince and his friends lent a hand, the operation necessitating not only wading, but occasionally swimming. Luck was not with them, as they only got a number of skates and a few dozen of fish like a sardine, which, when cooked for breakfast, were described as resembling “flannel stuffed with pins.” The Prince’s sport was certainly remarkable for its variety, his next chance being at an otter, or rather it should be said an attempt was made to provide a chance. Some of these creatures were seen in the river on which the town of Beypore is built ; but it was impossible to get a shot. Next day, the 30th November, when the squadron was off Quillon, whales were sighted.

On the 1st December Ceylon was reached, and within a very few days after his arrival the Prince was out after specimens for the collection, obtaining kingfishers, woodpeckers, some snipe, in addition to snakes, and a huge Kabrogaya lizard, 5 feet 7 inches long, which was found to be full of small crabs, a diet surely requiring exceptional digestive powers. Deer were reported to be in the jungle, and Lord Suffield, getting a glimpse of a brown hide amid the tall grass,

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fired a lucky shot and brought down a fine buffalo, as the creature on examination proved to be. But still more exciting game was in prospect, and on December 6th an elephant hunt took place, the sportsmen having suitably attired themselves, the details of their dress including "leech gaiters." These necessary additions to one's toilet, the historian of the expedition explains, are stocking-shaped bags of linen, which are pulled over the feet and fastened at the knee before the shoes are put on. They are supposed to baffle the efforts of the denizens of Ceylon forests to suck the traveller's blood, and of their necessity there can be small doubt, for it had been previously described how Sir William Russell's servant, returning from the mess-hut whither he had gone to fetch his master's dinner, entered with the exclamation, "Look, Sahib ; plenty leech about !" exhibiting his legs on which leeches hung by scores.

The jungle in which the elephants had been marked down was some seven or eight miles from Ruan Wella, and horses had been sent to await the Prince by the roadside ; but when the director of the hunt reached the appointed spot, there were the horses, but no riders ; the Prince's carriage had passed by without the occupants noting that the place was reached, and it was impossible to say just where His Royal Highness might have gone. As a matter of fact his carriage had passed a good two miles beyond. At length, however, he was found and escorted back, though before this the cries of the approaching beaters had been already heard. The idea was to drive the elephants towards

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a stockade, where some hundreds of men were waiting, the structure and the men together being sure, it was thought, to prevent the elephants from breaking through. It was known that there were two herds; one of only three, led by an old tusker who was supposed to have killed four European sportsmen as well as many cattle; the other of seven females. When the beaters came up these seven joined the others, and the old tusker, declining to head in the direction he was wanted to go, charged and broke through the beaters again and again. For five hours the Prince waited in hopes of a shot, and various rumours began to circulate as to what had happened to the elephants; but at length it became evident that something was dashing through the trees, and an elephant rushed down the hillside within twenty yards of the Prince, who fired and hit it in the head, but without stopping it. Soon afterwards, however, Mr. Fisher, one of the directors of the expedition, hurried up to the Prince and told him he would be able to get a shot.

His Royal Highness followed his guide through the dense jungle, in which it was impossible to see a couple of yards ahead, and suddenly the elephant was discovered; the Prince fired, apparently with success, for the beast dropped and lay as if dead. Mr. Sidney Hall, one of the artists accompanying the tour, began to make a sketch, when, to the general surprise, the creature slowly moved, and gradually rose on to its legs, so that the contemplated drawing was hastily interrupted. The situation was the more awkward because there is undoubted risk to the

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sportsmen in such circumstances. At any moment an elephant may rush forward ; it can go through the brush as a ship cleaves the water, while the man can but creep slowly. The elephant, which it was evident had been only stunned, disappeared ; but luckily before long Mr. Fisher perceived another, not ten yards off, in the very act of charging, and at it the Prince promptly fired, though whether he hit it or not is not known, for this one also disappeared in the jungle. Advancing, however, a third was almost immediately seen where the bush was not so dense, by the side of a rivulet ; and with one shot the Prince accounted for his quarry, the great beast toppling over, and falling on its side in the stream so as to dam the waters. This elephant was decidedly dead, and great enthusiasm prevailed among Europeans and Cingalese. It is the custom for the successful sportsman to cut off the animal's tail, and this the Prince did, streaming with perspiration, with clothes wet and torn to shreds ; but he had shot his first elephant, a feat which had demanded courage and resolution, as well as skill with the rifle.

Madras was the next halting-place, and here the scene of the sport was the racecourse, there having been a meeting at Guindy Park on 15th December. To those who are used to English ways the idea of getting up at 5 A.M. in order to "go racing" will seem strange ; but the Madras world was on the road well before 6 A.M. One of the events was called the Sandringham Steeplechase, details of which have not been preserved further than those which

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show it to have been for a prize given in commemoration of the Royal visit by the Maharaja of Jeypore, and won by a horse named Artaxerxes, after the hunter of the immortal Mr. Jorrocks. Sir William Russell notes that the natives of that period had taken very kindly to horse racing, and the Rajas provided cups to encourage the sport, which since then has steadily increased in popularity. Comment is made on the contrasts to be observed among the spectators, the mixture of European and Eastern costumes. Nowadays, at the principal meetings, I believe that the jacket, breeches, and boots familiar to us in England are habitually worn by the riders. When the Prince went racing in Madras one of the jockeys rode what is described as "a very losing race," in "a huge red turban, white petticoats, and parti-coloured robes"—an attire possibly picturesque, but certainly peculiar for the purpose.

Christmas Day was passed in Calcutta, the Prince and Viceroy attending Divine Service in the Cathedral. On the 29th His Royal Highness visited the Calcutta Race Meeting, and it had been arranged that an excursion should be made by special train at midnight to Goalundo for a couple of days' pig-sticking and snipe-shooting; but the Prince had caught a severe cold, and it was felt that it would be running risks to camp in the jungle. Some of the suite, therefore, accepted the invitation without their Royal master. On New Year's Eve a display of tent-pegging and feats of horsemanship by troopers of the 10th Bengal Cavalry was arranged, His Royal

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Highness being delighted with what he saw ; and he was graciously pleased to present a hunting-knife to the best man, who begged that he might be allowed to wear it when in uniform, a request which was granted, as one can imagine, to the supreme delight of the successful trooper. A couple of days later the 18th Bengal Cavalry had their turn, and there was a polo match, five a side, between English and Manipuris, the latter scoring five goals, which is said to have caused much surprise to some of those present, who did not suppose that Englishmen could be beaten at any sport by natives. But it is remarked that polo is the national sport of the Manipuris. A regatta on the Hoogly was another spectacle, the river, however, being on the whole for various reasons unsuitable for such a purpose.

On the 4th January the Prince left Calcutta, and now at length His Royal Highness was bound for the Terai, where he was to see Indian sport at its very best. What happened prior to 3rd February need not be described. On that day, however, a number of members of the suite went pig-sticking, and generally came to grief. The scene of action was twenty-five miles from Agra, where boar were numerous. In the course of the day Prince Louis of Battenberg was completely knocked out and fractured his collar-bone, as did Lord Carrington ; Lord Charles Beresford, a remarkably fine horseman—as, indeed, are all the Beresfords—broke some teeth, Lord Suffield hurt himself with his own spear, and there were numerous falls which shook the

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recipients badly. The country was perhaps exceptionally rough.

On the 4th February a special train of the Rajputana State Railway was ordered for 8.45 A.M. for Jeypore, and, after an interesting journey, towards evening the city was reached. "A surprise and wonder for ever," Sir William Russell describes it. This is the threshold of the land of tigers, and it is noted that the creatures exercise a great influence over the popular imagination, as is shown by the carvings on the walls of the houses and temples. On the day after arrival sport was afoot. Some of the party determinedly went to resume their pig-sticking, others in quest of deer, the Prince himself being taken to a rocky ravine in which it was suspected that a tiger was lurking. His Royal Highness was placed in the upper story of a shooting-box, from which he could command a view all round him, and after waiting for a couple of hours the tiger was discerned creeping towards the house. When well within range the Prince fired, apparently missing with his first barrel, but a second shot rolled the brute over. He was not fatally wounded, however, regained his feet, and crawled into some thick bush, whither the Prince was anxious to follow him on foot, but was persuaded to mount an elephant. A volley of stones drove the tiger out of the ravine, and as he walked slowly up the opposite bank, the Prince fired again. The beast had disappeared behind a boulder, and for a few moments it was not known whether it had gone on ; it had not, however, and

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lay dead, a full-grown tigress, eight and a half feet long.

On the 8th of the month a move was made for the shooting camp at Bahreilly, on the outskirts of the Terai, a term which the chronicler of the expedition explains. "As a 'forest' in Scotland means a mountain on which there are no trees, so the word 'Terai,' often applied to the wooded belts of the base of the Himalayas, is really the prairie which lies outside it for hundreds of miles." Many tiger stories were naturally told—one of a village where the people were terribly troubled by one of these creatures, and sent for a wise man to charm it away by his magic arts; but the tiger came out and ate the wise man, after which the villagers migrated. "For," they said, "now that the tiger has eaten our Sage, he will know all our secrets, and we shall have no chance of evading him." There is no royal road to success in tiger shooting, and the first day was a blank. It was believed that a tiger was hiding in a patch of deep grass and leaves, and elephants were sent in to beat. Just prior to this His Royal Highness had been advised to move to another place a little distance away, and soon after his departure a splendid tiger rushed out within twenty yards of where the Prince had been only a few minutes before. He was still sufficiently near to see the beast, indeed, and fired, but was unable to obtain a clear view of it, the grass being so high, and the animal escaped. A leopard was, however, put up and shot, and the bag included many head of deer and small game.

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On the 11th the party visited Peepul Perao, thirteen miles to the eastward of the camp, a wonderful district for jungle life. Sir William speaks of "duck, teal, kingfishers, reed warblers, painted and common snipe, rails, dappers, butcher birds, partridge, and quail; parrots, many sorts of thrush or grackles, woodpeckers, fly-catchers, owls; jungle cock in the thick stuff, black partridge on the outskirts, and porcupines rattling over the dry watercourses; hares near the cultivated patches; by the edges of the woods little burrowing creatures like marmosets. Above all career eagles, falcons, hawks, buzzards, and kites." But these were left unmolested, the quarry being tiger, and the sound of shooting, had guns been fired at insignificant game, would probably have driven away any of these beasts that might be in the immediate neighbourhood. The camp must have resembled a species of town. It contained 2500 persons, exclusive of General Ramsay's separate establishment; there were 119 elephants, 550 camels, 100 horses, 60 carts drawn by oxen, many goats and milch cows, 600 coolies, 60 tent-pitchers, 20 water-carriers, 40 messengers and attendants, 75 non-commissioned officers and men of the 3rd Goorkhas and their band, troopers of the Bengal Cavalry and Native Infantry, together with mahouts, camel-men, and the Europeans. The Prince's person was exclusively guarded by natives. "Certainly," Sir William says, "I should feel rather proud of myself if I were a wild beast and knew all this."

The going was dreadfully bad, the ground being

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so deep in places that Sir William's elephant on one occasion sunk till the mud reached its lower jaw. For the first few days the main object of the quest—tiger—was not successfully accomplished. On St. Valentine's Day, the camp having moved to Tandah, the Prince shot a bear. Sir William was placed next to His Royal Highness, and observed the brute crouched as if listening ; the Prince also saw it and at once fired, the animal dropping to the shot, but getting up again and rushing away, charging an elephant as it did so. Other shots were sent after it, and it rolled over, proving to be a sloth-bear of extraordinary size and weight. These animals are exceedingly fierce and mischievous, one of them having been known to kill eight men in two consecutive nights. On the 15th a tigress was shot, though not by the Prince, who, however, got one next day 8 feet 6 inches long, together with a sloth-bear measuring these figures reversed, 6 feet 8 inches. On the 17th a tiger was seen swimming a river, and one of the native magnates had a long but unsuccessful shot at it. On the 18th a line of elephants more than 600 yards long was formed, the Prince being in the centre, and a tiger was roused up, which bounded across in the direction of the Prince ; but some one else fired, and the beast turned before His Royal Highness could get a chance at it. It charged the elephant, and soon rolled over, dead, a magnificent beast 10 feet long and beautifully marked.

Penetrating farther into the country the tents were sent on to Bunbussa. Next day was Sunday,

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and, after service had been read, a move was made across the river to Nepalese territory, a difficult country of mountainous jungle hardly possible for camels, the elephants being the only means of conveyance. Next day the Prince was not long before he killed his first Nepalese tiger. The hunt must have been remarkably picturesque and exciting. Great hopes had been formed that the Prince's first day in Nepal should not be a blank, and the expedition set out accordingly. We read of the yells of the Jemadars, "Roko!" (Halt); "Chelo!" (Go on); "Baineko!" (To the left), "Dahine-ko!" (To the Right)—the blows of the hircus, the shouts of the mahouts, the crashing of the branches above and the saplings below which made the forest ring. Suddenly a herd of deer dashed forward and halted like cavalry brought up midway in a furious charge, and directly afterwards a tiger appeared, moving at an easy canter, growling as he ran. For a moment, on seeing the elephants, he appeared inclined to charge, but altered his mind, and swung round into a small natural shrubbery where he was lost to view.

The Prince and his host, Sir Jung Bahadoor, speedily drew forward. Sir William describes the scene: "The tiger after two or three growls—the bellow of an angry bull and the snarl of an angry dog commingled—leaped through the brushwood. The Prince fired one! two!—the last shot turned him, he rushed into the covert. His side was exposed to the Prince. The next report of the rifle was followed by a yell of pain; the tiger raised itself, rolled half over,

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and fell as the second barrel sent a bullet through its body. The apparition of open jaws and glaring eyes sank down into the grass, which waved fitfully to and fro for a second or two ; then all was quiet. There was the usual cautious advance of the Shikarries ; and looking down from their howdahs all saw the creature stretched out dead. He was a full-grown male 9 feet 6 inches long. Had he not been stopped just at the right moment, he would certainly have been on to a man or an elephant." This day one of the wonderful sights was a procession in single file of 700 elephants.

Unfortunately Sir William did not see the making of the wonderful bag which the Prince brought into camp on the 21st. No fewer than seven tigers were killed, six of these—including that whose death has been described—having been shot by the Prince. Five were killed in a single beat, which did not last more than an hour. Two of them His Royal Highness got with single shots, the other three took two or more bullets, the seventh fell to another rifle, by whom fired we are not told. The Prince insisted on exercising his own discretion, declining to accept advice which was freely given to "shoot just in front," or wherever it might have been. He would not fire at anything he did not see and chance the result. One of the seven was a tigress whom the experts recognised as a man-eater, clothes and human bones being found near where she met her end.

The hospitable Sir Jung was extremely anxious that his Royal guest should enjoy some sport with elephant, and heard with the utmost gratification that

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a herd was not far distant. On the day after the brilliantly successful tiger hunt the party accordingly set off at seven o'clock in the morning, the chief taking with him his two fighting elephants, Jung Pershaud—with his head, neck, and the upper part of his body painted blood-colour, apparently a tribute to his prowess as champion elephant of the Nepalese woods—and Bijli, a great fighter but inferior to the champion. For some hours the party proceeded at the best pace the elephants could muster, a rate of speed which much fatigued the animals, though they sought to freshen themselves up by spouting jets of water from their trunks over their backs ; one douche directed by the Prince's mount completely deluged the rider. At noon they halted, and the news came that the leader of the herd was engaged in a fight with Jung and Bijli, whereupon Sir Jung urged the Prince to mount at once, explaining that the herd might break towards them, in which case no one's life would be safe. They were also twenty-five miles from camp, and it was thought desirable not to go farther away. On the journey back they came upon the captured elephant marching between its conquerors with downcast ears, drooping head, and dejected proboscis.

On the 23rd the Prince killed a tigress, its cub being taken alive, and incidentally Sir William Russell did not kill the finest tiger that ever was seen ; for just as the fish which escapes is always of phenomenal weight, so the tiger which gets away is of relatively gigantic dimensions. On the 24th, the camp having now reached Mahullea, the Prince shot a

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leopard, a second barrel which was fired having been unnecessary, as the creature was killed by the first; and soon after he had the good fortune to get a fine tigress. She was at first only seen for a moment, and took refuge in some high grass, into which all sorts of things were flung in order to drive her out—oranges, mineral-water bottles, and, amongst other things, the hunting hat of one of the Rajas, which Sir Jung seized and hurled into the covert, after which, it is only fair to say, that he threw his own pith cap. This appears to have brought her out, and one barrel from the Prince rolled her over.

The 25th February was marked by a wonderful day's sport after elephant, such as, the narrator of the tour remarks, "it comes rarely in any man's life to see." A herd of wild elephants, led by a tusker of enormous strength, size, and courage, was reported to be some seven miles from camp. The Prince and his host set off on horseback, pulling up at eleven o'clock to wait for news of what was going on. It was believed that they could not be far from the herd. The supposition was correct; news of its position was brought by a Goorkha hunter, and Sir Jung gave the word to mount, leading the way through the jungle, interspersed with river beds, boulders, awkward banks, and all sorts of traps which might very easily have brought horsemen to grief. At length they had to stop; horses could go no farther, and Sir Jung jumped on to the back of one of his Nepalese attendants,

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with another man on each side to steady him, being thus borne down the rock, across the river bed, and up the hill on the opposite side, at the rate of a good six miles an hour. Before long he reappeared, still mounted, but exchanged his biped for a quadruped, and after covering some miles, the former halting-place came in sight, where it was suggested that the party should lunch ; but Sir Jung knew the risks which might easily be incurred if the elephants came that way. They were all dead men, he declared, if the creatures moved down on them, and requested His Royal Highness and the other members of the party to climb up into trees without loss of time ; the Prince, who at first was inclined to laugh at the idea, presently accepting the advice, and scrambling up to a seat which the Nepalese speedily constructed for him with their kookeries, some thirty feet from the ground. As it proved, however, no danger was at hand ; nothing was seen of the elephants, and if they were to be found it was necessary to go in search of them. Sir Jung, therefore, ordered the tame elephants to advance, but the Prince expressed a wish to ride, and took his seat in the saddle instead of in the howdah. The host led the way at a gallop, and after some miles had been covered, on the verge of the forest the party saw before them a huge brown back emerging from the surroundings of high grass, "reminiscent of a half-submerged whale cleaving its way in the placid sea." The chronicler surmises that the cheer which burst forth, the joyous English hunting "Tally-ho ! hark

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for'ard ! " was such as had never been heard before, and will probably never be heard again, in Nepalese jungle, which indeed it is easy to believe.

Startled by the sound, the elephant paused and looked around him, resuming his course for a few moments, and then stopping. The Prince was pressing eagerly forward, and continued to do so in spite of Sir Jung's cry, "Kubudar !" — ("Take care !") "Look out all of you ! You must not go near him ! In that long grass you have no chance of getting away !" But the Prince sped onwards just by the outside of the thick grass, and before long headed the tired monster, who came on appearing bigger and bigger as he approached. It is well that Sir William Russell was not absent from this exciting spectacle, or his graphic account of it could not have been written, however well he might have managed from the descriptions of his friends. He writes of the elephant : "His proboscis extended, his tail straight out, he stood and looked round ; suddenly uttering a shrill cry he made a run at the horsemen who were circling before him. There was something so ludicrous in the gait and attitude of the charging elephant that every one, as he bent down on his saddle and rode literally for his life, burst out laughing—all except Sir Jung, who, with one eye over his shoulder, kept calling out, "Look out, Prince ! Kubudar, Shahzadah !" — ("Take care, Prince !") But though the speed at which his strange, shambling shuffle carried him along was extraordinary, the beast was much too fatigued to

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continue it for very long. He halted, blew a note of rage, swaying his head to and fro, and flapping his ears. It was of the utmost consequence to keep him in the open, and take as much out of him as possible till the fighting elephants could come up. In a moment the horsemen wheeled and swept round him, Sir Jung shaking his fist and using the most opprobrious terms to the indignant animal. Down went his head, up went proboscis and tail once more. This time he turned straight on the Prince, who was shaking with laughter as he put his horse, a splendid Arab, to his top speed. Fast as he went the terrible proboscis was not many yards behind for a second or two; but the pace was too great to last. The horses evidently had the pull in this ground; and there was nothing to fear but a fall or stumble, and then—well—nothing can save you! Over and over again the bold attack and precipitate flight were repeated; all the party had the honour of a run in turn." While this was passing, the famous fighting elephants Jung and Bijli were anxiously expected, and after more than half-an-hour of exasperating anxiety on the part of Sir Jung, their advent was announced, the painted head of the great brute coming into sight above the reeds. The wild elephant heard the clang of the bell which swung round Jung Pershaud's neck, and turning round, swept the reeds with his trunk so as to obtain a better view of his new antagonist. Jung approached; the other, who had only one tusk and the stump of the second, lowered his head; but Jung continued

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his way, and when close to the wild elephant gave him a blow on the side of the skull with his trunk, followed by a violent ram on the quarter, which wheeled him half over ; the thud, we are told, was "like a stroke on the big drum in a silent theatre." Another ram on the quarter followed, and the wild elephant, turning round, bolted with all possible speed, not escaping, however, before he had received yet one more dig in the hind-quarters which nearly sent him on to his head.

Sir Jung's apprehension lest the Prince should run into danger was extreme, but His Royal Highness was too greatly interested to take much care, and rode on, expecting to see the fight renewed on some open ground that the wild elephant had to cross before reaching the forest for which he was making. The way was over a deep, ditch-like stream which the party crossed, Sir Jung's horse getting over after an awkward mistake. There they found the hunted elephant standing against a tree, and at this supreme moment Bijli appeared from the covert a few yards away. Bijli dashed forward, the other set his forelegs apart, and, lowering his head prepared for battle, the two skulls meeting in a mighty crash. The wild elephant was turning to fly, but Bijli was after him, and having the better speed constantly rammed his enemy's quarters. The wild one presently turned again, and while Bijli gave him resounding blows with his trunk over the head and eyes, some of the attendants passed a turn of rope round the victim's hind leg. It was not enough to detain him, and he broke away once more ; but Bijli

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was after him : another crashing ram on the quarter nearly knocked him over ; “then and then only,” Sir William remarks, “poor Miserimus said as plainly as anything could say it, ‘I give in.’ There must be some elephant language as plain as any spoken word. He dropped his proboscis as a vanquished knight lowers his sword point, blew a feeble tootle trumpet full of despondency—a cry for mercy—and stood screening his shame with his huge ears. Bijli accepted the surrender on the instant. He approached in a fondling sort of way, wound his proboscis round the captive’s neck, and I daresay complimented him on his very handsome resistance. ‘But after all, Miserimus, the odds were against you. There was old Jung Pershaud, and you beat him and did very well ; but I am Bijli, you know !’ As Miserimus was thinking what answer to make to these compliments, the knaves with the ropes were at work again, and this time they made good their knot.”

As one reads one forcibly appreciates the marvellous intelligence of the trained elephants, who evidently knew precisely what was wanted of them and how to accomplish it. It was presently discovered that the captive was blind of an eye, which he had probably lost in the same fight as that in which he broke his tusk. Sir Jung said that he would let the creature go if the Prince expressed a wish that it should be set at liberty, and it need hardly be said what the answer was. The poor brute felt his defeat, uttering a very bitter cry as he found that the ropes held him fast, and he scornfully declined the succulent sugarcane which

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was held out to him. The tusk was taken as a trophy and the creature released.

Another week was passed in camp after this thrilling adventure. On the 26th February a hunt for tiger was the order of the day ; His Royal Highness had no sport, though Sir Jung himself accompanied him, but one of the other parties got a tiger after a sufficiently exciting encounter. Mr. Moore, the Magistrate of Bareilly, hit the beast, which sprang on to the elephant of the Rev. Mr. Robinson, catching one claw on the rifle so that he could not fire, and tearing the mahout's leg, besides cruelly clawing the elephant : it then leaped on to the mahout of the elephant which was carrying Colonel Ellis, and was tearing him down when the Colonel, leaning over the howdah, got in a bullet and ended the fight. On March 2nd the Prince shot a huge tiger upwards of 10 feet long. On the 3rd he got a couple more, and on the 4th one of the biggest that had been seen, 10 feet long and 19 inches round the forearm.

On the 5th a farewell Durbar was held, Sir Jung and his brethren rode into camp—the host on a man's back, as was usual when he was not in good health and felt disinclined to ride a horse. The Prince presented him with several very fine rifles, a silver statuette of His Royal Highness in the uniform of the 10th Hussars, of which regiment he was Colonel, and many other valuable souvenirs. Next day the Prince, with cordial expressions of the pleasure he had received, bade his host farewell, and set off for Bareilly along a new road which had been made for many miles through the forest.

APPENDIX

LIST OF BRITANNIA'S RACES

BRITANNIA IN 1893. FIRST YEAR.

May 25th.—Royal Thames. Britannia beat Iverna, Valkyrie, and Calluna. Valkyrie broke her bowsprit and Calluna got ashore.

May 26th.—New Thames. Britannia beat Varuna, Calluna, Iverna, and several others.

May 27th.—Royal London. Britannia finished second in a race with Iverna, Valkyrie, and Calluna. The last named was dismasted before the start.

June 3rd.—New Thames. Britannia finished third, the winner being Valkyrie and the second boat Satanita. The others were Calluna and Iverna.

June 5th.—Royal Harwich. Britannia finished second, the winner being Valkyrie, Iverna third, and Varuna last.

June 6th.—Royal Harwich. Britannia again finished second, with Valkyrie first and Satanita third. The others were Iverna and Calluna.

June 10th.—Royal Thames. Britannia finished first, with Valkyrie second and Calluna third. The others were Iverna and Amphitrite.

June 12th.—Royal Cinque Ports. Britannia finished first from Calluna, Iverna, and Valkyrie. The last named carried away her throat halliards.

June 13th.—Royal Cinque Ports. Valkyrie, Britannia, and Vendetta collided at the starting line, and the two last were unable to start. Valkyrie was badly handicapped, and the race went to Calluna, Lais being second and Iverna third.

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

June 17th.—Royal Southern. Valkyrie finished first, Britannia second, and Satanita third. The others were Calluna and Iverna.

June 24th.—Royal Mersey. Britannia defeated Satanita and Iverna.

June 26th.—Royal Mersey. Britannia was second, Valkyrie being first, Satanita third, and Iverna last.

CLYDE MATCHES.

June 29th.—Royal Largs. Britannia was first, Satanita second, Valkyrie third, and Iverna last.

July 1st.—Royal Northern. Britannia was the winner, with Valkyrie second and Satanita third, the others being Calluna and Iverna.

July 3rd.—Royal Northern. Calluna was first, Valkyrie second, Satanita third, Iverna and Britannia last.

July 4th.—Royal West of Scotland. Britannia sprang her mast and Calluna gave up; the race went to Valkyrie.

July 5th.—Mudhook. Valkyrie was the winner, Britannia not sailing.

July 7th.—Clyde Corinthian. Britannia second, Valkyrie first, and Satanita third.

July 8th.—Royal Clyde. Britannia finished first, but was disqualified for a breach of the rules.

July 10th.—Britannia was third, the first being Valkyrie and the second Calluna.

IRELAND.

July 14th.—Royal Ulster. Britannia was second, Satanita first, and Calluna third.

July 15th.—Royal Ulster. Britannia was again second, Valkyrie being first and Calluna third.

July 18th.—Royal Alfred. Britannia was first, defeating Calluna.

July 19th.—Royal Irish. Britannia was second, Satanita being first and Calluna third. The latter carried away her main boom.

July 20th.—Royal Irish. Britannia defeated Satanita.

Appendix

ENGLAND.

July 31st.—Royal London. Britannia was the winner, Valkyrie being second and Navahoe third. The others were Satanita, Calluna, and Iverna.

Aug. 1st.—R.Y.S. Valkyrie was first home, but was disqualified for going the wrong side of a mark. Meteor was the winner and Britannia third.

Aug. 2nd.—R.Y.S. Britannia was the winner (German Emperor's Challenge Shield) from Satanita.

Aug. 3rd.—R.Y.S. Satanita was the winner, Britannia not sailing.

Aug. 4th.—R.Y.S. Satanita was again the winner, Britannia not sailing.

Aug. 5th.—Royal Southampton. Navahoe defeated Calluna, Britannia not sailing.

Aug. 8th.—Royal Victoria. Britannia won, with Navahoe second, Satanita third, and Calluna last.

Aug. 10th.—Royal Victoria. Britannia was the winner, Lais being second and Satanita third.

Aug. 11th.—Royal Victoria. Britannia was the winner, with Lais second and Satanita third.

Aug. 14th.—Royal Albert. Satanita was first, Britannia second (but was disqualified for a breach of the rules), Calluna got ashore, and Navahoe gave up.

Aug. 16th.—Royal Albert. Britannia was the winner from Calluna, Navahoe, and Satanita.

Aug. 19th.—Royal Dorset. Britannia was second, Satanita being first, Navahoe third, and Calluna last.

Aug. 21st.—Royal Torbay. Britannia was the winner, Calluna second, and Satanita third. Navahoe burst the clew of her main-sail and gave up.

Aug. 22nd.—Royal Torbay. Britannia was first, Calluna second, and Satanita third. The latter broke her tiller.

Aug. 25th.—Satanita defeated Navahoe. Calluna fouled a mark and gave up, Britannia not sailing.

Aug. 26th.—Start Bay. Britannia was the winner, Satanita second, Navahoe third, and Calluna last.

Aug. 29th.—Royal Western. Britannia was first, with Satanita second and Calluna last.

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

Aug. 30th.—Plymouth. Britannia was the winner, Calluna being second and Satanita third.

Sept. 6th, 7th, and 11th.—Britannia raced Navahoe for the Royal Victoria Yacht Club's Gold Cup, defeating her in each race.

Sept. 12th.—Britannia was beaten by Navahoe in a race for the Brenton Reef Cup.

Sept. 15th.—Britannia won the Cape May Cup from Navahoe.

In all, Britannia started 43 times, winning 24 firsts and 9 other prizes—a total of 33.

1894.

MEDITERRANEAN.

March 4th.—Britannia defeated Valkyrie I. and Oretta at Marseilles.

March 10th.—Britannia again defeated the same boats at Cannes.

March 13th.—Britannia again won from Valkyrie I. and Oretta.

March 14th.— Do. do.

March 15th.—In half a gale Britannia started on this day, but had to run for home, as did most of the other competitors.

March 20th.—Britannia was again a winner.

March 27th.—Britannia defeated Valkyrie I., Blue Rock, and Oretta at Nice.

March 29th.—Britannia again won against the same boats.

ENGLAND.

May 31st.—Royal Thames. Britannia defeated Iverna.

June 1st.—New Thames. Britannia was the winner, Carina being second and Iverna third. The other boats were Namara, Creole, and Vendetta.

June 2nd.—Royal London. Britannia won from Vendetta, Iverna, Namara, and Carina in the order named.

June 9th.—New Thames. Britannia was the winner from Satanita.

Appendix

- June 11th.*—Royal Harwich. Britannia won from Satanita, the latter boat being disqualified.
- June 12th.*—Royal Harwich. Satanita was the winner from Britannia. The latter was disqualified.
- June 16th.*—Royal Thames. Britannia defeated Satanita.
- June 18th.*—Royal Cinque Ports. Britannia was the winner. Satanita carried away the spreader of her upper shroud and gave up.
- June 19th.*—Royal Cinque Ports. Britannia sailed over.
- June 23rd.*—Royal Southern. Satanita defeated Britannia.
- June 29th.*—Royal Mersey. Britannia won from Iverna.
- June 30th.*—Royal Mersey. Britannia was the winner from Satanita.

SCOTLAND.

- July 3rd.*—Royal Largs. Britannia was first, with Valkyrie second. Satanita carried away some of her bowsprit gear and gave up.
- July 4th.*—Royal West of Scotland. Britannia defeated Valkyrie.
- July 6th.*—Mudhook. Britannia was the winner from Vigilant. Valkyrie and Satanita were in collision at the start, and Valkyrie was sunk, whilst Satanita's bows were knocked in.
- July 7th.*—Royal Clyde. Vigilant was first home, but was disqualified. Britannia took first prize and Marjorie third.
- July 9th.*—Royal Clyde. Britannia defeated Vigilant.
- July 10th.*—Clyde Corinthian. Do. do.
- July 11th.*—Royal Northern. Do. do.
- July 12th.*—Royal Northern. Do. do.

IRELAND.

- July 16th.*—Royal Ulster. Britannia defeated Vigilant.
- July 17th.*—Royal Ulster. Vigilant was the winner. Britannia carried away her gaff, and gave up.
- July 20th.*—Royal St. George. Britannia was the winner from Vigilant.

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

July 21st.—Royal St. George. Vigilant won from Britannia.

July 23rd.—Royal Munster. Britannia defeated Vigilant.

July 24th.—Royal Cork. Vigilant won from Britannia.

July 25th.—Royal Cork. Britannia sailed over.

ENGLAND.

July 28th.—Penzance. Britannia defeated Vigilant.

July 30th.—Royal Cornwall. Britannia won from Satanita.

Aug. 4th.—Cowes. Vigilant was the winner from Britannia (a private match).

Aug. 6th.—Royal London. Britannia was second, Vigilant taking first prize and Satanita third.

Aug. 7th.—R.Y.S. Britannia was again second, but was disqualified, Carina being the winner and Meteor third. The other competitors were L'Esperance, Castanet, and Mohawk.

Aug. 8th.—R.Y.S. Britannia defeated Vigilant.

Aug. 10th.—R.Y.S. Britannia was first, Viking second, and Iverna third.

Aug. 14th.—Royal Victoria. Satanita won from Britannia.

Aug. 16th.—Royal Victoria. Britannia was second, Satanita being the winner and Vigilant third.

Aug. 17th.—Royal Victoria. Britannia was again second, but was disqualified, the winner being Carina and the third boat Satanita. The others were Corsair and Namara.

Aug. 20th.—Royal Albert. Satanita defeated Britannia.

Aug. 21st.—Royal Albert. Britannia was the winner. Satanita was disqualified.

Aug. 23rd.—Royal Dorset. Britannia again won. Satanita lost her spinnaker.

Aug. 24th.—Royal Dorset. Britannia sailed over.

Aug. 25th.—Royal Dorset. Satanita defeated Britannia.

1895.

Feb. 23rd.—Cannes (Soc. Nautique). Britannia won from Valkyrie I.

March 1st.—Cannes (Union des Yachtsmen). Britannia was the winner, Corsair taking second prize and Valkyrie I. third.

Appendix

- March 7th.*—Cannes. Britannia was second, Ailsa being the winner and Corsair taking third prize.
- March 9th.*—Grand Prix de Monte Carlo. Britannia won from Corsair, Valkyrie I., and Oretta. Ailsa carried away her gaff just before the start.
- March 11th.*—Mentone Regatta. Britannia was the winner, Corsair being second and Valkyrie third.
- March 14th.*—Cannes (Union des Yachtsmen). Britannia came home second, being beaten by Ailsa, Corsair was third.
- March 17th.*—Monaco Regatta. Britannia won from Ailsa, Valkyrie I., and Corsair.
- March 23rd.*—Nice Regatta. Ailsa was the winner, Britannia being second, Valkyrie third, and Corsair last. This race was annulled.
- March 27th.*—Nice Regatta. Britannia was the winner from Ailsa and Valkyrie.
- March 29th.*—Nice Regatta. Ailsa defeated Britannia.

ENGLAND.

- May 17th.*—New Thames. Britannia won from Caress, Ailsa, and Isolde.
- May 18th.*—Royal Thames. Britannia defeated Ailsa.
- May 25th.*—New Thames. Britannia was the winner from Isolde, Caress, Carina, and Ailsa. The latter boat burst her bobstay.
- June 3rd.*—Royal Harwich. Britannia defeated Ailsa.
- June 4th.*—Royal Harwich. Do. do.
- June 7th.*—Royal London. Britannia sailed over.
- June 8th.*—Royal Thames. Britannia won from Ailsa.
- June 10th.*—Royal Cinque Ports. Britannia won from Ailsa, which was disqualified.
- June 13th.*—Royal Southampton. Britannia was the winner. Ailsa burst her jib, and gave up.
- June 15th.*—Royal Southern. Britannia took first prize, Ailsa being disqualified.
- June 21st.*—Royal Mersey. Britannia sailed over.
- June 24th.*—Douglas Bay. Do. do.
- June 25th.*—Douglas Bay. Do. do.
- June 26th.*—Ramsey Bay. Do. do.

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

SCOTLAND.

- June 29th.*—Royal Northern. Britannia was the winner, Valkyrie being disqualified, and Ailsa was last.
- July 1st.*—Royal Northern. Britannia defeated Ailsa.
- July 3rd.*—Mudhook. Britannia won from Ailsa and Valkyrie III.
- July 6th.*—Royal Clyde. Britannia took second prize, Valkyrie III. being the winner, and Ailsa third.
- July 8th.*—Royal Clyde. Ailsa defeated Britannia. The former burst her jib, and the latter carried away her main-sheet.
- July 12th.*—Clyde Corinthian. Britannia defeated Ailsa.
- July 13th.*—Royal West of Scotland. Do. do.
- July 15th.*—Royal Largs. Britannia sailed over.
- July 17th.*—Campbeltown. Ailsa won from Britannia.

IRELAND.

- July 19th.*—Royal Ulster. Ailsa defeated Britannia.
- July 20th.*—Royal Ulster. Do. do.
- July 24th.*—Royal Irish. Britannia won from Ailsa, which was disqualified.
- July 25th.*—Royal Irish. Britannia defeated Ailsa.
- July 29th.*—Royal Cork. Do. do.
- July 30th.*—Royal Cork. Ailsa defeated Britannia.
- July 31st.*—Royal Munster. Britannia won from Ailsa, Isolde, and Niagara.
- Aug. 5th.*—Royal London. Britannia defeated Hester.
- Aug. 6th.*—R.Y.S. Britannia sailed over.
- Aug. 7th.*—R.Y.S. Britannia was the winner, Ailsa being second and Hester third.
- Aug. 8th.* R.Y.S. Britannia was second, Ailsa being the winner and Hester third.
- Aug. 9th.*—R.Y.S. Britannia defeated Ailsa.
- Aug. 13th.*—Royal Victoria. Ailsa was disqualified, Britannia taking first prize and Isolde third. The other competitors were Caress and Namara.
- Aug. 15th.*—Royal Victoria. Britannia won from Ailsa.

Appendix

Aug. 16th.—Royal Victoria. The boats finished—Ailsa, Carina, Corsair, Caress, Isolde (40), Isolde (20), and Britannia. Ailsa was disqualified. Britannia withdrew from the race.

Aug. 19th.—Royal Albert. Britannia was the winner, Ailsa being second and Caress third. The others were Isolde and Carina.

Aug. 24th.—Royal Dorset. Britannia was the winner, Ailsa being disqualified.

1896.

March 8th.—Hyères. Britannia was the winner, Satanita being second and Ailsa third. Britannia burst her jib-sheets and Satanita split her stay-sail.

March 13th.—Cannes. Britannia won second prize, Ailsa taking first prize and Satanita third.

March 19th.—Cannes. Satanita was the winner, Ailsa being second and Britannia third.

March 21st.—Cannes to Monaco. Britannia was again third, Ailsa being the winner and Satanita second.

March 23rd.—Monaco. Britannia was second, Ailsa being the winner and Satanita third.

March 25th.—Cannes. Britannia was the winner. Ailsa and Satanita gave up.

March 30th.—Nice. Ailsa was the winner, Satanita being second and Britannia third.

April 1st.—Nice. Britannia was second, Ailsa winning, and Satanita taking third place.

April 6th.—Nice. Ailsa won from Satanita and Britannia.

April 7th.—Nice. Satanita was first home, but was disqualified, Britannia taking first prize and Ailsa third.

ENGLAND.

May 21st.—New Thames. Britannia took second prize, Satanita being the winner and Ailsa third, with Hester last.

May 22nd.—Royal Thames. Britannia won from Satanita, Ailsa, and Hester.

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

May 30th.—New Thames. Satanita was the winner, Britannia being second and Ailsa third. The other competitors were Hester, Isolde, Caress, and Corsair.

June 1st.—Royal Harwich. Britannia was the winner, Ailsa being second, Satanita third, and Hester last.

June 2nd.—Royal Harwich. Britannia was again the winner from Satanita, Ailsa, and Hester, in the order named.

June 4th.—Royal London. Britannia was second, Meteor being the winner, Ailsa third, and Satanita last.

June 6th.—Royal Thames. Meteor was the winner, Britannia being second, Satanita third, and Ailsa last.

June 8th.—Royal Cinque Ports. Britannia was again second, Meteor being the winner, Ailsa third, and Satanita last.

June 11th.—Royal Southampton. Do. do.

June 12th.—Royal Southern. Britannia was the winner from Meteor, Ailsa, Satanita, and Hester. Meteor was disqualified.

June 22nd.—Royal Mersey. Britannia was second, Ailsa being first and Satanita third.

June 23rd.—Royal Mersey. Britannia was third, Ailsa being the winner and Satanita second.

June 24th.—Douglas Bay Regatta. Britannia was second, Satanita being first and Ailsa third.

June 25th.—Ramsey Bay Regatta. Britannia was the winner from Satanita and Ailsa.

SCOTLAND.

June 27th.—Royal Clyde. Britannia was the winner from Ailsa and Satanita.

June 29th.—Royal Clyde. Britannia was again the winner from Ailsa, Satanita, and Caress. Ailsa was first home, but was disqualified.

July 1st.—Mudhook. Britannia was first home, but was disqualified, Caress taking first prize and Satanita third.

July 2nd.—Mudhook. Ailsa won from Caress, Satanita, and Britannia.

July 4th.—Clyde Corinthian. Britannia won from Caress and Satanita.

Appendix

July 6th.—Clyde Corinthian. Britannia was first home, but was disqualified, Caress taking first prize, Ailsa second, and Satanita third.

July 8th.—Royal West of Scotland. Britannia was second, Ailsa being the winner, Caress third, and Satanita last.

July 9th.—Royal Largs. Britannia won from Meteor, Ailsa, and Satanita. Meteor was first home, but was disqualified.

July 11th.—Royal Northern. Britannia finished third, Meteor being first, Corsair second, and Ailsa last.

July 13th.—Royal Northern. Britannia was again third, with Meteor first, Ailsa second. Satanita and Caress also sailed.

July 15th.—Campbeltown Regatta. Britannia won from Satanita, Meteor, Ailsa, and Caress. Meteor was first home, but was disqualified.

IRELAND.

June 17th.—Royal Cork. Britannia was defeated by Ailsa.

June 18th.—Royal Cork. Britannia was the winner, Ailsa being second and Satanita third.

June 19th.—Royal Munster. Britannia won third prize, Satanita taking first and Ailsa second.

July 17th.—Royal Ulster. Britannia was defeated by Meteor, Caress, and Ailsa in the order named.

July 18th.—Royal Ulster. Britannia was third, Ailsa being first, Meteor second, and Satanita last.

July 22nd.—Royal St. George. Britannia was again in third place, Meteor being the winner, Ailsa second, and Satanita last.

July 23rd.—Royal St. George. Do. do.

ENGLAND.

July 27th.—Swansea Bay Regatta. Britannia was defeated by Ailsa, Caress being third, followed by Satanita and Meteor. The last boat broke her bowsprit and topmast.

July 29th.—Mount's Bay Regatta. Ailsa was the winner. Britannia fouled Ailsa, and gave up.

King Edward VII. as a Sportsman

- Aug. 3rd.*—Royal London. Britannia was first home, but was disqualified, Caress taking first prize, Britannia second, and Ailsa third. Satanita was the other competitor.
- Aug. 4th.*—R.Y.S. Britannia took third prize. Meteor was first home, but was disqualified and awarded the second prize, the first going to Mohawk. Hester was the other competitor.
- Aug. 5th.*—R.Y.S. The order home in this race was—Satanita, Ailsa, Britannia, Caress, and Meteor, but no prizes were awarded as the boats took the wrong course. Meteor broke her bowsprit and topmast.
- Aug. 6th.*—R.Y.S. Britannia was second, Ailsa being first, and Satanita third, followed by Caress, Isolde, and Corsair.
- Aug. 7th.*—R.Y.S. Britannia was third, Ailsa being the winner and Satanita second.
- Aug. 11th.*—Royal Victoria. Britannia was defeated by Meteor, Satanita being third. The other boats were Caress and Ailsa. The latter had a man overboard, but he was recovered.
- Aug. 12th.*—Royal Victoria. The order at the finish was—Meteor, Caress, Ailsa, Britannia, Isolde, Corsair, and Satanita.
- Aug. 13th.*—Royal Victoria. Britannia was fourth in this race, Meteor being the winner, Ailsa taking second prize and Satanita third. Caress was the other boat.
- Aug. 14th.*—Royal Victoria. The finish of this race was—Meteor (disqualified), Isolde (65 ft.), Satanita, Ailsa, Britannia, Caress, and Isolde (52 ft.).
- Aug. 17th.*—Royal Albert. Britannia was defeated by Meteor, Satanita winning third prize. The others were Caress, Corsair, and Isolde.

1897.

MEDITERRANEAN.

- Feb. 20th.*—Marseilles. Britannia was the winner from Ailsa, Samphire, Malgré Tout, and Stephanie.
- Feb. 21st.*—Marseilles. Britannia defeated Ailsa.
- Feb. 28th.*—Soc. Nautique de Toulon. Do.
- March 6th.*—Hyères. Do.

Appendix

- March 7th.*—Hyères. Ailsa defeated Britannia.
March 12th.—Cannes. Britannia won from Ailsa.
March 14th.—Cannes. Britannia and Ailsa fouled ; no race.
March 17th.—Cannes. Ailsa defeated Britannia.
March 19th.—Cannes. Do. do.
March 19th.—Cannes. Do. do.
March 20th.—Cannes to Monaco. Do.
March 29th.—Nice. Ailsa defeated Britannia, which got ashore.
March 30th.—Nice. Britannia defeated Ailsa.
April 3rd.—Nice. Ailsa was the winner from Britannia.
April 5th.—Nice. Britannia won from Ailsa.
April 6th.—Nice. Do. do.

Britannia was fitted out for Cowes in 1897. She started three times, winning two first prizes. She defeated Aurora in a duel match round the Isle of Wight for the German Emperor's Challenge Shield.

THE END

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